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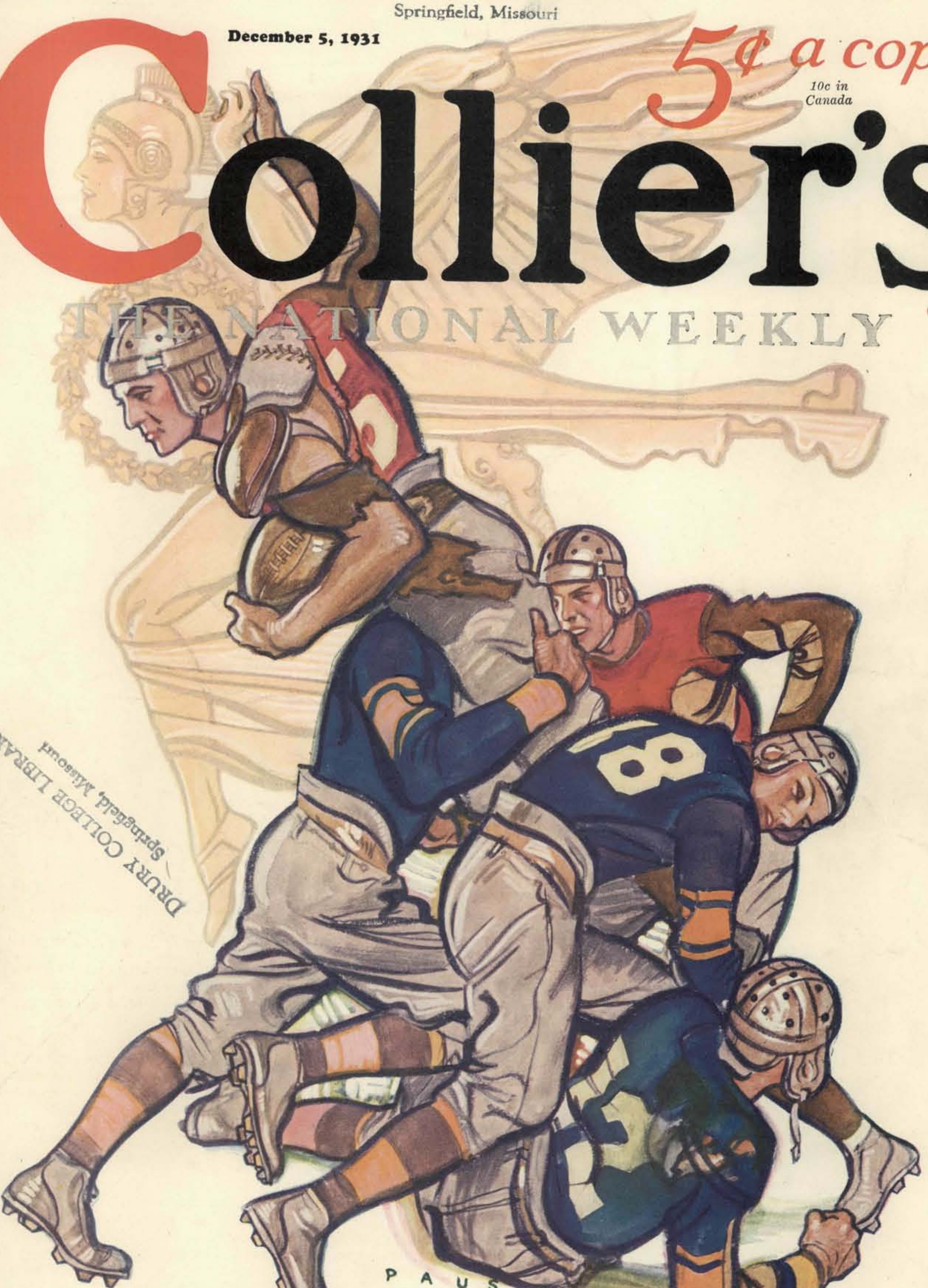
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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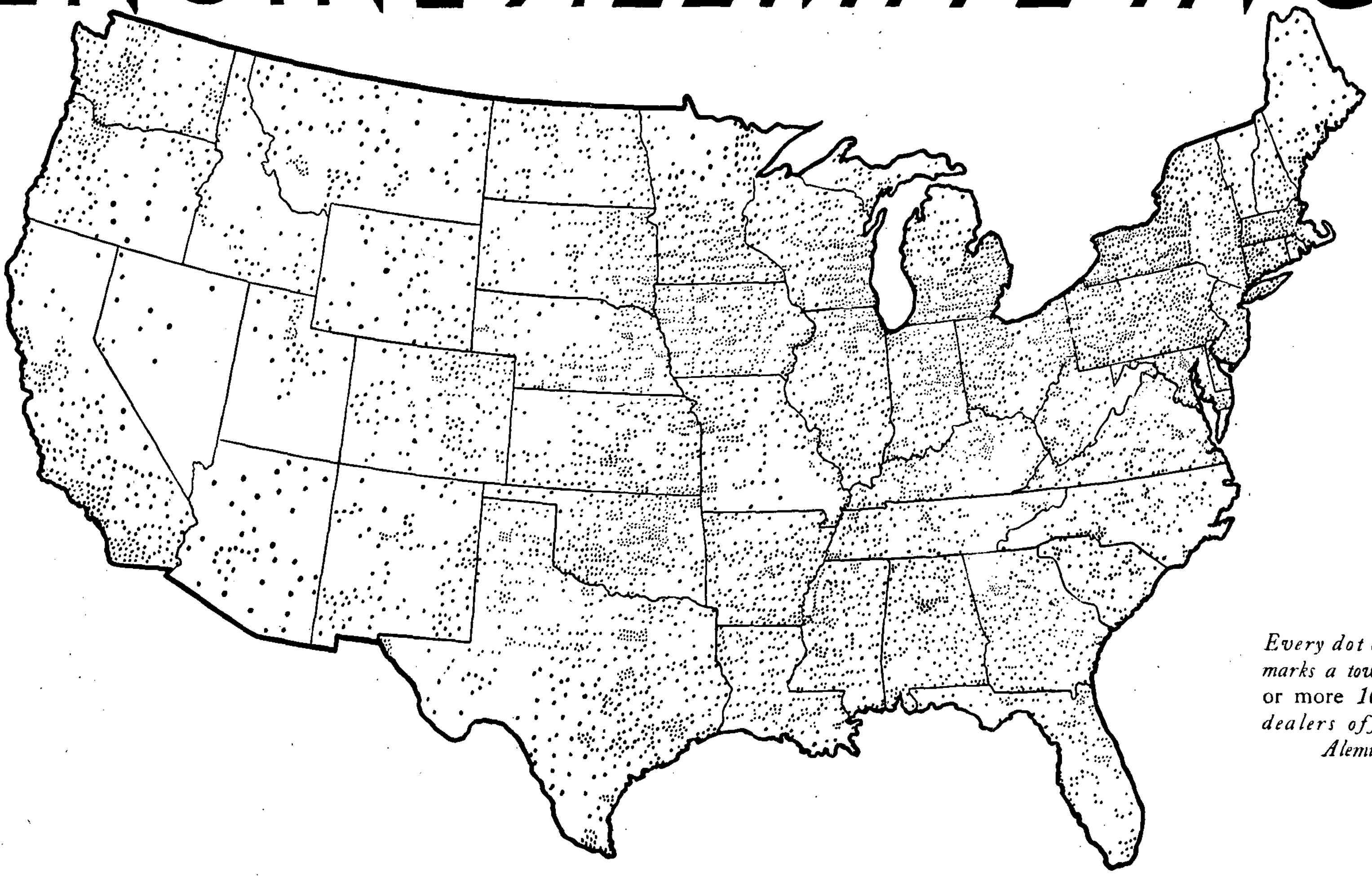
The Strange Fate of Johann Bartok

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

CAR OWNERS EVERYWHERE CAN NOW ASK FOR AND *GET* GENUINE *ALEMITE-ING!*



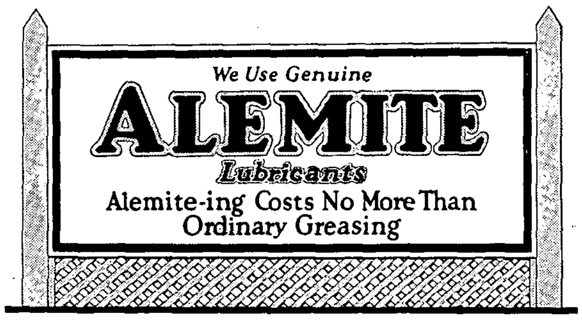
Every dot on this map marks a town where one or more 100% Alemite dealers offer genuine Alemite-ing.

There are Alemite Lubrication Specialists in every town—ready to show you the difference between ordinary "greasing" and genuine Alemite-ing. This sign identifies them.

It is just as easy and far less expensive today to get thorough, scientific lubrication for your car—genuine Alemite-ing—as it is to have just "some grease" put in. In every town in the country there is one or more Alemite dealer equipped to give Alemite Specialized Lubrication. It is not difficult to find the one nearest you—we'll send his address on request—and finding him will pay you many times over in smoother, quieter car performance, pickup, getaway.

What Alemite-ing Is

Genuine Alemite-ing is *proper* lubrication—the use of special Alemite Lubricants scientifically developed by the makers of the Alemite Lubrication System on your car—an entirely different service from just using "some grease."


We Use Genuine
ALEMITE
Lubricants
Alemite-ing Costs No More Than Ordinary Greasing

This far more satisfactory service is offered only by Alemite Lubrication Specialists who are located in every town in the country. They use Alemite Service Equipment and these specially developed Alemite Lubricants for each of the special needs in your car chassis: A particularly strong-bodied, fluid Alemite Lubricant for differential and transmission; a fibrous clinging type for universal joints; a pure, solidified oil for chassis bearings; other special genuine Alemite Lubricants for wheel bearings, steering gear, water pump, springs, shackles.

And each car is Alemite-ed according to its manufacturer's own specifications. Thus not a point can be overlooked—later to cause wear and repairs!

What It Does For Your Car

Naturally, you get better results from Alemite-ing—results that you can *see* and *feel*—in improved car performance and reduced operating expense.

Do not wait for costly repair bills to teach you the difference between genuine Alemite-ing and the haphazard use of "some grease." Avoid unnecessary repairs and make sure that your car gives you all its fine performance and freedom from trouble. A safe, sure way of doing this is to ask for and *get* genuine Alemite-ing.

Where To Get Alemite-ing

For your protection, the Alemite Corporation has carefully selected, in every community, dealers capable of giving you Alemite Specialized Lubrication. These 100% Alemite Dealers are identified by the yellow Alemite sign shown in the picture. Drive in where you see this sign. Ask to have your car Alemite-ed. You will see an immediate and remarkable difference in car performance and up-keep.

Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2672-c N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

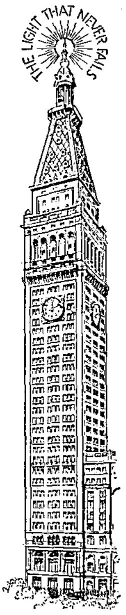
This joint arrangement between you and your employees will assure them guaranteed incomes at retirement age

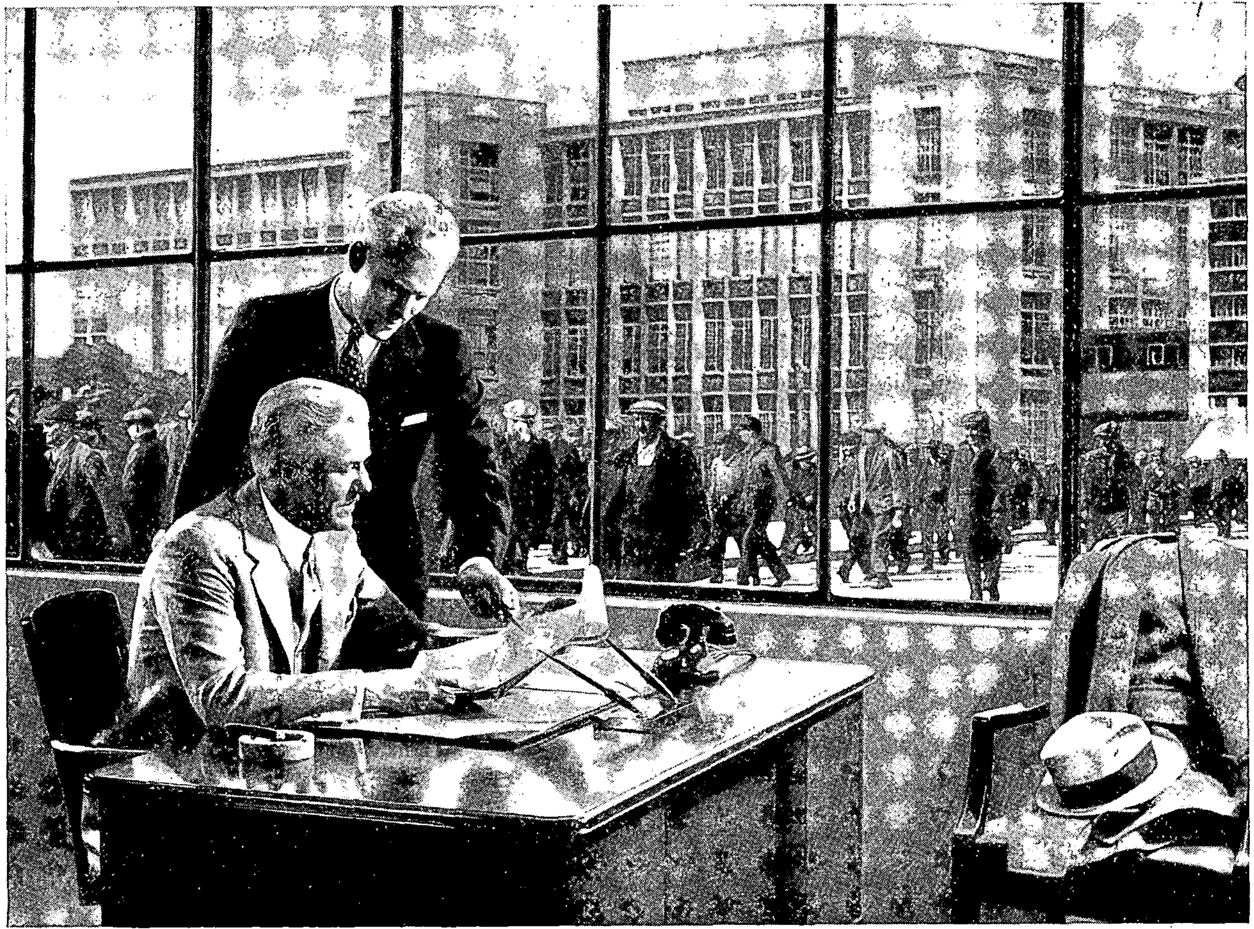
Metropolitan Life Insurance affords a means to

- *—create estates and incomes for families*
- *—pay off mortgages*
- *—educate children*
- *—provide income in the event of retirement*
- *—provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness*
- *—establish business credits*
- *—stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*
- *—provide group protection for employees covering sickness, accident, old age and death.*

Metropolitan policies on individual lives in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS


© 1931 M. L. I. CO.

MANY companies have gone a long way toward taking the "You's" and "I's" out of their businesses and substituting "We's."

You can quickly tell whether the rank and file of a business organization are disturbed by distrust and anxiety or are filled with the confident "We" spirit.

With mass production has come mass protection. Men work better when they are assured of fixed weekly incomes in event of being disabled by sickness or accident, and provision for their families in case of death.

Employees who can look forward to comfortable retirement incomes that they themselves have helped to build up are "We" men through and through.

In the United States and Canada there are tens of thousands of such "We" men and women who have already attained or are approaching their own economic independence. At their retirement age, even without other resources, they will have a regular, fixed income for life.

If you would like to know how these men and women are enabled to retire with definite incomes guaranteed, find out about the newly-developed Cooperative Retirement Plans.

For details of such Plans, or insurance policies in any amount, consult a Metropolitan Field-Man or write

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT · · · ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

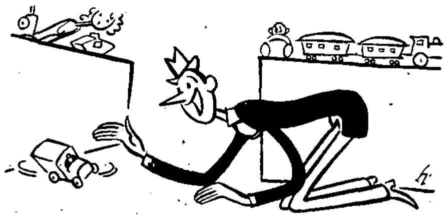
Next Week

ONE of the most dramatic and absorbing stories Collier's has ever presented to your eager eyes begins next week—the life story of Joseph Stalin, general secretary of the Communist Party in Russia and the most absolute ruler in the world today. It is the story of fanatical devotion to one idea which made every crime committed in its name seem holy and no hardship or suffering too great to be borne with a smile.

The thirty-five years which have passed since Stalin's admission to the Social-Democratic Labor Party at the age of seventeen are brought back in vivid, startling pictures. As you begin to understand the courage, the ruthlessness, the blazing fury of this man who rested only when he was in prison, you will see why Lenin gave him the name by which he is known to the world—Stalin, which means "man of steel." Begin his story in "The Red Czar," by Essad Bey.

"I WISH to go to Europe," Ida Peters says. "I wish to have a château in France and a villa in Italy. I even wish to be a countess, or a duchess. Yes," Ida Peters says, "maybe a queen. I know I'm talking crazy, but other dolls get these things and why not me?"

Ida Peters, you see, was frankly on the make. And while she loved a guy named Jack O'Donahue, who was no dice any way you figured him, she didn't allow a little thing like love to upset her program. Damon Runyon tells her story in "Maybe a Queen," the oldest romance on Broadway and even on that strange street, the tabloids notwithstanding, the power of true love does not diminish.



AS CHRISTMAS approaches and happy parents buy for the children the toys they themselves will play with, we add to your confusion by printing James Hopper's article "The Toy Parade." Mr. Hopper looked over all the new toys and then, with his mind reeling, still was able to write a very good piece about them. We haven't seen him since he turned it in several weeks ago. He probably went back to the store to play with that fishing-through-the-ice game.

—

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY, the incurable pessimist, gets another case that looks pretty impossible. A pay-roll murder with the only clue a few numbers scratched in the roadside dust by a shaking finger. We don't mind admitting we were surprised when O'Malley solved it. We're going to see if we can't get him promoted or decorated or thrown off the force.

—

THEN there is Matt Taylor's movie romance, "Untamed Lady;" Dana Burnet's New England hunting story, "The White Buck;" The Short Short Story, throbbing serials by Messrs. McEvoy and Kahler, lively contributions by Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Sol Metzger and others. That's what this country needs.

THIS WEEK

December 5, 1931

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Lass Who Loved a Sailor: And followed him to China.

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How Would You Play It? The tricks, dear Brutus, are not in the cards, but in ourselves. . . .

Page 43—Freling Foster

Keep Up with the World: Have you no conversational small change?

Page 45—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Rough Diamond: "Wrong Horse" Harry.

Page 50—Editorial

Long Ago in 1930.

Any Week

SOMEBODY'S been talking to Colonel W. E. Easterwood, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, about us, but they must have us confused with somebody who has an airplane and nothing to do. The Colonel advises us by letter that he WILL NOT give twenty-five thousand dollars nor anything else to any old dare-devil who flies across the Pacific Ocean.

We are going to become interested when somebody offers twenty-five grand to anybody who hasn't flown across an ocean.

HE NEVER FLEW AN OCEAN

MR. DUDLEY V. HADDOCK of Little Rock, Arkansas, reports by air mail that a farmer with a wagonload of cotton carelessly struck a match on the back of the seat, lit his pipe, smote his mules and drove a mile before discovering that he had ignited his cotton.

"However," sighs Mr. Haddock, "the fire was extinguished before it could do much good. Only half of the load was destroyed."

—

IT'S like that everywhere. Mr. Norman J. Cantley of Lynwood, California, sends us a letter received by a gentleman in Southsea, England, written by a client in South Africa.

"For the following reasons," writes the client, "I am unable to send you a cheque. I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked upon, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed by the income tax, the super-tax, the tobacco tax, the beer tax, the spirits tax, the motor tax and by every society, organization and club that the inventive mind of man can think of to extract what I may or may not have in my possession for the Red Cross, the Black Cross, and the Double Cross.

"The government has governed my business until I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined, re-examined, informed, required and commanded until I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here at all.

"I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, rung up, robbed and damned near ruined. The only reason I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell is going to happen next. Faithfully yours . . ."

—

BUT good news was received by Mr. Wash Tiller of Juniper, Oklahoma, whose sons—Clive and Mort—went to Tulsa looking for jobs.

"Dear Pop," wrote Clive, "Mort and me did not get a job but it is all right as we have been arrested for tramps and the judge gave us six months in jail so don't worry about us to next spring."

—

"WHAT'S the matter with those Mid-West farmers who were lamenting all the locusts some time ago?" demands Mr. Thomas W. Kelly, Miles City, Montana. "Haven't they read Leviticus 11:22?"

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The Telephone

helps Skelly Oil increase business and cut costs

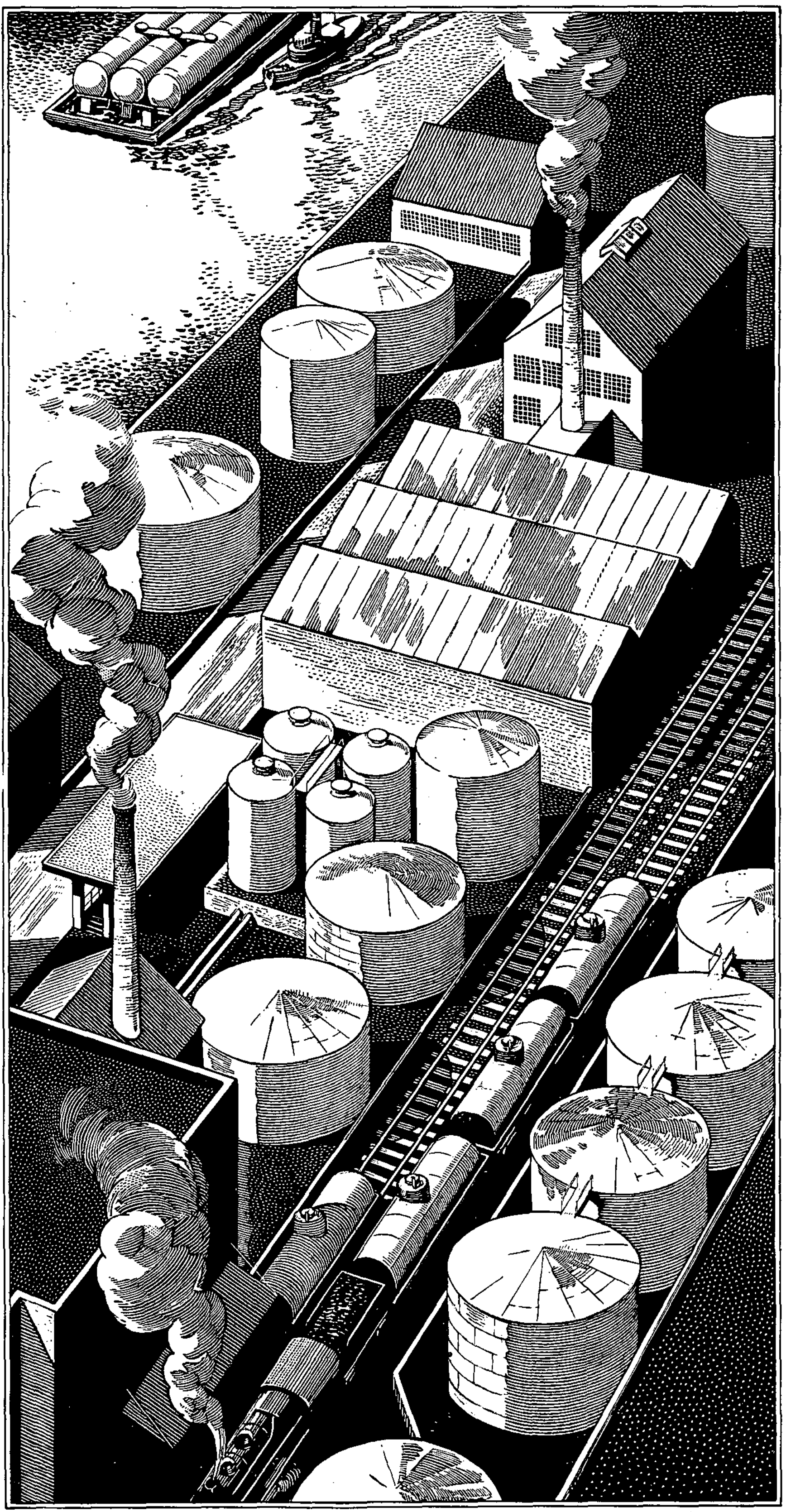
The Minneapolis division of Skelly Oil Company uses the Telephone Plan of Market Coverage regularly to contact 1000 persons. In a single day. 42 carloads of petroleum products valued at $24,000 were sold by Long Distance at a telephone cost of $110.65. In one month, the plan produced 467 sales, amounting to $293,080, at a selling cost of $1008, or less than ½ of 1 per cent.

Trained telephone salesmen carry on the work for Skelly Oil. Two-thirds of all calls are made to existing customers, one-third to prospective ones. Prospects are not approached "cold"; they are first visited by the salesmen in person. The telephone sales work does not supplant the salesmen's personal visits; it supplements them.

The telephone is used not only for sales, but for making collections, building good will, announcing price changes to the wholesale trade. Telephone reminders urging customers to telephone their orders collect are attached to outgoing sales correspondence.

Telephone charges are low. Typical station-to-station day rates: New York to Boston, $1; St. Louis to Kansas City, $1.15; Memphis to Savannah, $2.35.

The Telephone Plan of Market Coverage was developed by the Bell System to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. An experienced telephone representative will gladly study the specific needs of your company and explain how the various features of the plan can be applied to meet them.



JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

RULE NO. I FOR RADIO BUYERS

KNOW THE NUMBER OF TUBES IN ANY RADIO YOU ARE ASKED TO BUY

It is the first yardstick of radio value

To know the number of tubes in any radio you buy is just as important as to know the number of cylinders in the motor car, or the number of rooms in the house you buy.

Obviously you can't compare radio values if you don't know the number of tubes any more than you can compare automobile values, without knowing whether a car has four or sixteen cylinders.

If you are offered a set with *fewer* tubes at or near the same price, you will be right, nine times out of ten, when you say, "The value can't be there."

We point this out to you because, since Philco took the lead in pricing all sets complete with tubes, there has been an increasing tendency on the part of some manufacturers and dealers to offer radio sets, without specifying the number of tubes.

For your protection and guidance, Philco not only prices every set complete with tubes but also *plainly states the number of tubes.*

Consider that fact first if you want real value for the money you pay. Then consider that Philco in addition gives you Balanced-Unit construction—every electrical part perfectly balanced with every other, insuring clear, true tone—the most efficient and trouble-free circuits in each price class—Balanced Screen Grid and Pentode Philco Tubes—Tone-Control—Station Recording Dials on which you tune in your favorite stations without having to remember their wave lengths.—Extraordinary Power, Distance and Selectivity.

And consider finally, that, in 9-tube models priced as low as $69.50, and in 11-tube models, Philco gives Automatic Volume Control which counteracts fading and at least doubles the number of stations you can enjoy.

Thus Philco offers maximum value from every standpoint and at every price level. That is why the public is buying far more Philcos than any other radio.

More Radio for the Money in Every Price Class than you ever thought possible

5-TUBE T.R.F.	
BABY GRAND	$36.50
LOWBOY	49.95
7-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE	
BABY GRAND	49.95
HIGHBOY	65.75
LAZYBOY	69.50
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH (all-electric)	110.00
9-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE with Automatic Volume Control	
BABY GRAND	69.50
LOWBOY	89.75
HIGHBOY	109.75
11-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS with Automatic Volume Control push-pull Pentodes, and furniture by Norman Bel-Geddes	
LOWBOY	149.50
HIGHBOY	169.50
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH all-electric with Automatic Record Changer	295.00

●

Priced complete with Philco Balanced tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

THE GREATEST MUSICAL BROADCASTS OF ALL TIME

Direct from the stage of the Academy of Music at Philadelphia—Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in a series of seven full-length concerts under Philco sponsorship, presenting the master music of the ages. Third concert of series will be broadcast December 5, from 8:15 to 10 P. M., E. S. T. The fourth: January 16, same hours. Don't miss a single concert. Tune in, with your family and friends

PHILCO

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

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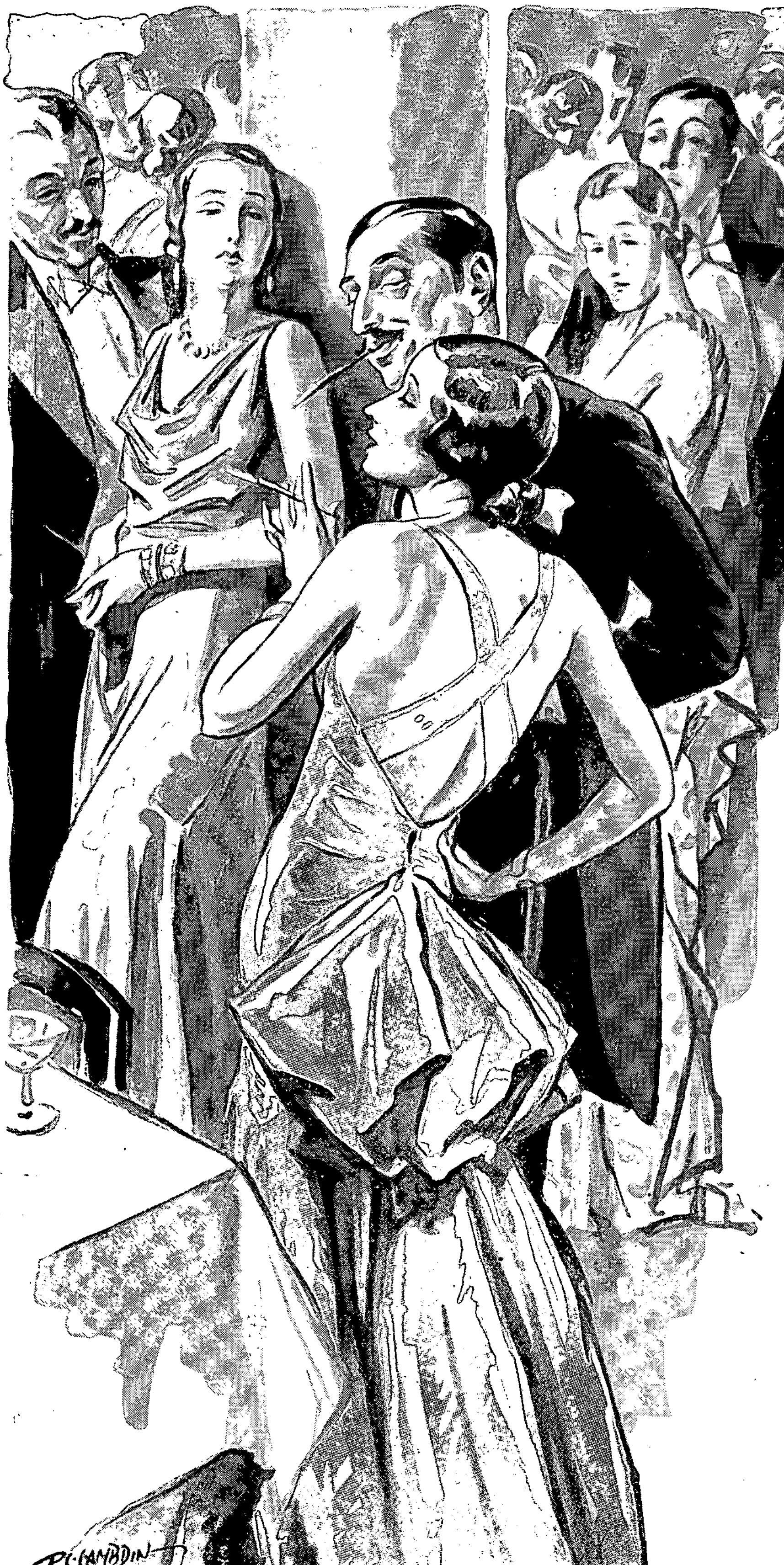
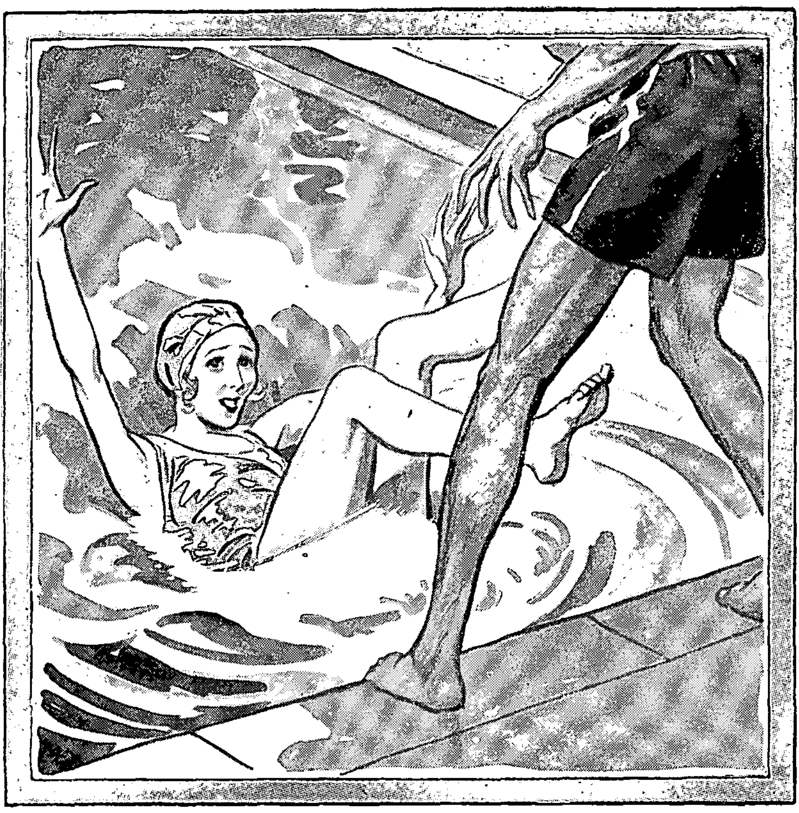
PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Collier's The National Weekly for December 5, 1931



Sure enough, Señor Guitterez was there with little Evelyn. She looked like a million dollars



A husky lad threw Evelyn into the pool

Lass who loved a Sailor

A glorious love story, as full of weird shadows and curious twists as the city in which it happened

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

"WELL, well," I said, "so little Evelyn is in Shanghai."

Shag Townsend nodded, clapped his hands and said: "Boy, two more whisky sodas chop-chop." Then he went on: "She's living with her aunt in a crummy little compound. Changed so you wouldn't know her. I invited her to a shindig at the French Club. She made polite excuses. You figure that one out."

"That's easy," I said. "She's here to make up with Brooks Bennett."

Shag smiled with the old flagship superiority. He had been with the Houston on China Station for two months. I had just arrived on a mere destroyer. So of course that made Shag rate admiral; entitled him to speak with authority on drinks, tailors, night clubs, women and the well-known sinister mysteriousness of the East.

"Not a chance," he said. "Haven't you heard about Brooks?"

A bit nettled by his tone, I answered: "I got a letter from him a month ago. He was okay then. What's happened? He's still on the Iloilo, isn't he?"

Young Mr. Townsend looked at me with sad condescension.

"Wait until you see him."

He cut that off short; tried to look cryptic; signed a chit for the drinks with a dashing scrawl; and then gazed admiringly at the cut of his double-breasted linen civvies as reflected by the mirrors of the bar. They weren't such knockouts, if you ask me. I'm going to stick to Ah Whan at Manila.

"Snap out of it," I said. "Shanghai is just another foreign port to me and I knew you when you were a homesick mamma's boy, plebe year. Come across with the dope on Brooks. He happens to be one of my best friends, you know."

Shag hastened to say that nothing so awfully serious had happened to Brooks. Nothing tragic, anyway. He had just become a China sailor, that was all. Hadn't I heard about the Iloilo?

I BROKE in with: "The Iloilo is an old-type gunboat attached to the Yangtze Patrol. She carries three officers, a doctor and about forty men. Her armament consists of two three-inch 23-caliber guns mounted on the superstructure fore and aft. She plies between Shanghai and I'chang, a distance of about a thousand miles. Now, what else do *you* know about the Iloilo?"

But I couldn't disturb Shag's wisehead, high-hat pose. Was *that* all I knew about the Iloilo? Really? Why, I ought to ride down to the Bund and ask the first Sikh policeman about the Iloilo. He'd tell me plenty. Or I should drop into the Shanghai Club, turn to the left, and ask Oliver what he knew about Lieutenant-Commander "Rip" Jorgis, skipper of the Iloilo. Legend had it that Jorgis, in a genial mood, once staged a foot race along the top of the Shanghai Club bar. Or I might hunt up a wop captain named Saprisi and inquire about the time Swede Malcolmson, exec of the Iloilo, tossed him into the Whangpoo.

I gathered from all this that Shag believed the Iloilo was a rather hard-boiled ship.

"You astound me," I said. "What? No sissies on the good old Iloilo?"

Shag shook his head with amiable tolerance.

"You'll get wise, kid," he said. "China has got better men than Brooks. And when China gets a man she never lets him go." He sighed and took a drag at a long tall one. "Too bad about Evelyn. Serves her right, though. Brooks wanted to marry her on graduation. She couldn't see it. Well—she's lost her chance. That's all."

I knew that if I stayed with Shag and had a few more drinks and he continued to little-boy me there would be a row. So I told him I had to get back to the ship to relieve the O. O. D. But before I left the American Club I had obtained Evelyn's address.

I WAS feeling pretty sore about everything as I climbed into the ratty ricksha I always seemed to get pushed off on me in this man's town. I said: "Customs Jetty, chop-chop," and the dumb coolie mumbled something like: "Clustoms Jelly no savvy." So I said: "Back, same place, same place." A Filipino doorman came to my rescue. He yelled some gibberish at the coolie, kicked him in the ribs and off we went down Foochow Road.

It griped me to be handed this you-don't-know-China-little-boy guff from every officer I met out here. To hear them tell it, Shanghai was tougher than Brest and wickeder than Port Said. Well, what of it? A man could get his throat cut in lots of towns if he went looking for trouble in the native quarter. Shag informed me that there were more wild women on Edward VII Avenue from Szechwan Road to Tibet Road than any other street on earth. Well, I made that trip and didn't see anything but yellow mice in dirty kimonos and pathetic Russkies who couldn't get by in the Soochow Road joints any longer. Still, they insisted that China had a fatal charm of some kind—"Ah, my boy, it has got a lot of good men down."

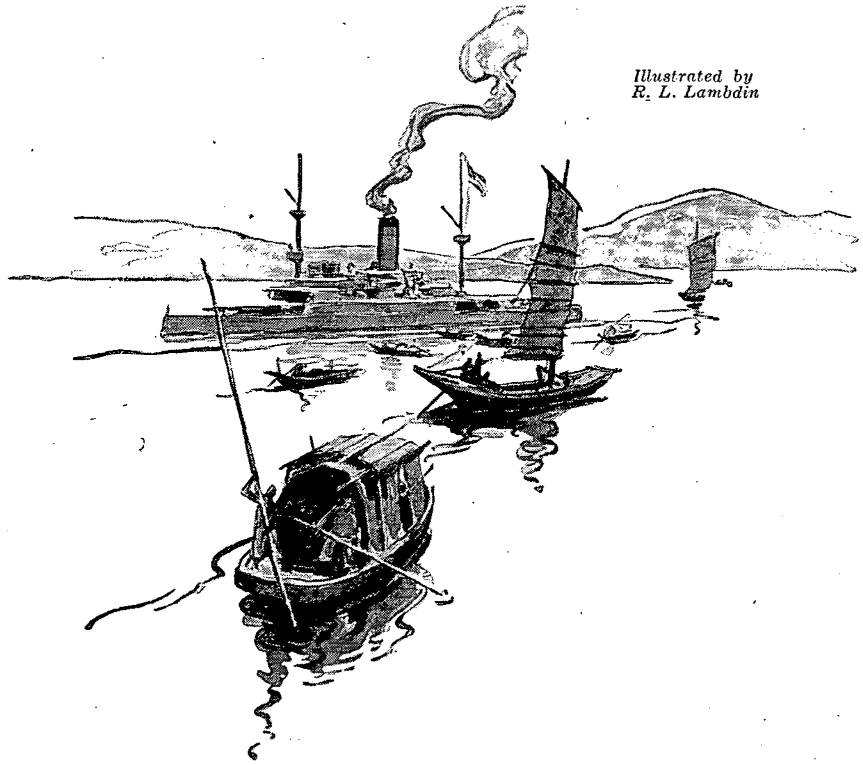
Bouncing along a filthy street, hung with cockeyed banners and jammed with odoriferous pedestrians, I couldn't hand Shanghai much. It didn't have Manila's palm-studded beauty nor Singapore's weird end-of-the-earth atmosphere. It was a gray and frowzy town; its streets were gutters and its waterways open sewers. The row of dirty European buildings along the Bund was a horrid sham. China seeped through in five thousand junks and sampans every hour; China spewed that reeking cesspool, the Whangpoo, at the very foundations of these buildings; China infested them and the streets about them with the mocking, patient, hopeless stares of a hundred thousand pairs of slanting eyes.

The only claim to distinction Shanghai possessed was its odor. It did have a hefty smell. But the J. G.'s on my ship who had been out before had exaggerated even that. They said you could catch a whiff of Shanghai fifty miles across the China Sea. Four miles would be a more accurate estimate.

Shag's gossip about Brooks Bennett and Evelyn Lathrop was hard to take. Brooks had been my roommate at the Academy. Evelyn was his steady drag most of First Class year. She was a great little kid. The trouble was that she had been too young, too pretty, too rich and too popular. She just couldn't settle down to the idea of one man. She wanted to look over the whole darned regiment and all the eligible men in Washington besides.

Brooks had been mad about her and, as far as I knew, he still was. But he couldn't stand her fickle, flighty sashaying about. June Week he had called for a showdown. I don't imagine he handled the situation very well—he always was a rotten diplomat—and the girl said no.

Obviously, from what Shag said, little Evelyn had lived and learned and repented. She was out here to make it up with Brooks. And had Brooks gone haywire over this China stuff? Was *he* going to say no this time? I couldn't believe it. I thought I knew Brooks too well. Brooks was built on a sound and solid keel. He wouldn't fall for the bar at the American Club too strongly; nor for No. 52 Kiangsi Road; nor the China Station variety of song. And as for the Iloilo—what was there about a cigar-box gunboat toiling along that alimentary canal they call the Yangtze to change a good sailor?



Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

That evening, I went out to see Evelyn.

She lived in what must have been the farthest corner of the International Settlement. It took me more than two hours to find the place, during which I accumulated an escort of about seventeen Chinks, two limey sailors and an old duck who looked like a mandarin, but was probably a pirate hiding out from a death sentence.

EVELYN'S house was an old stone building enclosed by three walls. I rang a cracked green-bronze bell at the gate. The gate was carved with Chink characters—maybe it was the Gate of Ten Thousand Sighs. I decided I'd use that one on Evelyn. A tree hanging over the gate had a long gray beard. I was trying to think up a wise crack about that when, inside, the No. 1 boy yelled to the No. 13 boy and the No. 13 boy, after consulting several female relatives, decided to open the peephole in the gate.

A familiar voice sounded behind him.

"Georgie! You!"

The Evelyn, herself, in person, opened the gate.

"Now, what are you doing in China?" I said.

She laughed.

"Oh, that's quite a story," she said. "Won't you come in? Or do you have to go right back to Winnetka, Illinois?"

Evelyn led me through two more gates and into a stone-paved courtyard. I looked her over carefully as we said the usual I-haven't-seen-you-sinces.

She was the prettiest girl I had seen in China, and that included Olga at Mumm's, too. She had improved a lot since Crabtown days. She used to wear her hair in a bob with a wild and sassy toss; now it coiled demurely at the back of her neck. She used to do a good deal of tiptoe posing and laughing for the sound of her voice and rolling her eyes with the old come-hither gleam in them. But little Evelyn had grown up. She wore a jade-colored frock that trailed the ground; her face had lost most of its dimpled pudginess; she had a slim, straight poise; she wasn't looking around every minute for a new man. Yep, the gal had lived and learned.

Turning to me with a grin, she indicated two stone benches by a small fish pond.

"Those dragons ate the man child of Tuan Li Po because he desecrated the tomb of his mother-in-law," she said. "And these dragons slew the hosts of the renegade Chang Tsin Wu. Which do you prefer?"

"This bench looks softer," I said.

We sat down and helped each other check up on old friends for a while. Not a word about Brooks. I couldn't stand the suspense, so I said, finally: "By the way, when does Brooks get back to Shanghai?"

She colored and kept her gaze on the goldfish nibbling lily pads at our feet.

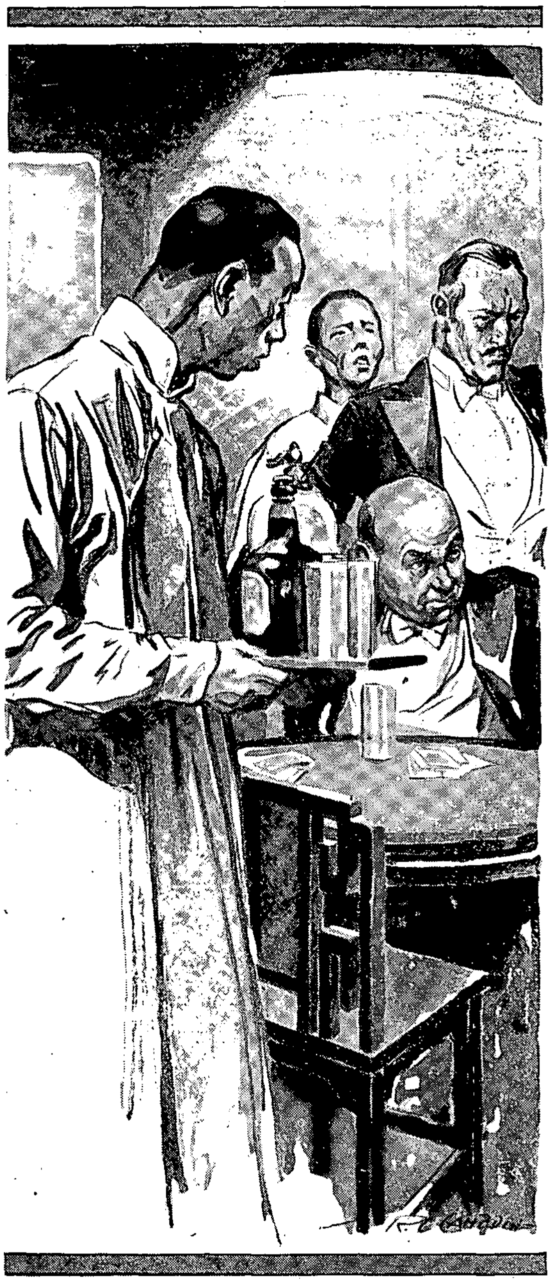
"I don't know," she said, "I haven't heard from Brooks for ages."

"Does he know you're here?"

She nodded.

"Yes . . . I—I wrote him."

"How long ago? Mail service up the Yangtze wouldn't be very fast."



Guitterez had been shooting

She smiled, ruefully.

"That's what I've been trying to tell myself, Georgie," she said.

"Of course that's it," I said. I saw she was embarrassed and that got me embarrassed, too. I stumbled on with: "He wouldn't act like that. I know him too well."

"He has every reason to . . . well . . . forget all about me."

I LOOKED at her in the moonlight. Dark brown hair takes moonlight splendidly and so do brown eyes.

"Not you, my girl," I said. "They don't forget 'em when they're like you."

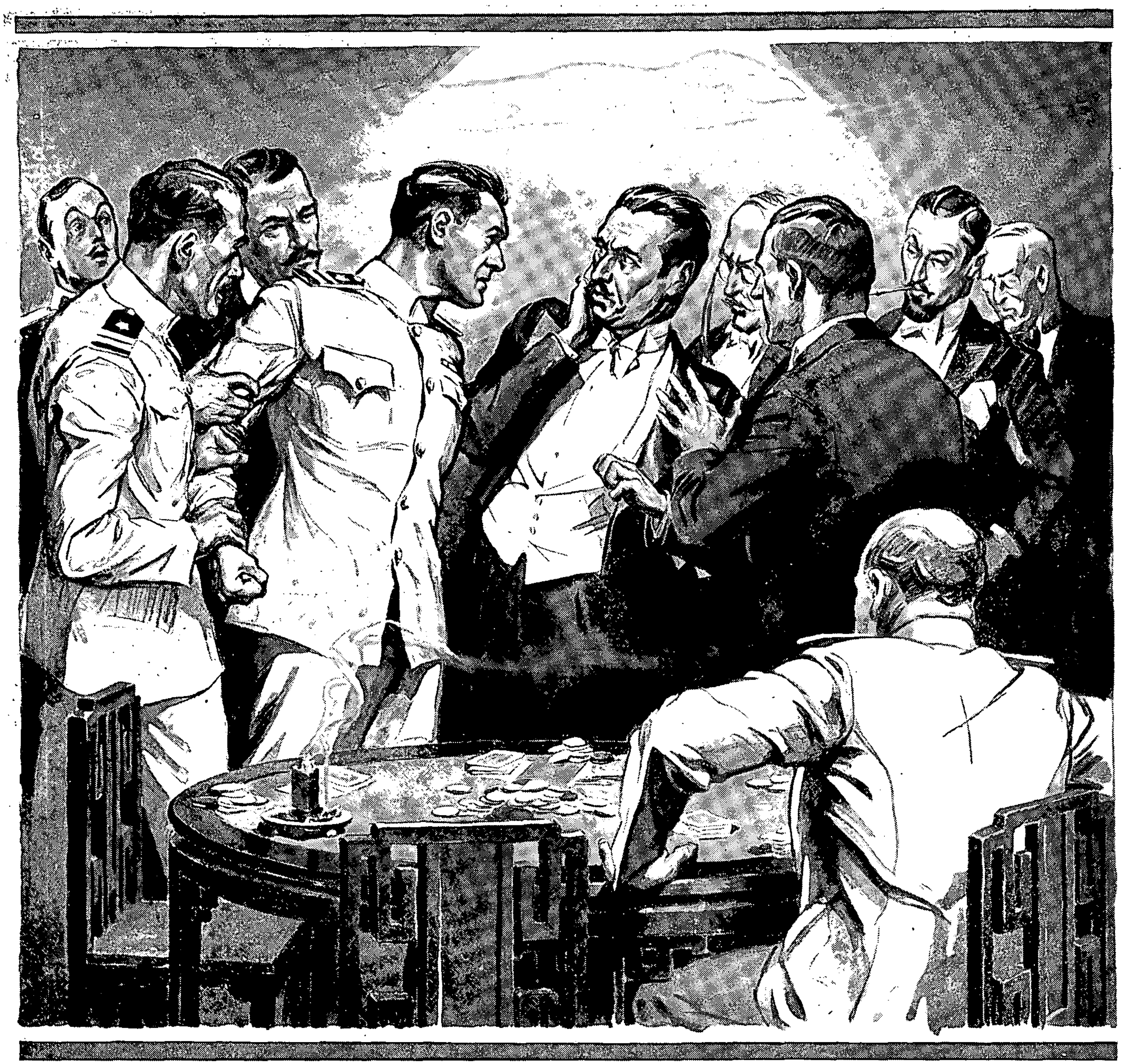
She squeezed my arm—strictly big-sister stuff.

"Thanks, Georgie dear. Oh, how I'm hoping you're a true prophet!"

"The Old Doctor was never wrong," I said.

We didn't have a chance to talk any more about it. Evelyn's Aunt Margaret appeared. Aunt Margaret was a stout lady with a cold eye. She froze when Evelyn's introduction identified me with the Navy. She didn't say so, but I knew Aunt Margaret had been against this trip to Shanghai from the start.

How the old girl did hate China! You had to boil all the water. No vegetables were fit to eat. A villain named Wong had tried to sell her horse meat. She had caught Hip Sing the gardener spreading some unmentionable stuff on the flower beds. Oh, the filth, the poverty, the sin and degradation. Would you believe it? Aunt Margaret had seen coolies fishing garbage out of the



off his mouth about a certain young lady. . . . Brooks met him at the Shanghai Club

water; garbage from the slop chute of a steamer. And all this was recited with indignant glances at Evelyn.

It got me a little worried. Evelyn had risked a lot on this trip. What if Brooks had gone haywire? There would be sharp tongues back home in Washington.

Well, anyway, Aunt Margaret broke out some swell Burgundy. At the gate, later, I gave little Evelyn the old Navy grip and told her I'd be squeezing for her.

Brooks got to town the next week.

I didn't know about it until I met Evelyn one evening at the Little Club. She wasn't with Brooks. Some blond Britisher attached to the legation at Peiping was dancing close attention.

My heart did a nose dive when I saw Evelyn across the room. She looked and acted as if everything had gone blooey. She wasn't subdued and demure any more. She was like the wild and reckless kid I had known at the Academy. Only, then it had been the natural exuberance of a popular and pampered eighteen-year-old. She was pressing, now, and her laughter had a forced note.

A Filipino orchestra was murdering the latest dance hit from the States: There Ought to Be a Moonlight Saving Time. I caught Evelyn's roving glance; she nodded; so I cut in.

"Didn't know you were stepping out," I said.

"First time, Georgie."

"Did Brooks get in?"

"How did you guess?"

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes. Last night."

"Rough sailing?"

"A typhoon. A washout. Swabo."

The bitterness in her voice hurt.

"Oh, nonsense, Evelyn," I said. "What—what did he say?"

She laughed.

"OH, he was an officer and a gentleman. Considerate generalities, you know? China was no place for a woman. . . . Navy careers and marriages didn't seem to mix very well. . . . The Iloilo was such a grand ship he was going to wangle it so he could do his full China Station stretch on her. . . . There was always a chance of a Yangtze sailor's stopping a bullet in some Chink ambush . . . and . . . let me see . . . oh, yes, he wound up with an eloquent description of the beauties of the Upper Yangtze—natural, not female!"

I felt her hand trembling on my arm. She was pretty badly shot.

"You don't want to dance," I said.

"No," she agreed, "I want to drink."

I found a corner table and ordered lime fizzes. I felt it was up to the Old Doctor to rally around with brace-up talk.

"Of course, it's none of my business," I said, "but you ought to ask Blondie to take you home. A girl doesn't cut loose in this town. It can't be done—safely. I think you and Brooks have got each other all wrong. I'm going to try to do something about it. And in the meantime you'd better stick to Aunt Margaret."

She shook her head. Her chin went up in a brave, defiant gesture.

"You're talking like Holy Joe," she said.

Blondie hove in sight just then. She jumped up and went over to him saying: "Guy, who is that wicked-looking man with Commander Bryson's party? I'm just dying to meet him."

Little Evelyn was headed for trouble.

Next morning, bright and early, the Old Doctor went down to the Kiangnang docks where the Iloilo was moored.

I wasn't very much impressed with Brooks' ship as I approached. She was a battered, ungainly scow.

There was a bustle of activity aboard. I made out Brooks' husky figure on the fo'c'sle. They were cleaning ship. The small decks swarmed with men, and I noted a cheerful briskness unusual on any ship in China waters on a sultry summer morning.

"Oh, the chickens have no feet in Iloilo," I sang out.

Brooks whirled, grinned, and snapped off a salute.

We met at the gangway.

"You big bum," I said, "why didn't you look me up?"

He took the breath out of me with a thump on the chest, said: "We work on *this* ship, Georgie, old kid." Then he turned to a villainous chief bosun's mate.

"Keep them stepping, Hagerty."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

We went aft and to the upper deck where Brooks had quarters. I observed that the Iloilo's crew—as tough-looking a gang as ever was allotted to a China draft—kidded one another as they worked. They passed the hoses and tossed brushes with a teamwork that was startling. Forward and below an engine-room quartet was holding forth with Meet Me by the Slop Chute on the Old Whangpoo.

A CHINESE messboy, unbidden, came toward us on the trot. He backed before us into Brooks' cabin—which Brooks apparently shared with the doctor—and hastened to place chairs, arrange match trays and start the fans.

Brooks and I looked at each other.

"You haven't grown a bit," he said, disgustedly.

"Same to you, big boy," I said. "On a real ship like mine they'd give *you* double watches in the engine-room and sweat some of that suet off you."

"Same old Georgie."

"Same old Brooks."

"I'd have looked you up yesterday," he went on, laying off the kidding, "but we had some men in clink and we were busy pulling wires." He grinned proudly. "They say the Iloilo gang cleaned out the Savoy night before last. The skipper and the exec have gone to court this morning."

"Were they in on it, too?"

Brooks looked serious.

"Not the brawling, of course. But we're always in on any trouble with the gang. We stand by them and they stand by us." He saw my dubious glance at a plug-ugly machinist's mate who was approaching the open door. His face flushed with enthusiasm. "If you knew our men as I know 'em you'd vote 'em the best damned crew in the service."

The machinist's mate saluted, shuffled his feet and said, apologetically: "The ice machine's getting an overhaul, sir. I've sent Briggs and Grady ashore. Sure sorry for the delay, sir, but they'll be back any minute now."

"Quite all right, McGoogan. Thank you."

"Thank *you*, sir."

His voice and manner had a startling and incongruous mingling of affection, loyalty and respect.

As McGoogan disappeared, cauliflower ears standing stiffly to the offshore breeze, Brooks gazed after him fondly.

"There's a man," he said. "Came out to us with a record that was a record! Busted three times, two general courts, masted more times than I remember, missed Portsmouth by a hair for a scrape at Coco Solo."

"YEAH. Lovely chap," I said.

Brooks snorted.

"Don't show your ignorance, Georgie. McGoogan is the best hand with engines in China. Hell—he's beat the Luzon's time between Yunyang and Wanhsien. And when the skipper took a landing party to evacuate those missionaries beyond Foochow last April he picked McGoogan for the rear-guard trick. McGoogan didn't need to fire a shot. The Chinks know a man, even if you don't."

I had started something. Brooks plunged right in to indoctrinate me. Hadn't I heard of his skipper and his exec? Best damned officers in the service. Every man jack on the Iloilo would go all the way to hell for Jorgis and Malcolmson.

As Brooks talked, I began to understand what Shag Townsend had meant. Wine, women and song hadn't got Brooks. His hand was steady as he lighted a cigarette; his gray eyes were clear; he was hard and brown and fit. But something had burned into him. It was something that had given him a restless, reckless smile; little lines at the corners of his eyes; a singed, weather-beaten cast to the bronze color of his hair.

(Continued on page 39)

Sonnyboy's Ear

What is home without a swimming pool? Yes, but this is a lyric of home and Hollywood

By Jerome Beatty

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"ON YOUR left," said the lecturer through a blunt megaphone, as the Seeing Hollywood bus, with its cargo of tourists, came to a stop, "is the home of Sonnyboy Barlow, America's Kid Brother, the twenty-one-year-old phe-nom-e-na of the cinema world."

"That?" a woman from Iowa questioned, turning up her nose. "That there little bungalow?"

"Posi-tively, madam," said the lecturer. "This young man of amazing talent pays only a hundred and fifty dollars a month for it—furnished. He lives there with his aunt, who watches him like a hen with one chick." He raised his voice and continued with his lecture. "Fame and fortune come with astound-ing rapidity in this remarkable city, folks. Two years ago Sonnyboy Barlow was captain of the Kansas University football team. Mr. Joseph Stone, of Amalgamated Pictures, saw a close-up of him in a newsreel and offered him a job, and here he is—rich and famous!"

"No swimming pool?" asked a man from Oklahoma, leaning out of the window to try to see into the back yard.

"No swimming pool. Only one bathtub," the lecturer said.

"I don't believe it," declared the Oklahoman, who subscribed to all the movie magazines. "I read that Amalgamated was payin' him six hundred thousand dollars for five years' work."

"Correct, sir. This remarkable young man, who has been an orphan since childhood, says he is going to save half a million and then retire and marry a girl back in his old home town."

"Land sakes," breathed a woman from Iowa, "ain't that just too sweet?"

"DID you see in the paper this morning," the friendly Oklahoman asked her, "about Mitzi Dumaine, that French actress that just landed in New York City—what she said about Sonnyboy and—"

"About his ear?" exclaimed the lady from Iowa, blushing at the very thought of it. "Wasn't that just *ter*-rible! I wonder what Sonnyboy's home-town girl will say when she reads *that!* They tell me those French women just haven't enough morals to shake a stick at. She ought to be run out of the country."

"What's *that?*" demanded a bewhiskered old codger from the back seat, cupping his hand over his ear. "What's that about the French actress?"

"All right, Bill," said the lecturer to the driver, "let's go!" He announced through his megaphone, "Now, up there on the high hill, folks, you see three mag-nificent mansions that cost more than half a million apiece—"

"What about the French actress?" Whiskers insisted.

The bus started with a jerk. The breath went out of the load of passengers. Not because the bus started so suddenly but because the obliging man from Oklahoma—answering the query of Old Man Whiskers—turned around and yelled above the roar of the motor:

"This French girl is comin' out here to make a picture and she told the New York reporters yesterday that she's got two ambitions—one is to have an outdoor swimming pool where she can bathe in the nude and the other is she wants to bite a piece out of Sonnyboy Barlow's ear!"

The lecturer was saying, "In that magnificent mansion on the left is—"

But nobody was paying any attention to him.

A school teacher from New Jersey, looking around first to be sure that no men could hear, whispered to another school teacher from New Jersey, "I hear they're going to have her legs insured—for a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Her legs!" scoffed the other. "What about *his* ears?"

THE lady from Iowa would be interested to know that Edward (Sonnyboy) Barlow was eating a club sandwich—and with small success, because he was trying to eat it with knife and fork. Sonnyboy was in white flannels and blue coat, and with make-up on his eyes that gave him a doll-like appearance. He had come home from the studio between scenes.

Tall, weatherworn Mary Pottleson observed his efforts for a moment.

"You'd better eat it with your hands," she advised. Mary had been the family's "hired girl" since long before Sonnyboy was born. When his Aunt Martha, who for years had been a mother to him, packed up to take Sonnyboy from Butterville, Kansas, to Hollywood, of course Mary Pottleson packed up, too.

Sonnyboy looked up and smiled. "I'm trying to learn manners, Mary."

Mary sniffed. "In Hollywood?" She started toward the kitchen. "I'll make you another."

"This one will be plenty, thanks."

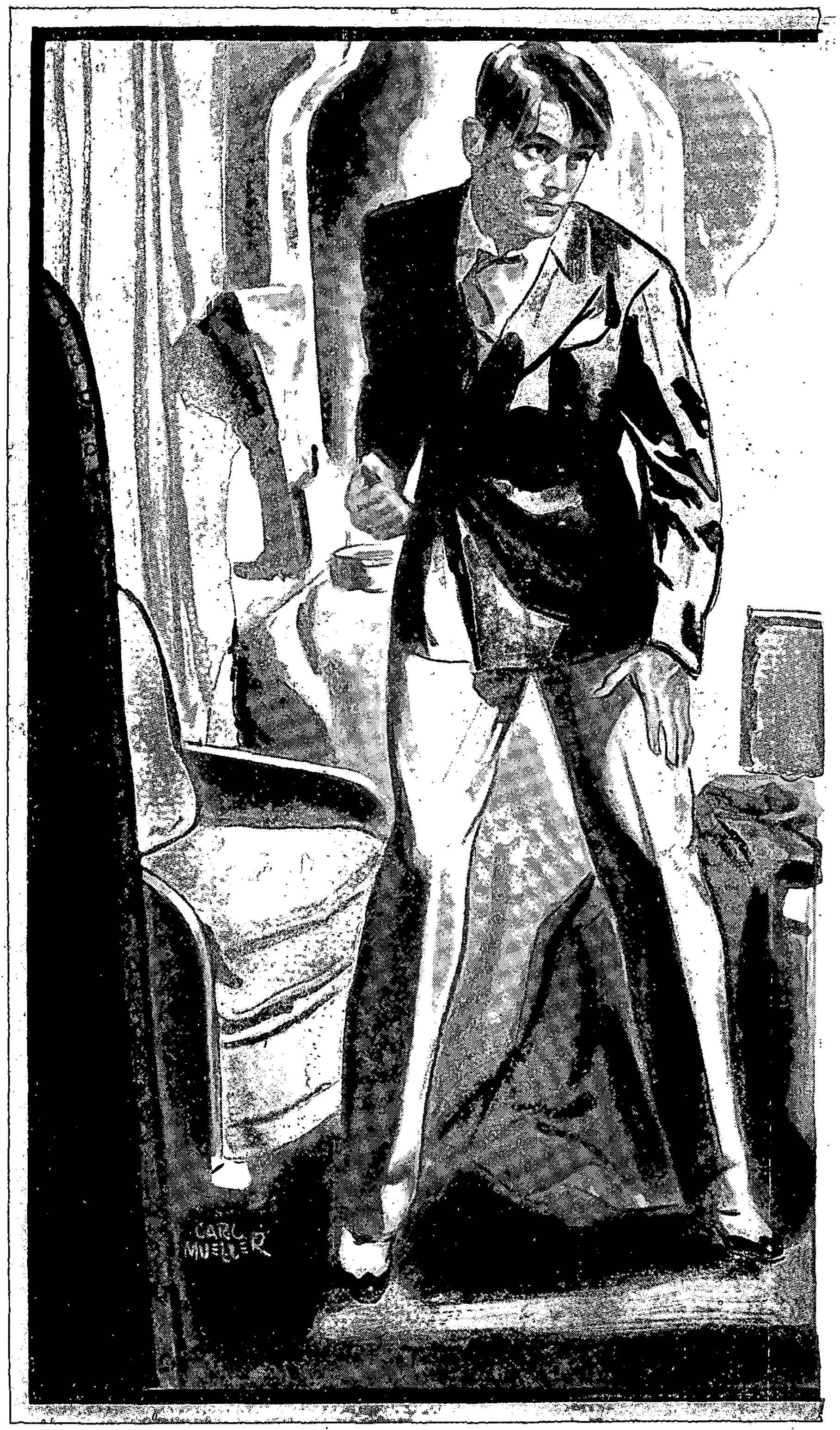
"You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive," she said severely. "I'll make you another."

Sonnyboy sighed. "Aw, please—"

Mary Pottleson went into the kitchen and started to make the toast.

As the kitchen door closed, Sonnyboy grinned across the table at his Aunt Martha—his mother's unmarried sister. She was a lovely Aunt Martha. Her wavy brown hair was turning gray. Her big brown eyes were always friendly, and night and day she thought of only one thing—how to help Sonnyboy become a splendid man. Sonnyboy was very proud of his Aunt Martha and took her everywhere. And his aunt was very proud of him—happy, too, in the thought that she had helped.

Sonnyboy looked like his aunt. Not so much at this moment, for she was not smiling, and it was that wholesome, genial smile, common to both, that, as much as anything, had made Sonnyboy a great movie star.



Sonnyboy now was on his feet. "Tell me

"Listen, now, Aunt Mart. Please," Sonnyboy said. "You're all upset over nothing."

"Nothing!" she gasped. "Bathing in the nude! Biting ears! You call that nothing?"

"She's a nut—that's all. A fellow at the studio was in a show with her in Paris. Once, a man in the front row went to sleep and snored and Dumaine was so mad she threw a chair at him. She almost killed the orchestra leader. And once she hit her leading man over the head with a vase because he fed her the wrong cue."

AUNT MARTHA took a deep breath. "And *that's* the person who's going to be your leading woman!" She clasped hands on the table in front of her and said quietly, "Sonnyboy, let's go home—for good." She confessed: "I'm afraid. Something tells me that she's—she's after you!"

Sonnyboy pushed back his chair and hurried around the table and put his hands on his aunt's shoulders and pressed his cheek against hers.

"Don't be afraid, Aunt Mart," he laughed. "I won't let her bite my ear. That's just a lot of hooey. Dumaine always is doing something like that to get her name in the papers."

"She must be a terrible, terrible person. What do you suppose her mother thinks when she reads that her daughter wants to bathe in the nude and bite boys' ears?"

"I can take care of myself. I'm over twenty-one." He shrugged his shoulders. "You sort of forget that every now and then."

"You've changed, Sonnyboy, since we came here."

"Aw, how've I changed?"

"You—you, well you use words like 'hooey' and—and the other night at the preview of Sylvia Divine's picture, in that disgusting scene where Sylvia was running around in her underwear, when that terrible Mrs. Divine leaned over and said 'Hasn't Sylvia lovely legs?'—"

"What about that?"

"You—you said, 'Swell, Mrs. Divine. Perfectly swell!' "

"Gee whiz! What else could I say? I couldn't say, 'No, Mrs. Divine. I think your daughter's legs are lousy,' could I?"

"Lousy! That's another word! And now a girl announces in the newspapers that she is coming out here to bite a piece out of your ear—and you laugh!"

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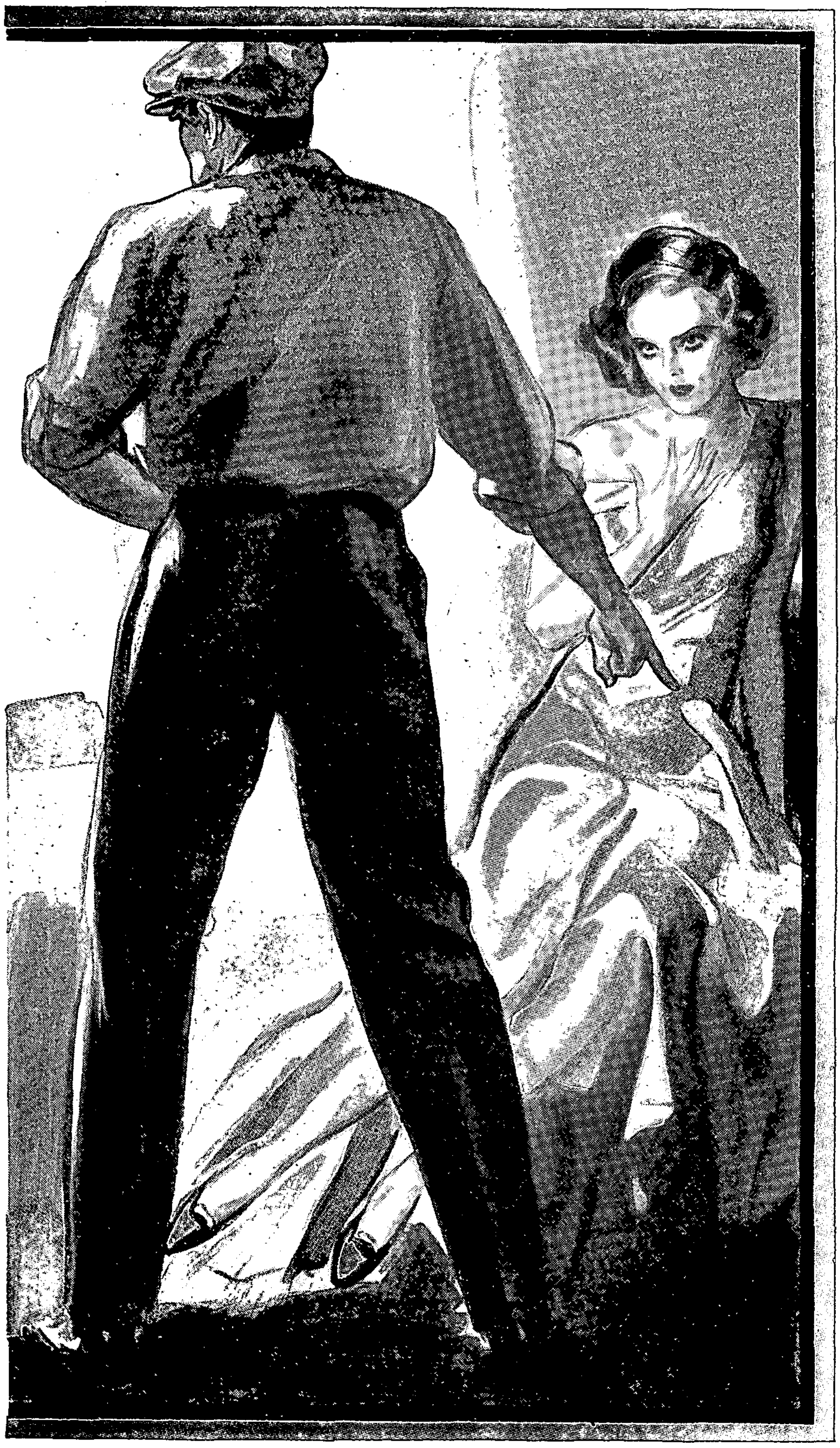


what to do, will you!" he yelled at Maxon

She threw up her hands helplessly. "I just can't understand it at all! What do you suppose Sue will think when she reads about Mitzi Dumaine?"

"Sue will laugh, too. She understands. Didn't she laugh when the papers said I was going to marry that Spanish bathing beauty? Honest, Aunt Mart, you're fussing about nothing. Please, don't let's talk about it any more."

SHE rose and put her arms around him. "Can't you see, dear, that I'm thinking only of you and your future?"

Sonnyboy set his teeth. "I understand. But all day long the director tells me every move I must make and every word I must say, and I have to obey. Then I come home and get the same thing from you. And even from Mary! You never let me travel on my own power."

Aunt Martha wasn't listening. "Nothing in this world, Sonnyboy," she said firmly; "nothing must ever come between you and Sue. You ought to be married right away. I'm going to send for her!"

"You mustn't!" Sonnyboy cried.

"Why not?"

"Well—er—" He was about to tell her that she mustn't because he was not quite sure, now, that he wanted to marry Sue. But he didn't say it, for Mary Pottleson came in from the kitchen, bearing club sandwich No. 2.

"Why, you haven't finished the first one, Sonnyboy," Mary complained. "Sit right down here and eat your lunch!"

He straightened. "Look here," he said, "I wish you folks would stop calling me 'Sonnyboy.' I hate it! My name's Edward! And another thing," he declared, looking at Mary Pottleson, "I've had enough lunch!"

"Why!" his Aunt Martha gasped. "Why, Sonny— Why—why—you *must* eat your lunch! I don't understand you. You *must* eat!"

"I've eaten enough."

"Please," said Aunt Martha, smiling.

"*All* right," he answered grudgingly. "Where you going, Aunt Mart?"

"To send for Sue. I'm telegraphing her," she declared. . . .

Sonnyboy hurried back to the studio and flung open the door of his dressing-room. Tom Maxon, his director, was sitting there.

"It's just me, kid," said Maxon. "I want to talk with you."

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Sit down."

Sonnyboy sat down and lighted a cigarette. He wasn't allowed to smoke at home.

"Kid," Maxon began, "I've made this same speech a dozen times to boys and girls and it never has done any good. But this time, maybe, I'll click. Like the rest of all these boy wonders, son, you're just about to go haywire."

"Aw, Tom, that's not fair. I don't fall for this Hollywood bunk—you know that."

"I know the symptoms. When I first took you, I had to drive you into love scenes. You blushed whenever you kissed a girl. When you walked on a set you looked as if you thanked Heaven that an humble boy like you had been allowed to enter the studio. Now, kid, you jump at girls like you were a hungry lion and you enter a room as if you thought you were Jesse Lasky." Maxon asked suddenly, "Got a girl?"

"No. I mean, yes. Back home."

"Kinda forgot about her, hey?"

"No. Of course not, but—"

"Haven't got any girl in Hollywood?"

"Positively not. Look here, Tom, you've got me wrong. I admit that when I started I was a scared kid and now—" he grinned, "well, I'm a human being. Who wouldn't like to kiss pretty girls? There's no law against that—when it's nothing but acting. I don't get you. What do you want me to do about it? I want to be a first-class actor, Tom. What'll I do?"

"Keep away from Dumaine, when she gets here."

"Oh," Sonnyboy laughed. "So that's what all this is about. How can I keep away from her when she's my leading woman? What's the answer to that?"

"You know what I mean. I'm talking about what you do off the set. You're just at the point where you'd be meat for her. She's a wild woman and she likes youngsters who don't know what it's all about. Evidently she's picked you for number one."

SONNYBOY grinned and felt his ears. "They're all right, so far," he said. He sobered. "I'm grateful, Tom, honest I am. I don't want to run around with wild women."

"That fool statement that Dumaine gave out yesterday is going to make every reporter in Hollywood keep his eyes on you two. One false step and they'll print all kinds of trash. Don't be a sap, kid."

Sonnyboy held out a hand. "Thanks, Tom. I won't. Thanks for telling me."

Maxon grasped Sonnyboy's hand tight. "Aw, that's all right, kid. I wouldn't have said it, if I didn't like you so much."

"And, Tom," he said quietly, "if you ever catch me falling for Dumaine, give me a good sock on the nose, will you?"

Maxon laughed. "Not on the nose, kid. In the solar plexus. I don't want to spoil your box-office value." He started toward the door. "Come on. Freshen up that make-up and let's get going."

Sonnyboy thoughtfully rubbed grease paint on his chin. Maxon was right, of course. He wouldn't have anything to do with Mitzi Dumaine. At that, he mused, she must be quite a girl! And she'd picked out his ears to bite! Not John Barrymore's ears, nor Richard Dix's, nor Lew Ayres', nor Robert Montgomery's, but Sonnyboy Barlow's! Nobody could help feeling rather thrilled by *that!*

But Maxon needn't worry. Sonnyboy could take care of himself. But why did Maxon have to come in and tell him what to do? People always were giving him advice! He wished they'd quit it! Some day he'd break out and live his own life! . . .

TWO weeks after Aunt Martha sent her hurry call for Sue Watson's help, the Limited came to a stop in the Los Angeles station and Sue, spick and span and as up-to-date as Park Avenue, New York, stepped off into Sonnyboy's arms, while Aunt Martha stepped aside and smiled triumphantly.

"I must have been crazy, to think I didn't want her!" he said to himself, as he kissed her. Then, holding both her hands, he stood back and surveyed her, from her little white hat, with tiny locks of golden hair peeking out—real golden hair, not the Hollywood variety—her soft pink skin, her smart white frock and her tiny kid slippers. Sue had done a lot of shopping in Kansas City before she set out for Hollywood. She was a wise little girl.

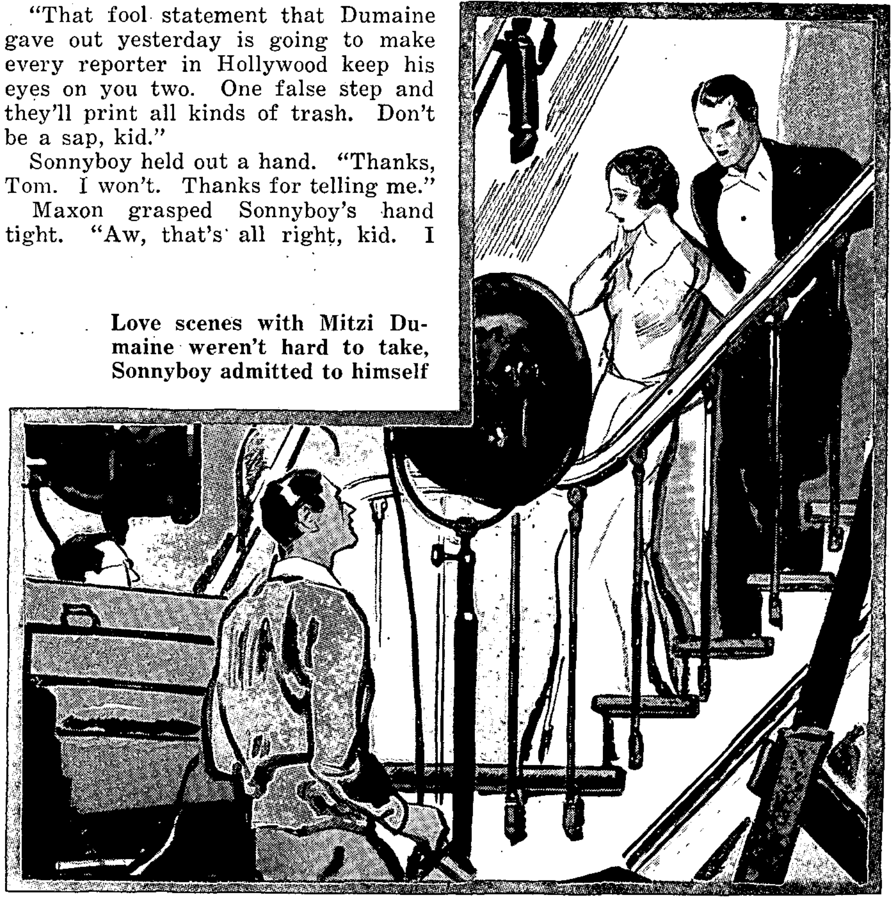
"Gee, honey," he said, "you're grand!"

"You're grand, too, Sonnyboy."

Aunt Martha gave her a rousing California welcome. Then: "He wants to be called Edward," Aunt Martha said, as if she were exposing a skeleton in the closet.

Sue turned. "You're grand, Edward,"

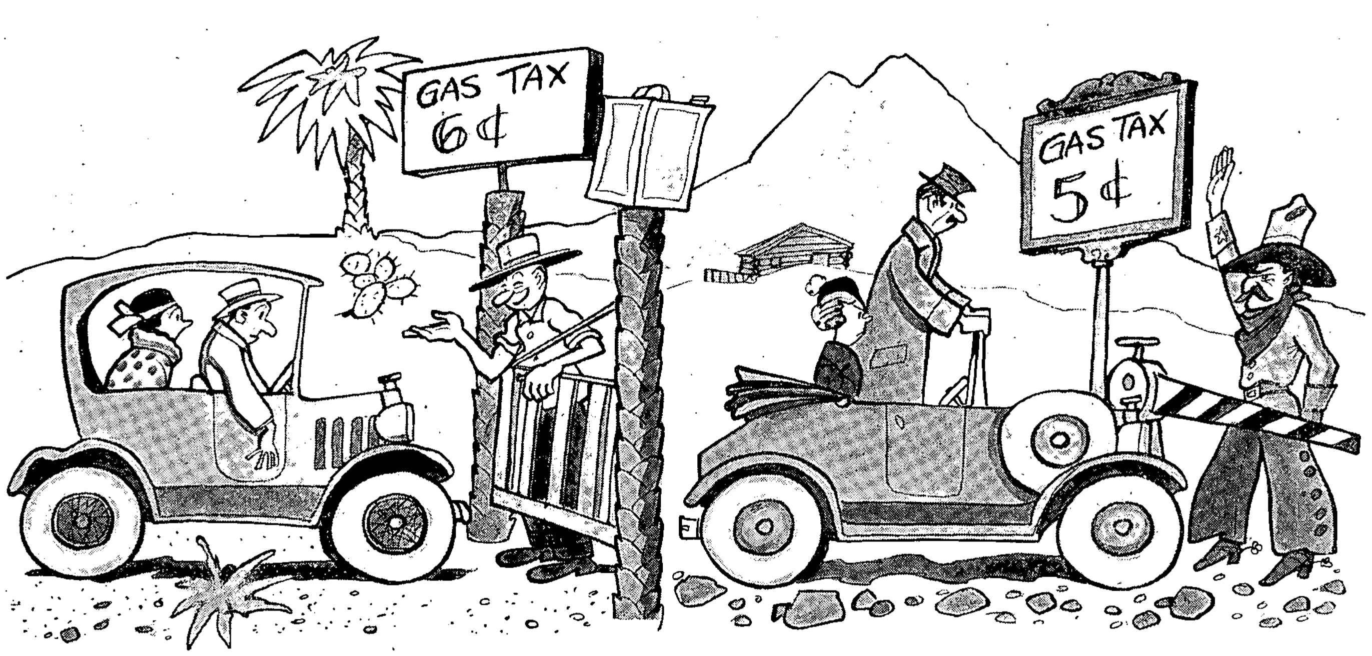
(*Continued on page 35*)



Love scenes with Mitzi Dumaine weren't hard to take, Sonnyboy admitted to himself

Bootleg Gasoline

All our bootleggers don't deal in liquor. Varying state taxes have set up some of the easy-money boys in the gasoline business. And now that the sales tax is receiving official consideration here's a chance to see how one works



By John T. Flynn

AS YOU leave New York City to start on your trip to the Pacific Coast in your automobile you will be stopped at the Holland Tunnel and asked to pay fifty cents. This is a toll, the money being used to pay for the building and upkeep of the tunnel. This is a modern survival of the old-fashioned tollgate system which was fashionable in the old days when the roads were owned by private persons and they charged you for the privilege of riding on them. As you pay your fifty cents at the Holland Tunnel you say to yourself, "That's the last I have to pay in road tolls. Thank Heaven, the days of the old tollgate and toll collector are gone. Now I can ride the rest of the way free."

But do not deceive yourself. You still have 3,000 miles to travel before you reach San Francisco. What would you say if I were to tell you that there are scores of tollgates to be passed and that as you travel you will be stopped by a tax collector at least every hundred miles and compelled to hand over from thirty to fifty cents and more as a toll or tax for the privilege of using the roads? Well, if I were to tell you that you wouldn't believe it. In order to go to the coast from New York you must pass through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. You must drive distances up to 450 miles through each of these states.

You will have to pay tolls for the privilege of driving across each state. To drive across New Jersey will cost twenty cents. To drive 400 miles across Pennsylvania will cost you a dollar. You will have to pay a dollar in Ohio, sixty cents in Indiana, forty cents in Illinois, forty cents in Missouri, a dollar in Kansas, $1.35 in Colorado, a dollar in Utah, seventy cents in Nevada and fifty cents in California. The toll collectors after you have left the Holland Tunnel will get $8.15 in all. And assuming that there is one every 100 miles, you will be stopped thirty times between here and the coast.

A Windfall for Tax-makers

But, says the much-traveled motorist, I have been back and forth between here and the Pacific Coast many times and I have never seen these tollgates you speak of and do not recall paying these various sums you list. Ah, that is the very point! The tollgates are there, but you do not see them. You pay the money but you do not notice it. As a matter of fact, instead of thirty tollgates, there are perhaps 20,000. For every gasoline station is a tollgate where the state collects from every motorist who buys gasoline a tax for riding on the roads.

Back in 1919 the states of Oregon, Colorado and North Dakota imposed a tax of *one cent* a gallon on every gallon of gasoline sold in those states. Immediately tax-hungry legislators all over the country sat up, rubbed their eyes and said: "Well! Well! Well! What do you know about that? We certainly have been asleep. Just look at this nice juicy melon patch we have been overlooking all these years. My! My! We must get busy."

And they did. Kentucky adopted the tax next year and in 1921 Oregon made it two cents for good measure. In 1921 thirteen states had gasoline taxes and were collecting $5,382,111 in that year. Two years later eight states had raised the rate to three cents. Florida, Arkansas, Nevada and North Carolina saw Oregon's three cents and raised her one, while South Carolina made it five in 1925. South Carolina, Florida and Georgia raised the rate to six cents in 1929. Meantime all the states were gathering around and getting into the game.

There is perhaps no record in history of a tax rising in yield at so rapid a rate. In 1921 the collections amounted to $5,382,000. Two years later they were $38,566,000. Two years later still they were $148,358,000. In another three years they were $305,000,000. Last year they were $495,000,000. So you see it's getting to be a pretty big game. Now every state in the Union has a *gasoline tax*. There are *no more* one-cent taxes. Only five are as low as two cents. Only eleven are as low as three cents. Four and five cents seem to be the popular rates. As a matter of fact, the average rate for all the states during 1931 was a little over four cents. But there are at least five states with six-cent taxes and one with seven.

The tendency is upward everywhere as you move south and west, particularly south. The motorist traveling south to Florida for the winter drives along a rising curve of gasoline taxes. In New York the tax is two cents. When he gets over to Jersey it is three. In Pennsylvania he finds it three but runs into a four-cent tax as soon as he enters Maryland. In Virginia the rate soars to five. When the motorist gets to North Carolina the rate is six and remains at that level through South Carolina and Georgia. When he finally arrives in Florida he is rewarded with a seven-cent tax for his pains.

Of course the inevitable result of this tax in this land of the racketeer and home of the grafter is the tax evasion racket—the greatest perhaps since prohibition. Who knows but what the bootleg liquor racket may yet have to take second place to the bootleg gasoline racket!

For instance, take Mr. Samuel Lavin of Chicago. Mr. Lavin was a business man, nothing less than president of the Consumers' Oil and Gas Company of Chicago, Illinois. Then one bright July day Mr. Lavin, the oil magnate, disappeared from the Windy City. He was, in fact, taken for a ride—undoubtedly in a car driven by bootleg gasoline. But he was not put on the spot. It was just a little kidnapping party all carried out in the best of spirit, such as any group of gentlemen bootleggers might employ in this intense competitive era of ours. Mr. Sammy Lavin's kidnappers merely wanted $25,000. Evidently the sum was quickly forthcoming, for in a few days Sammy reappeared, reassured everybody everything was "Oke" and refused to disclose any of the particulars of the little business transaction. The police—those innocent fellows—seemed quite helpless to make head or tail of the matter. But a Chicago newspaper got busy and soon revealed that the whole comedy was part of the bootleg gasoline business of Chicago.

A Rich Field for Racketeering

Then the newspaper proceeded to reveal that, a long time before, thirty-eight firms were indicted for heavy tax evasions—which is the most important *tool in the kit of the bootlegger*—and that these thirty-eight firms had caused a loss in taxes to the state of over two million dollars; that only two of the indicted men had been tried and they were acquitted while most of the others were still moving merrily along in the old gas racket, collecting three cents on every gallon sold and salting it away for themselves.

Now then, of course, you ask how this racket is worked. After all, the tax on gasoline in Illinois is only three cents a gallon and a man will never get very rich evading that. You will soon see that the sums which can be made make this a singularly attractive business for an up-and-racketeering young man.

The gasoline tax is imposed by the states, though some cities also try their hand at it and this tendency is growing. The tax is of course paid by the man who uses gasoline in his automobile. He pays it to the gasoline filling station. Sometimes the filling station advertises its gasoline at the price of the gas and specifically names the tax. Thus in Oklahoma it is not uncommon to see signs reading, "Gasoline 5 cents and we must have another 5 cents for Governor Bill"—Bill being no less a personage than the famous "Alfalfa William," who stopped oil production in his state with the militia. Most gasoline stations merely add the tax to the price which they charge for gas. In any case every time you buy a gallon of gasoline you hand over from two to seven cents for the state.

Short Hauls and Long Profits

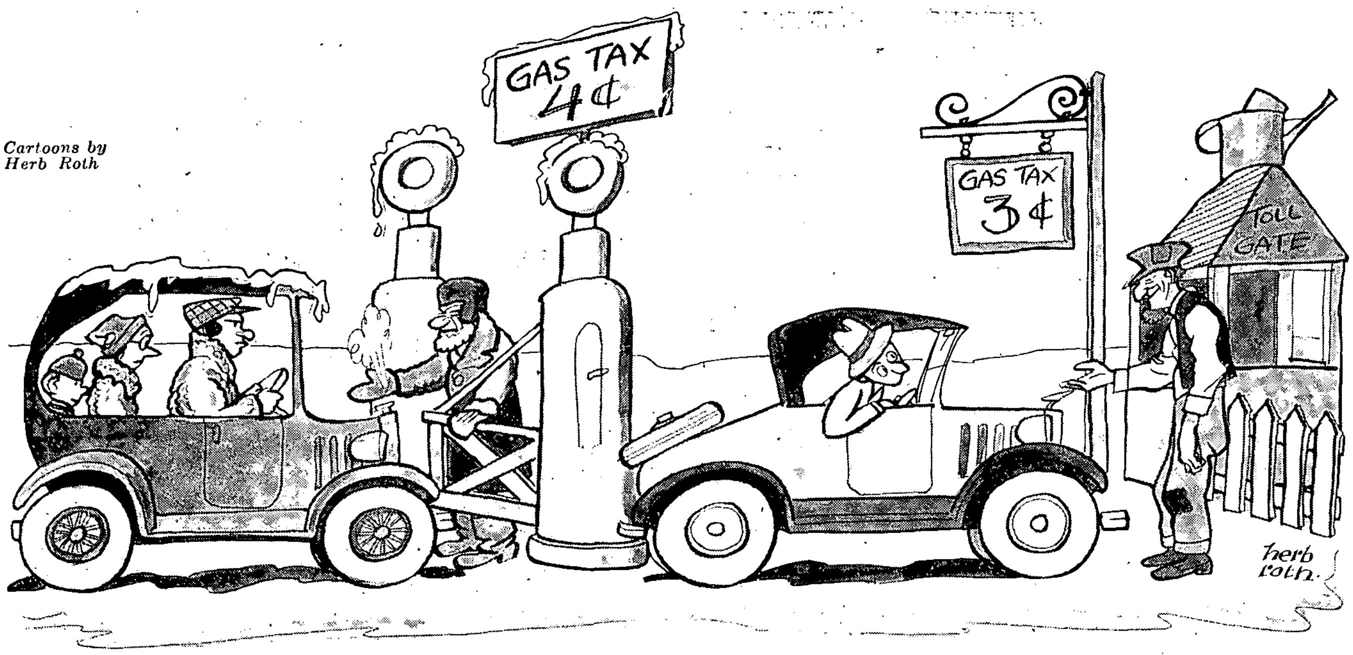
Now then, how does the government get this tax? In some states the retail gasoline filling station pays it over directly to the tax collector. Every month or every three or four months he must make a report to the tax gatherer of the number of gallons he has sold and send his check along for this amount. This was the universal way formerly. Now, however, most states collect the tax from the distributor or the refiner or whoever makes the first sale in the state. The distributor adds the tax to the price charged the filling station and the filling-station man collects it from the consumer. With this explanation we are prepared to have a look at the racket in motion.

Now let us take the states of Illinois and Indiana, which adjoin each other. There are plenty of refineries in Indiana. A distributor with a tank truck goes into Indiana and buys a tank load of gasoline—say 1,500 gallons. When he buys this, ordinarily he would have to pay four cents tax to the distributor. But he makes a declaration that the gasoline is *for export*—that is, *for sale in* another state—which automatically relieves it of the tax. He then drives the gasoline into Illinois. There he sells it to a gasoline station. In Illinois the tax is three cents on each gallon. He takes the filling-station man into his confidence and explains that the gas has been bought without paying taxes; that the filling-station man can sell it and collect the tax from his customers and put it into his pocket.

As a rule, however, the two—filling-station man and bootlegger—can split the tax between them on some basis considered to be fair between gentlemen. Neither Indiana nor Illinois gets the tax. And, what is more serious, the filling station handling the gas, because it has an advantage of three cents over its competitors, can undersell them and thus commit a crime against the honest gas dealer.

This practice goes on to a greater or lesser degree in almost every state in the Union. Down in Louisiana, for instance, Mr. J. T. O'Sullivan, executive secretary of the Louisiana Code Committee, says: "At almost any hour of the night tank trucks and trailers may be seen

Cartoons by Herb Roth



moving along the dark roads which run into Shreveport from East Texas. Some of these trucks haul as much as 2,500 gallons of gasoline. Is it not peculiar that most of the gasoline should enter Shreveport after dark between 9 P. M. and 4 A. M.? The reason given for this is that traffic is lighter during the night and because the trucks are needed for local distribution during the daytime. But it is a very strange thing that these same trucks which enter Shreveport under cover of the darkness full of gasoline go out again the next day back to Texas through the heavy day traffic and when they are supposed to be needed in local distribution. The truth about the matter is that these trucks move at night to escape the inspectors and this gas coming into Shreveport, without paying tax in either Texas or Louisiana, has demoralized the honest gasoline industry of the state."

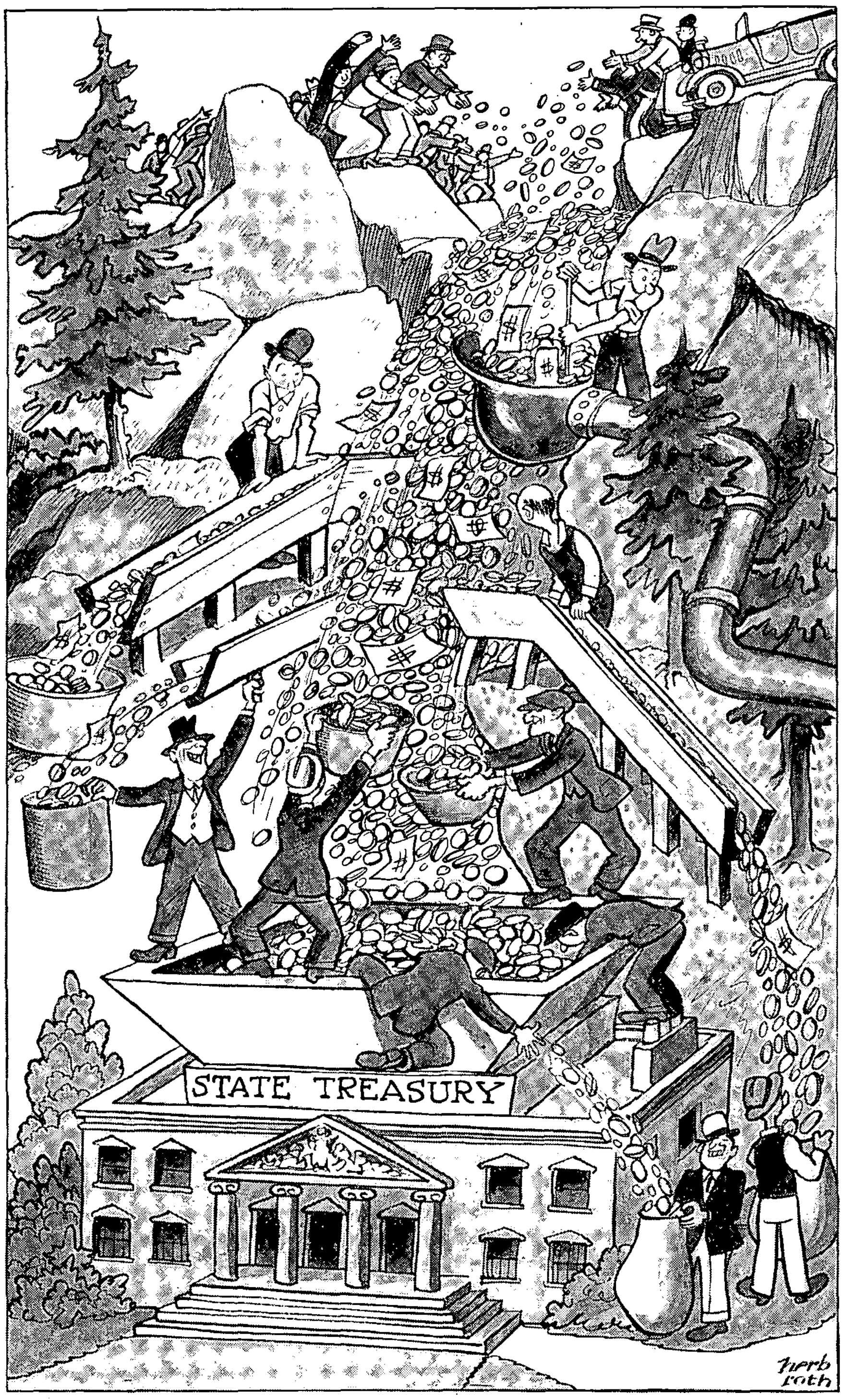
River Pirates—1931 Style

In Pennsylvania the racket is carried on in places by water. The Delaware River runs between Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The racketeer buys a boatload of gasoline in Pennsylvania "for export to New Jersey." Thus no tax is paid. His boat—minus the warning flag which it should fly—floats up or down the Delaware ostensibly bound for some New Jersey port. But Pennsylvania is on one side of that same river and there is nothing to stop the vessel from putting into a Pennsylvania port at night and unloading its gasoline and thus escaping a three-cent tax on each of 10,000 gallons—a tidy sum of $300.

The bootlegger does not always buy his gasoline "for export." There is in this a certain risk of detection by the tax inspectors who in some places patrol the roads. And so in some places they buy the gasoline in states where the tax is low and sell it in states where the tax is high. For instance, the tax in Missouri is two cents. But the state is surrounded by states with higher rates—Iowa with three cents, Illinois with three cents, Nebraska with four cents, Kansas with three, Oklahoma with five, Kentucky with five, Tennessee with six and Arkansas with six.

The bootlegger can buy a wagonful of gasoline in Missouri, pay the two-cent tax on it and then cart it unobserved into Arkansas where he sells it to the retailer without reporting to the state authorities. Thus he makes four cents on each gallon in taxes. And, of course, he may pocket it all or split it with the retailer.

In some states the retailer still pays the gasoline tax directly to the government. This opens the way for another neat little racket. Thus Mr. Stanislas Yoroski operates a filling station. He sells an average of 500 gallons of gasoline a day. That makes 3,500 gallons a week. He makes a gross profit of three cents on each gallon which is $105 for the week. From this he must pay his rent, light, help and take his losses. At the end of the week the best he can do by working about fourteen hours a day is $35 clear profit for himself. He is required under the law to pay quarterly the gasoline taxes which he collects. And he is allowed sixty days after the end of the quarter to make a settlement. Now at the end of the quarter he finds he has sold 45,500 gallons of gasoline, on which he has collected four cents tax per gallon, or $1,820. This is due the state government. For himself he made $35 a week, or $455 for the thirteen weeks.



Extortionate taxes have always led to dishonesty and evasion

Mr. Yoroski Sees the Light

Being human, Mr. Yoroski can hardly be expected not to sit down in the quiet hours of the evening beside his pumps and ponder this fact—that out of his three months' hard work he has made $455 for himself and $1,820 for the government. It doesn't look fair to him. Now, however, he has to pay the tax. But he won't have to settle for another eight weeks. In that time he will make another $280 for himself and will collect another $1,120 in taxes—$2,940 in taxes altogether.

So just before the expiration of the time for making settlement Mr. Stanislas Yoroski closes up his gasoline station, disappears from the highway and is heard of no more. By doing this he pockets a profit of $3,675 instead of $735; $175 a week instead of $35 a week. Then in a few weeks or so Mr. Yoroski appears under another name as the owner of a gasoline station upon another highway.

Now to end this sort of thing the states are abandoning the collection of taxes from the retailers. Pennsylvania, for instance, changed over last year and thus finds she can watch 800 distributors better than she can 28,000 retail stations. But that doesn't end the racketeering. For the distributor can do the same thing as the retailer. He has learned that he can just simply get away with the failure to pay his taxes.

It must be remembered that this is not like ordinary tax-dodging. In this case the taxes are paid by the consumers and the dealers actually collect them. If they do not pay them they are just that much ahead in actual cash. And in the case of distributors the tax runs into large figures. In Ohio an oil company collected $39,979 in taxes. The tax official simply failed to certify this little item. It was found out and now the governor is asking the tax official's removal. In Indiana a single company was found owing the state $125,000. In California the state is trying to get about $2,500,000 in taxes due it by some twenty-eight oil companies.

An Incentive to Dishonesty

California distributors were allowed two and a half months after the quarter to settle for taxes. That gave them five and a half months in all to collect taxes. Running down the list of companies and the taxes they failed to pay, one sees a number of concerns which collected and pocketed sums well over $100,000 and at least one over $200,000. Now California has changed her law to require monthly settlements. What else are we to expect when we make it possible for unscrupulous men to make more money—two or three times more—by evading taxes than from the ordinary profits of their business?

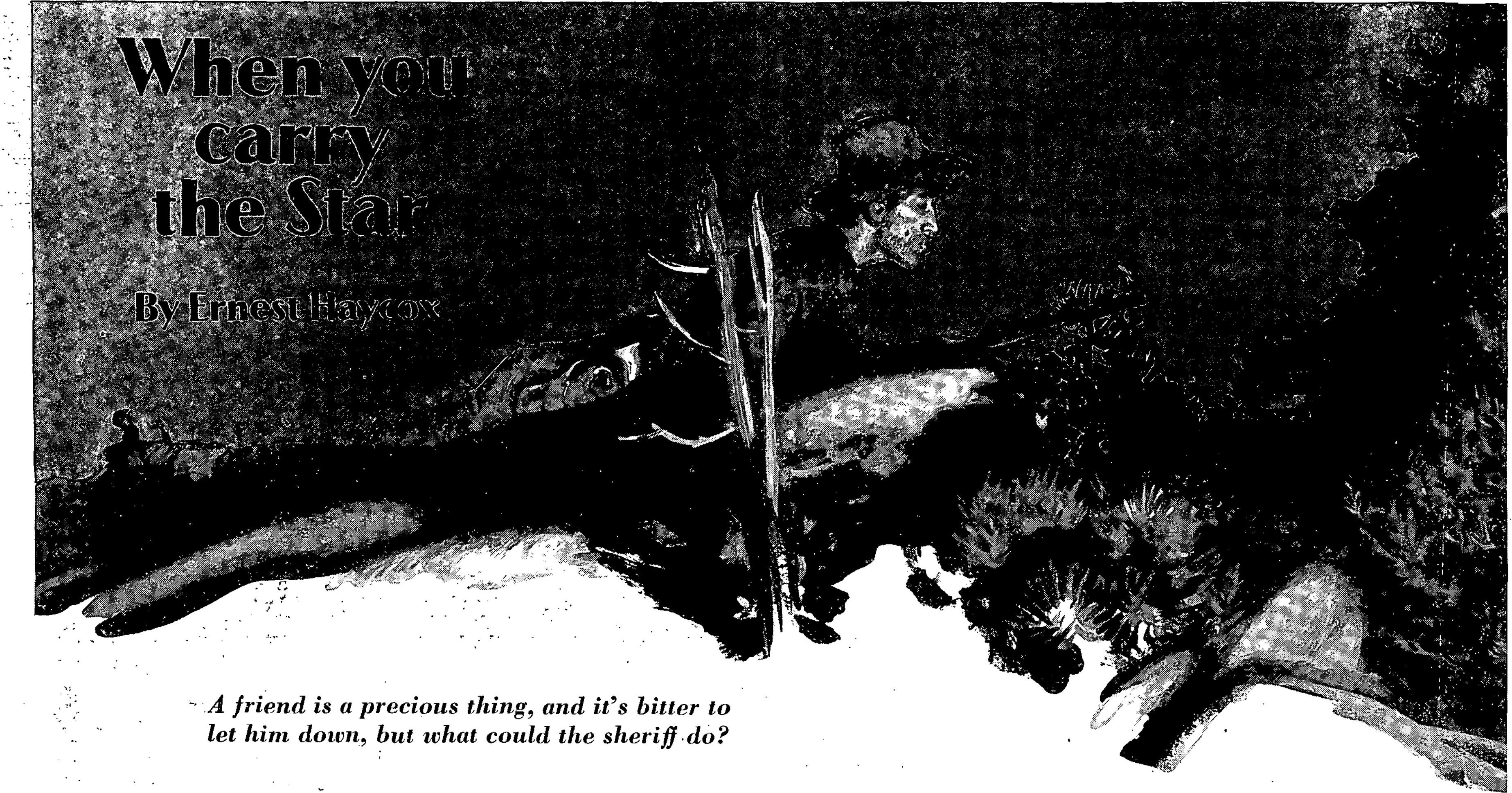
Another method of evasion is to dilute gasoline with various distillates which are tax-free and thus cut the tax in half. The possibilities of this, where taxes are as high as four or five or six cents, can easily be seen.

Thus one great sales tax—for the gasoline tax is a sales tax—works. And the proposals for sales taxes on all sorts of merchandise are growing in popularity all over the country. If they succeed we may prepare to see the country flooded not merely with bootleg gasoline and bootleg liquor but also with

(Continued on page 38)

When you carry the Star

By Ernest Haycox



A friend is a precious thing, and it's bitter to let him down, but what could the sheriff do?

SHERIFF HENRY LINZA was taking the evening's ease on the porch of his ranch house, ten miles out of Bonita, when he saw the rider come beating across the prairie; and even at that distance he knew. His face settled a little and he tapped the bowl of his pipe against an arm of his chair as if to signal the end of twilight's long peace. "It's Bob Boatwright," said he to his wife. "Funny how he likes to lug bad news to me."

"How can you tell?" asked Miz Linza.

"He's sittin' all over the saddle," chuckled Linza. "Kind of a St. Vitus' dance catches him when he gets excited." But when Boatwright, marshal of Bonita, came abreast the porch, Linza was quite grave. Indian summer's cloudy beauty lay over the land and it was hard to think of the crimes of men.

"This is bad, Sheriff," said Boatwright. "Will Denton—he's turned wild."

"Will Denton!" exclaimed Miz Linza. "Why, I don't believe it!"

But Henry Linza shook his head slowly and, leaning forward, prompted Boatwright. "As how, Bob?"

"He walked into Neal Sampson's store an hour ago, pulled the gun and asked for the extra money Neal keeps to accommodate ranch hands after the bank closes. Wouldn't been nothin' but ord'nary robbery but Neal is rattled, makes a move toward the counter and gets a bullet in the heart."

"What then?" grunted Linza.

"It was all over in three minutes," said Boatwright. "Last we saw of Denton he was goin' due west into the heat haze. I couldn't get a posse organized so I come here. The boys are shy of Denton's educated rifle, Sheriff."

"I don't believe it," repeated Miz Linza. "Why, he ate supper with us two weeks ago."

"I hated to come here," said Boatwright, "knowin' he was a friend of yours." And after a lengthening silence he spoke again. "What'll you do, Sheriff?"

Linza's head fell thoughtfully forward. Lines curved down from his lip corners into a squarely definite chin, thus creating an aspect of doggedness, of biting into difficulties and hanging on. Without alleviating humor, that cast of jaw and mouth would have seemed unforgiving and almost brutal; but it was Linza's eyes that gave him away. Candidly blue, they mirrored the shrewdness of a full life and the inevitable compassion arising therefrom.

AS AN observer and dealer in the misdemeanors of men he had grown great without becoming hard; of that splendid line of southwestern peace officers which had left its impress on an unruly land, there was in him always a puzzlement that certain things had to be.

"Go after him," said he, following a long spell of silence.

"Now?" pressed the marshal.

"Mornin's soon enough," replied Henry Linza. "He's got twelve hundred square miles to roam in and one day makes no difference. Light and rest, Bob."

"Thanks, no, I've got to get back," said Boatwright and cantered away into the deepening dusk.

"He sat here on this porch two weeks ago," murmured Miz Linza. "It don't seem possible."

"He was on the border line then," reflected Linza. "I saw it in him. He wasn't the same. He held a little off from me. He was debatin' the jump whilst he ate my beef."

"But what could make him?" pressed Miz Linza.

Linza shook his head. "If anybody knew the answer to that they'd have the answer to all things. Wild blood, a dark thought, a bad day, a tippin' of the balance in a man's mind, a sudden move—and then it's done and never can be undone. One more rider in the wild bunch."

"Your own friend," said Miz Linza.

"Was," agreed Linza, rising. "But it's himself that took the step across the line, and he'd be the first to realize I've got to go after him. Such," and a deepening regret came to his voice, "is the constituted order of things in a mighty queer world. We better turn in, Henrietta. I'll ride early."

It was, in fact, still short of daylight when Henry Linza pulled out from the ranch, riding one horse and leading another. There was a single gun at his hip, a rifle in its boot, a few necessities within the saddlebags, and some quick grub inside the blanket roll tied to the cantle strings. In addition he carried a pair of binoculars. "Can't say when I'll return," he told his wife. "My intention is to take Will peaceably. Knowin' his disposition I dunno if he'll agree. But don't worry."

She had been a peace officer's wife too long to show her concern outwardly. All she did was to touch him gently and return to the porch. A hundred yards off he swung in his saddle and raised his hand as a farewell; it was a comfort to know she'd be there waiting for him to come back.

He swung wide of Bonita and thus when day fully arrived and a splendid sun swelled through the sky with a rose-red light, he came to a bridge over a dry river bed, crossed it and stood on the edge of his venture. The leagues rolled away to the distance, southwesterly into a horizon unbroken, northwesterly to a line of hills even now beginning to fade behind an autumn haze. Somewhere yonder Will Denton rode. Halting a moment, Linza was summing up as follows: wherever Denton went the need of food and water and rest would inevitably bring him to certain crossroads.

IT BECAME a matter of guessing who, out of Denton's many staunch friends in the country ahead, would shelter the man. As for the first crossroad, the dimmed smudge of Joe Waring's ranch in the distance seemed most likely. Hungry and worn, Will Denton would seek that friendly shelter while debating whether to turn to the southern open or to the northern hills. Waring's was the jump-off.

The day's course outlined, he pushed forward at a gait designed to protect both himself and his horses over a continued trail. It was not one that would have overtaken any hurrying fugitives, but Linza, having twenty years' tracking to his credit, knew wild ones seldom if ever retreated in a straight line after the initial dash. They shifted, they halted, they doubled from point to point. As those more gentle, abiding men whose ranks they forsook, outlaws liked home soil best of all.

For the most part it was a trackless, lonely land and as he plodded on, Linza relapsed into the protection of his thoughts. "Punched cattle with him, ate and slep' with him under the stars. Knew him well, but apparently never knew him at all. He was a laughing man. Now he's got a price on his head. Good wine can stand in the keg too long." Beyond noon he camped under a scrub oak.

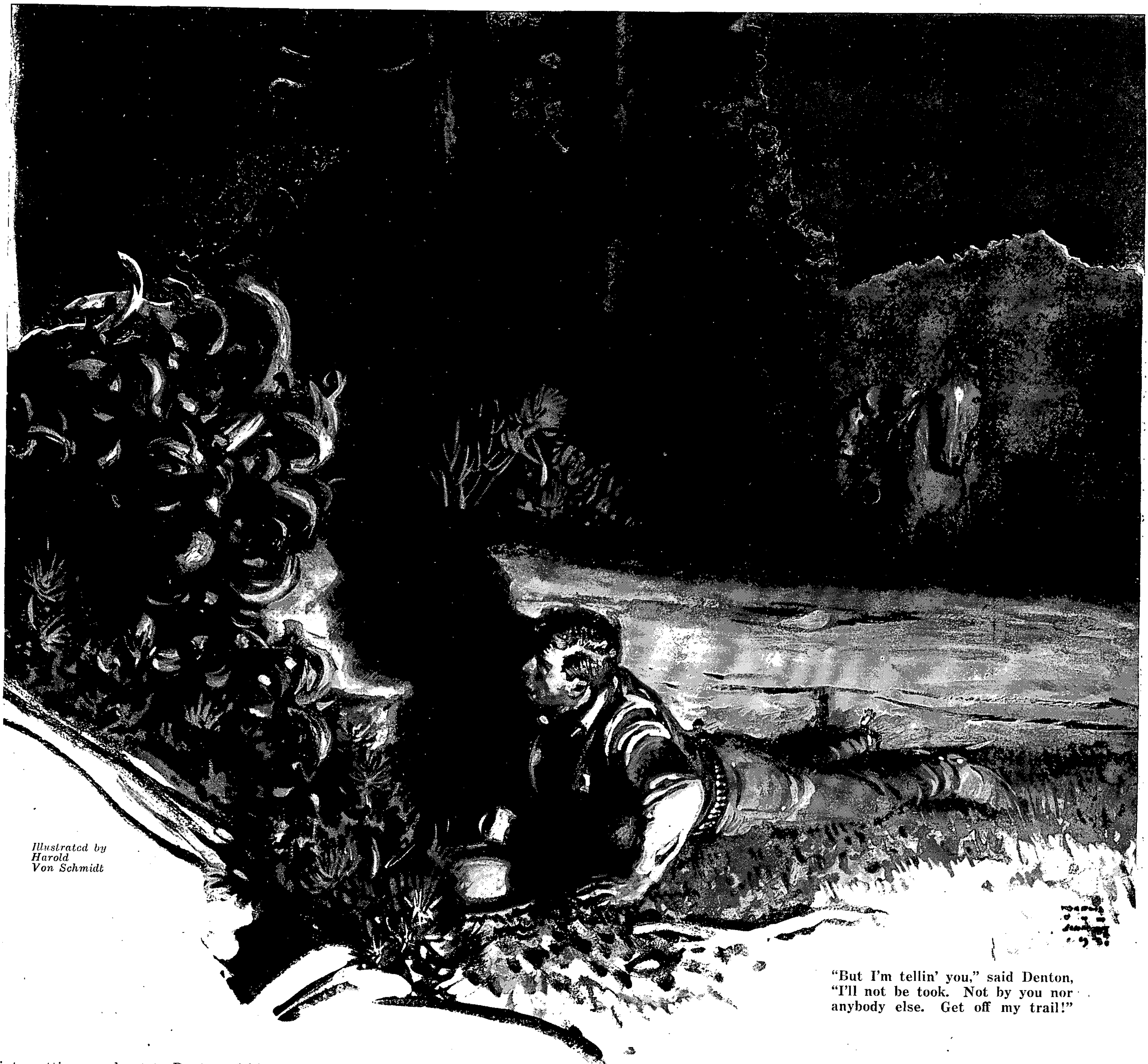
AFTERWARD, riding the second horse, he pressed through heat haze as heavy as fog; and around six o'clock he crossed the Waring front yard to find the owner standing in wait for him—a big, broad man with fat cheeks and a pair of blandly observant eyes.

"Saw you comin', Henry," said he. "Glad to have your feet under my table again. Get down."

"Your conscience is clear, I take it," drawled the sheriff cheerfully and allowed an arriving puncher to take his horses away.

"Why shouldn't it be clear?" retorted Waring; and the both of them grinned.

There were punctilios in this matter that had to be observed, a kind of code grown up from the common mingling of honesty and outlawry. Waring, himself straight as a string, was a friend to both the sheriff and Denton. More than that, there was in him a wide streak of sentiment for the under dog, and many men on the dodge had received casual aid from him. But what he knew he kept strictly behind his smiling eyes. Comprehending this, Linza maintained his peace, ate and returned to sit on the porch with a cigar between his teeth while purple dusk deepened and a faintly stirring breeze brought the fragrance of sage across the yard. The thing went even deeper. Waring's sympathy for the under dog might well lead him



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"But I'm tellin' you," said Denton, "I'll not be took. Not by you nor anybody else. Get off my trail!"

into getting word out to Denton of his, Henry Linza's, probable course of hunt. So it became a matter of wits, played on either side with a shrewd courtesy.

"You're in no hurry?" said Waring.

"Plenty of time. The world's a wide place."

"Ahuh," drawled Waring and added gently, "one of the boys came back from town last night. Heard about Will Denton from him."

Linza remained silent, wondering whether this were truth or evasion. Waring leaned forward, concern in his words. "You're both friends of mine of long standing. Hard for me to realize you're the man that's got to take Denton's trail. Henry, one of you is going to get hurt."

"I carry the star," said Linza very quietly.

"And not for a million dollars would you go back on it," muttered Waring. "That damn' fool Denton! He might've known this would happen. You never give up, Henry. I never knew you to give up. And he won't be taken alive. I can tell you that."

"I'll give him every chance to drop his guns," said Linza.

"Why didn't you put a deputy on his trail?"

Linza shook his head slowly. "It would be the same as a lie, Joe. No deputy could catch Will. It takes an old dog full of tricks. It wouldn't even be average honesty for me to send another man out."

"Damn a system that makes this business possible," growled Waring.

LINZA sighed a little, remembering Will Denton's recklessly pleasant face as of old. "Maybe—maybe. But bear in mind that Will committed the murder, not the system. I'm turnin' in."

Waring got up, watching the sheriff closely through the shadows. "Listen, you're traveling light. Better let me give you a couple of extra water bags tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Linza casually. "Not a bad idea." And he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. But he didn't immediately roll up for the night; instead, he pulled a chair soundlessly to a window and took station there. A long while afterward he was rewarded by the sight of a rider going off from the barn. In the distance hoofbeats rose and died out. With something like a grim smile on his face, the sheriff abandoned his post and went to bed. "The twelve hundred square miles is cut in half, I think," he mused.

He was away next morning before the mists had risen. Five miles from the ranch he drew in, knowing it was time to make a decision. If he meant to hit for the open land southwesterly it was necessary to swing left at this point; otherwise the hill country beckoned him to turn north. Dwelling on Waring's apparently innocent offer of the water bags and the subsequent rider faring out through the darkness, Linza made up his mind. "Me taking those water bags indicates to Waring I intend to hit the dry trail into the southwest; his messenger would tell Denton that, and Denton would do just the opposite—ride for the hills." Acting on that reasoning, Linza swung somewhat and advanced squarely toward the range of hills shooting tangentially out of the north.

THE country began to buckle up and long arroyos led downgrade to a high-bluffed canyon with a silent river idling at the bottom. Linza, roused from his saddle laze, entered the canyon, followed the slanting trail around a bend and found himself in a forlorn, shrunken town hidden from the horizon altogether. This habitation of man appeared to have no purpose and no vitality; and in truth it was but a gateway to the hills and a supply point for the nervous-footed who dodged in and out of sight. Linza, watching all things carefully, knew he had definitely put safe territory behind; the mark of hostility lay on the faces of the few loungers who scanned him with surreptitious, narrow-lidded glances. Pausing to let his horse drink at a stable trough, he considered his surroundings.

"Got to know if Will passed through here. If he didn't, then he's striking into the hills at a point higher up and

I've missed his trail somewhere along the line. These folks are his friends, but there is one weak point—"

Turning, he rode farther down the street and dismounted at the general store. Inside the dim, musty place a single occupant's gaunt body stooped over the counter, bald head shining through the half light; when he straightened it was to reveal a face like that of a bloodhound—sad and lined and somehow very honest.

"I'll make out a snack on crackers and cheese, 'Lisha," said the sheriff.

"Love you, Sher'ff," drawled the storekeeper. "What brings you here?"

"Business, 'Lisha."

"Sorry business then," muttered the storekeeper. "It's the only kind we know around these parts."

LINZA ate some cheese sandwiches, drank a bottle of warm beer and spoke abruptly: "'Lisha, did Will Denton pass this way?"

The storekeeper met the sheriff's glance steadily. "No. What's he done?"

"You're the only man who would tell me the truth," grunted Linza. "The only one in this town I could ask or believe."

"My fault," said the storekeeper and appeared unusually sad. "Truth is a bad habit up here."

Linza paid for his lunch, went out and rode away to the north, considering the situation.

If his reasoning was correct, Denton's avoidance of the town meant the six hundred square miles was halved to three hundred; in addition there was a constantly accruing advantage on the sheriff's side, for, as the area of pursuit narrowed, the known waterholes, trails and hide-outs became fewer. That night, long after dark, he struck a watering place and inspected its edges by match light. Seeing nothing of value, he suddenly changed his tactics, and under cloak of night left the prairie behind him to rise to the bench and its thin sweeps of timber. Some eyes had always been on him while he was in the open. Putting himself into semi-concealment at once switched the nature of the chase. "The hunted animal," he reflected, "never runs when it figures pursuit is lost. It even circles back to find out where the hunter's gone." Dawn found him in a thicket and there he stayed while the fresh hours ran on to noon. Beside him a definite trail ran up in the direction of the range's crest, and it was while he tarried here that a single rider came cantering down, passed him with eyes fixed on the earth and disappeared. Perhaps an hour later this man returned, riding fast and looking troubled.

"Somebody's nervous," reflected Linza. "Will's got stout friends in these parts. Hell to fall back on a plain hunch but I believe I'll go ahead in this direction."

AS HE went forward, winding in and out of sloping meadows interspersed with yellow-dusted pines, the ever-present attitude of watchfulness continued to deepen. Like some hound in game country, he was keening for a scent he knew ought to be there. Tracks led him onward, passed through bands of cattle and were lost. After the second such happening, Linza left the trail and began to climb in a semicircular manner that around sundown brought him to the edge of a meadow in which a gray cabin sat remote and serene. A brown dog sprawled in the dirt; there was a half-masked lean-to behind the cabin sheltering some implements, and over at the far edge of the meadow an ewe-necked horse grazed. Inside the cabin a woman passed and repassed the door aperture. "Apparently no visitors," said Linza, and went forward.

Instantly the brown dog sprang up snarling and immediately afterward a tall man in a red undershirt strode from the house and took a stand in the yard with a cradled rifle.

Linza rode up.

"Long day behind," said he, amiably. "Could I put up here?"

"You're Linza?" said the man.

"That's right."

"No room fer you in my cabin, sir."

Linza's eyes betrayed a gleam of humor but he said quietly: "Fair answer. I'll roll my blankets up yonder."

"Go beyond my fences afore you do," stated the man.

Linza nodded and rode around the cabin. Two hundred yards on he came to a gate and passed through it. Trees shut off sight of the cabin but he was strongly aroused now and interested in the squatter's subsequent actions. So, a few hundred yards farther ahead, he quartered to the top of a small butte commanding the meadow. The man was not to be seen and Linza, about to retreat, had some oddity tick his mind. Looking more closely, he discovered what he had not observed before and what certainly had been missing at the time he went by the house—a string of white clothes hung on a clothesline.

"It ain't Monday," observed Linza. "And it seems odd the lady would wash near supper time."

Watching for a moment, he finally turned down the butte and continued through the trees. "Will would have glasses and he'd see that washin'," he reflected. "It's a signal to him. Arranged for." It was then dark, a clear cold violet giving way to velvet blackness against which the range made a ragged silhouette. One shot banged from the general direction of the squatter's meadow and its echo sailed over the tree tops and died in small ricocheting fragments. The sound of that gun, primitive and lawless in effect, seemed to defy Henry Linza openly, to taunt and challenge him, and finally to bring him to a decision.

"I'm tradin' on Will's weakness," he muttered. "God knows it's hard enough to have friend set against friend without that. But I'd trade on the weakness of any other and I will not make exceptions. Will, damn you, don't fall into this trap."

LINZA moved rapidly toward a depression of the burn, dismounted and picketed his ponies fifty feet apart to keep them from fouling each other. He let the saddle remain on the ridden beast, but he unrolled his blanket beside a protecting deadfall and laid his rifle by it. Going on a distance, he built up a small fire, retreated to the log and ate a pair of cold biscuits.

Not far off, something snapped. A taut, husky voice struck through the shadows.

"Henry—that you?"

Linza swore under his breath. One faint, friendly hope died. "Will, why in hell did you come?"

"You're too old a codger to be buildin' fires for nothin' in country like this. I saw the blaze and I knew you wanted to see me. Well, here I am."

"So I figured," replied Linza, keeping below the log. "Wanted to see you all right, but I had a mite of hope you'd stay away. It's hard business, Will."

Denton's voice was increasingly cold. "Listen—get off my trail. When I heard you was the one after me I knew it had to be a showdown sooner or later. But I'm tellin' you, I'll not be took. Not by you nor anybody else. Get off my trail and keep off it!"

Linza shook his head. This was the inevitable way. Some odd thing happened to a man when he turned killer. Some suppressed fire flamed and would not die. Will Denton was only playing out an old, old story; he had turned wolf. But still the sheriff had his say.

"Give up, Will. Maybe a good lawyer could make out a case for you. Consider a life sentence with the even chance of a pardon some years later. Put down and come forward."

DENTON'S reply was almost a snarl. "Not me—never!"

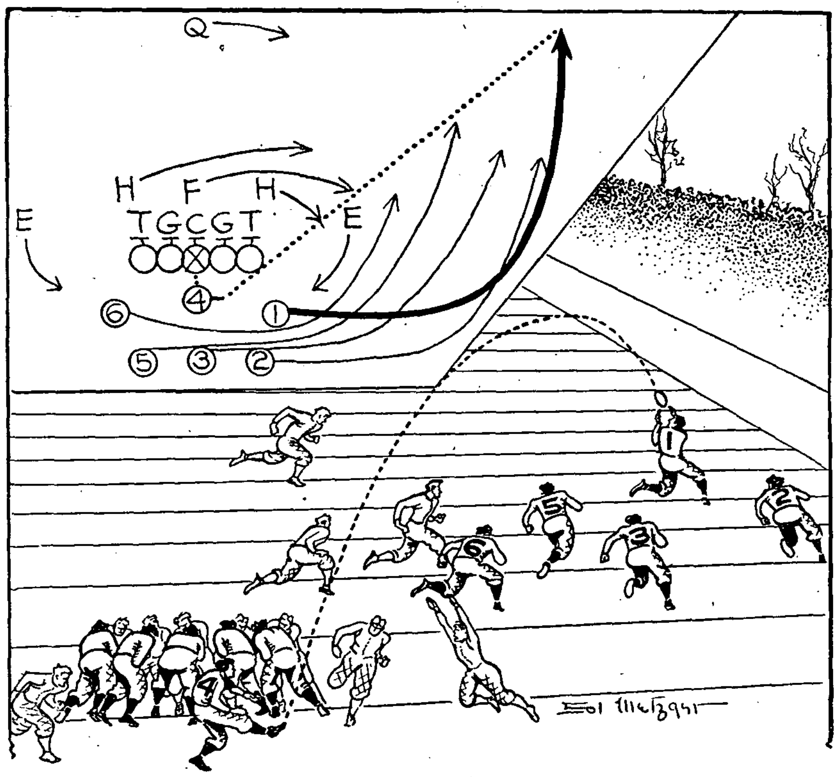
"Think of this," urged Linza. "What's left for you now? You'll never sleep sound again. For the rest of your life you'll be ridin' the edges, wishin' to come in and afraid to. Come on, give up."

"You'd make a fine parson," jeered Denton, and the sheriff heard the man's teeth snap, heard the sudden inrush of breath. "I'm on my own hook. I'm not comin' in. Go on back. Get off my trail. I know you and I know myself. If we meet, somebody's goin' to die."

"You know I can't quit," said Henry Linza.

Denton fell silent a moment. Presently he said: "All right, Mister Linza.

(*Continued on page 44*)



Kick Tricks

By Sol Metzger

THAT ingenious father of much modern football, George W. Woodruff, Penn's coach in '93, feared Lafayette that year. The latter team had in Rockwell, fullback, one of the greatest plungers of all time. Why not utilize accurate kicking ability to offset Rockwell's line-smashing?

To appreciate the possibilities this idea unfolded one must understand old-time defense, arranged as it was solely to stop mass attack. Seven men were on its forward wall, compact except for widely spread ends. Its two halfbacks played directly back of their tackles, its fullback behind center; the three within arm's length of these forwards.

The fourth back, the safety man, stood some seven yards to the rear. There were no quick kicks or forward passes to guard against. Thus the safety man was available to back up all positions.

A rule then gave onside players —those behind the teammate who kicked the ball beyond the scrimmage line—equal rights with opponents to its possession. But no coach had, up to '93, sensed the latent possibilities here except Woodruff.

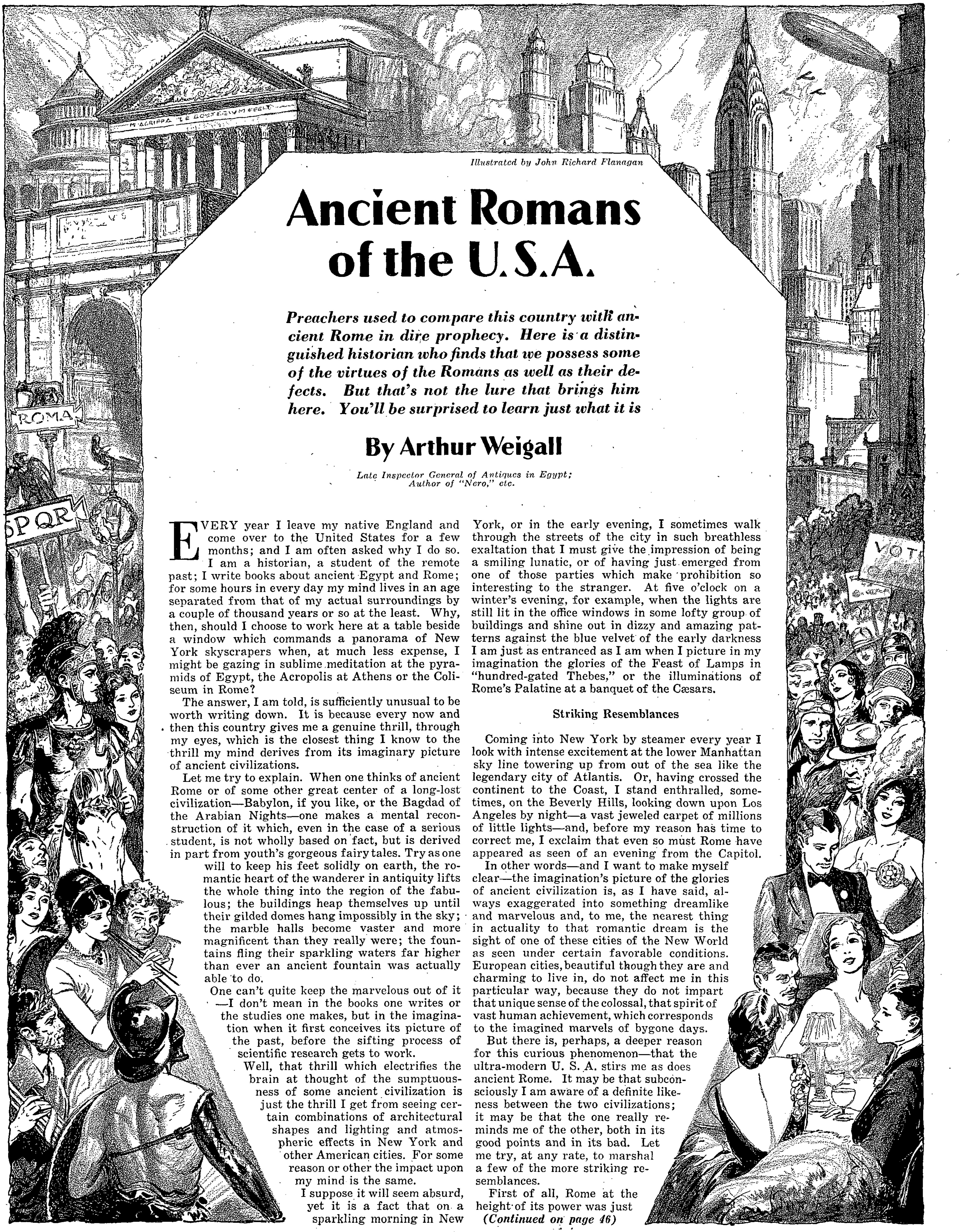
Penn had a psychological play in the quarterback kick that was destined to elevate football to a new level. It was sprung on Lafayette's 45-yard line four minutes before the end of this contest, with Lafayette leading, 4-0.

Penn's line-up is diagrammed above with Vail (4) at quarterback, Langlois (1) at right end and Simmonds (6) at left end. Woodruff heard the signal. "My God," he cried, "he's going to give it to Langlois instead of Simmonds." Simmonds was his star wing man, dependable in a crisis; Langlois was as yet untried.

At the snap of the ball these ends ran straight toward the right side line to insure being back of Vail when he kicked. As they heard the thud of his punt, which sent the ball high over and beyond the defensive forwards, Langlois and Simmonds veered downfield. Langlois caught the ball twenty yards past the scrimmage line while in full flight, just as an end takes a pass today, to run unmolested for the winning score. Football had finally taken to the air. Thus was launched the quarterback kick, as successful as any play ever invented.

For the remaining eight years of Woodruff's régime no defense ever quite solved it. Also, long research proves it to be the first quick kick to be used—now, as then, an upsetting bit of strategy when sprung unexpectedly—as well as the forerunner of the forward pass.

Another long-ago system of attack—the man-in-motion play—now barred in its early form but also the basis of much modern offense, will be described next week in the closing article of this series.



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Ancient Romans of the U.S.A.

Preachers used to compare this country with ancient Rome in dire prophecy. Here is a distinguished historian who finds that we possess some of the virtues of the Romans as well as their defects. But that's not the lure that brings him here. You'll be surprised to learn just what it is

By Arthur Weigall

Late Inspector General of Antiques in Egypt; Author of "Nero," etc.

EVERY year I leave my native England and come over to the United States for a few months; and I am often asked why I do so. I am a historian, a student of the remote past; I write books about ancient Egypt and Rome; for some hours in every day my mind lives in an age separated from that of my actual surroundings by a couple of thousand years or so at the least. Why, then, should I choose to work here at a table beside a window which commands a panorama of New York skyscrapers when, at much less expense, I might be gazing in sublime meditation at the pyramids of Egypt, the Acropolis at Athens or the Coliseum in Rome?

The answer, I am told, is sufficiently unusual to be worth writing down. It is because every now and then this country gives me a genuine thrill, through my eyes, which is the closest thing I know to the thrill my mind derives from its imaginary picture of ancient civilizations.

Let me try to explain. When one thinks of ancient Rome or of some other great center of a long-lost civilization—Babylon, if you like, or the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights—one makes a mental reconstruction of it which, even in the case of a serious student, is not wholly based on fact, but is derived in part from youth's gorgeous fairy tales. Try as one will to keep his feet solidly on earth, the romantic heart of the wanderer in antiquity lifts the whole thing into the region of the fabulous; the buildings heap themselves up until their gilded domes hang impossibly in the sky; the marble halls become vaster and more magnificent than they really were; the fountains fling their sparkling waters far higher than ever an ancient fountain was actually able to do.

One can't quite keep the marvelous out of it —I don't mean in the books one writes or the studies one makes, but in the imagination when it first conceives its picture of the past, before the sifting process of scientific research gets to work.

Well, that thrill which electrifies the brain at thought of the sumptuousness of some ancient civilization is just the thrill I get from seeing certain combinations of architectural shapes and lighting and atmospheric effects in New York and other American cities. For some reason or other the impact upon my mind is the same.

I suppose it will seem absurd, yet it is a fact that on a sparkling morning in New York, or in the early evening, I sometimes walk through the streets of the city in such breathless exaltation that I must give the impression of being a smiling lunatic, or of having just emerged from one of those parties which make prohibition so interesting to the stranger. At five o'clock on a winter's evening, for example, when the lights are still lit in the office windows in some lofty group of buildings and shine out in dizzy and amazing patterns against the blue velvet of the early darkness I am just as entranced as I am when I picture in my imagination the glories of the Feast of Lamps in "hundred-gated Thebes," or the illuminations of Rome's Palatine at a banquet of the Cæsars.

Striking Resemblances

Coming into New York by steamer every year I look with intense excitement at the lower Manhattan sky line towering up from out of the sea like the legendary city of Atlantis. Or, having crossed the continent to the Coast, I stand enthralled, sometimes, on the Beverly Hills, looking down upon Los Angeles by night—a vast jeweled carpet of millions of little lights—and, before my reason has time to correct me, I exclaim that even so must Rome have appeared as seen of an evening from the Capitol.

In other words—and I want to make myself clear—the imagination's picture of the glories of ancient civilization is, as I have said, always exaggerated into something dreamlike and marvelous and, to me, the nearest thing in actuality to that romantic dream is the sight of one of these cities of the New World as seen under certain favorable conditions. European cities, beautiful though they are and charming to live in, do not affect me in this particular way, because they do not impart that unique sense of the colossal, that spirit of vast human achievement, which corresponds to the imagined marvels of bygone days.

But there is, perhaps, a deeper reason for this curious phenomenon—that the ultra-modern U. S. A. stirs me as does ancient Rome. It may be that subconsciously I am aware of a definite likeness between the two civilizations; it may be that the one really reminds me of the other, both in its good points and in its bad. Let me try, at any rate, to marshal a few of the more striking resemblances.

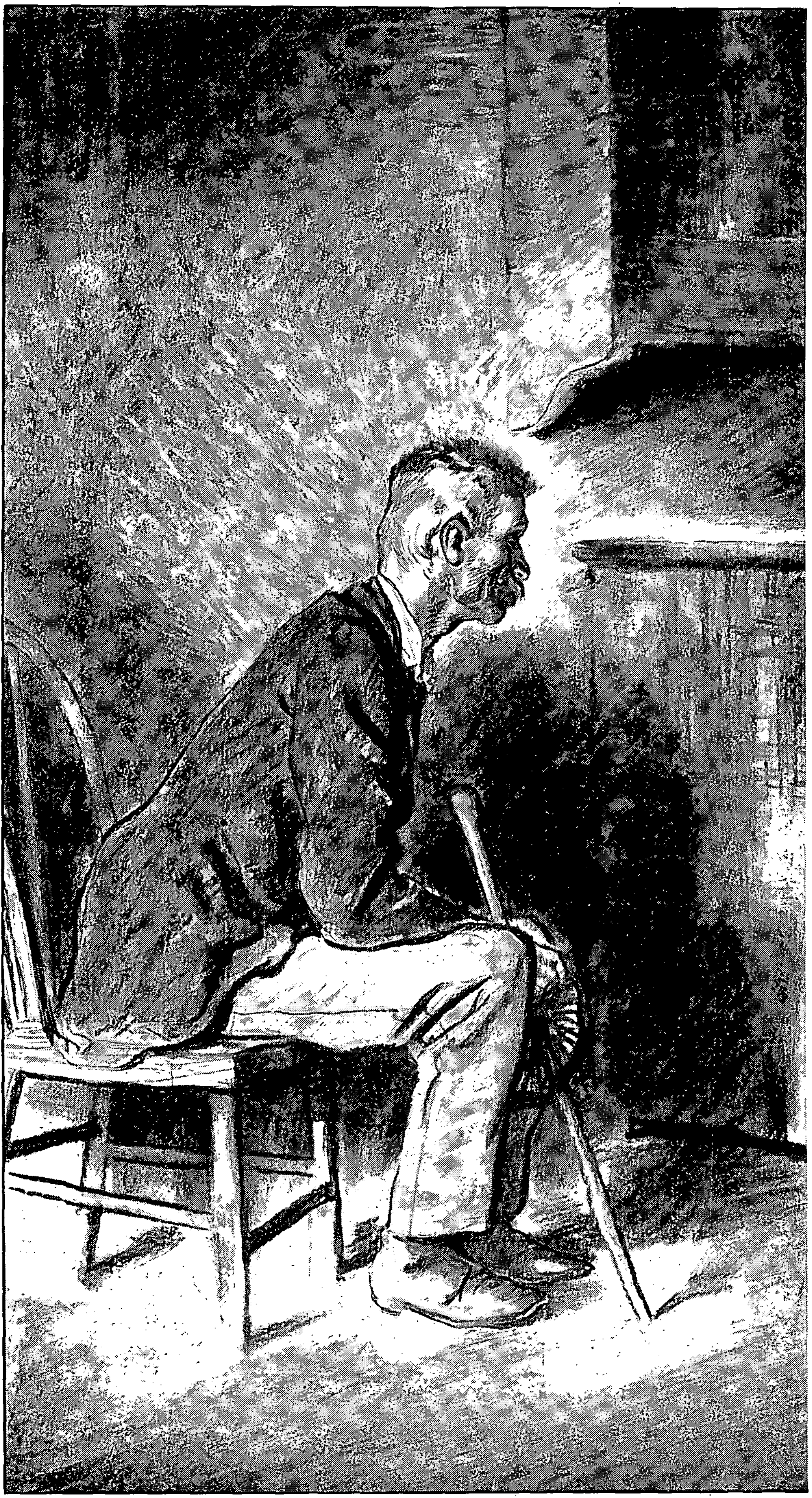
First of all, Rome at the height of its power was just

(Continued on page 46)

The Strange Fate of Johann Bartok

By Erich Maria Remarque

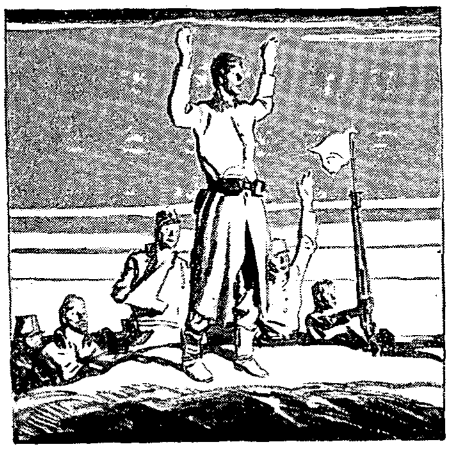
Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back"



She pulled open a drawer and began

JOHANN BARTOK, an engineer's fitter, had been five months married when the war broke out. He was called up at once and sent to join an Austrian garrison on the frontier. The day he left he was occupied putting his affairs in order and in handing over his small business to his wife and his assistant. He even succeeded in getting two additional commissions. This took him, it is true, well into the afternoon; but, on the other hand, he had the satisfaction of knowing that all would now be well until Christmas at least. When evening came he put on his best suit and went with his wife to a photographer. Hitherto they had not risen to having their photograph taken —they had had to work hard to get on, so that any such thing must have seemed to them a foolish expense. But now it was a different matter. The photographer brought the pictures to the train the next morning. Though they were rather larger in size than Bartok had expected, he tried to make a section showing both their faces fit inside the cover of his watch, but could not manage it; so he took his knife, cut away his own portrait and retained only that of his wife. Now it fitted.

BARTOK'S regiment was soon moved to the Front. It advanced during the winter of 1914 and became engaged in a fierce night skirmish, during the course of which the enemy made a flanking movement and cut off three companies. Those defended themselves for a whole day; then, having no more ammunition, they were obliged to surrender. And Bartok was one of them. The prisoners spent some months in a concentration camp. Bartok sat about in the hut the whole day and brooded. He would have liked to know how things were going with his wife, and whether she had been able to secure any fresh jobs for the firm, for that of course must now furnish her livelihood. But there was not one letter for the whole camp, and all that Bartok could do was to try to send out letters full of advice and the addresses of people at home who might perhaps be in need of a new iron gate, for example, or a water-closet. Toward the beginning of April a batch of 1,800 men was assembled and transported to the coast. Among these were Bartok and his mates. They were embarked on a steamer and a rumor went round that they were to be shipped to a camp in eastern Asia.



During the first few days they were almost all of them seasick. After that they sat about, huddled together in the stale atmosphere of the dark holds, and smoked so long as they had any cigarettes left. They could catch a glimpse of the sea only through a few narrow portholes, so they took turns looking out. The water was blue and clear, and sometimes white wings or the shadow of a large fish could be seen.

GRADUALLY the watch became careless. The prisoners observed it and conceived the plan of surprising the garrison and making themselves masters of the ship. Some of them spied out the rooms where the arms were kept, and others secretly furnished themselves with marlinspikes, ropes and knives.

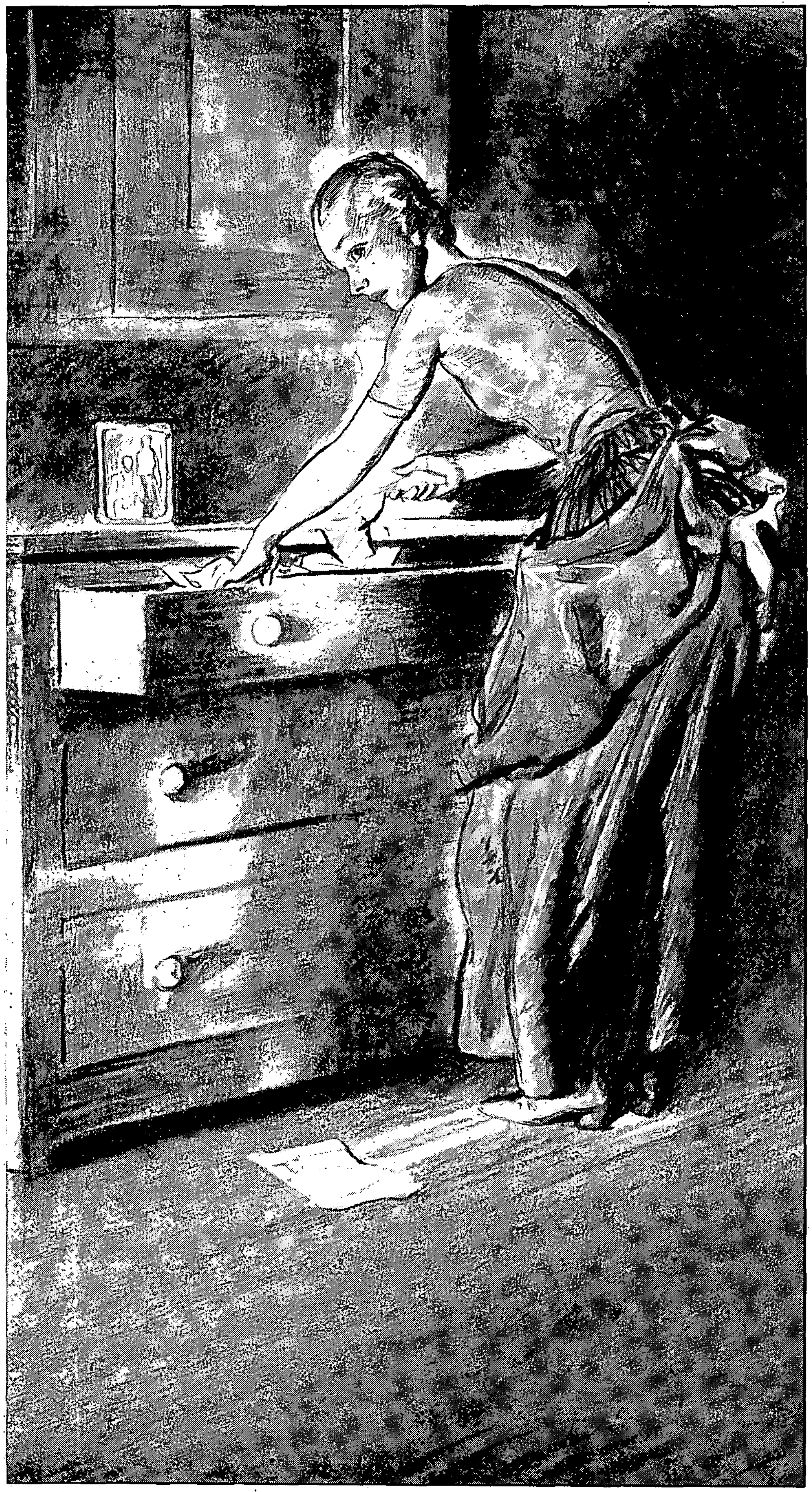
Then one wet stormy night they broke loose. Three gigantic sergeants led the troop to which Bartok belonged. Seemingly innocent, they lounged toward the companionways and then suddenly threw themselves like cats upon the astonished guards, who could make no resistance. A few moments later they had broken down the hatches and were out on deck.

Part of the crew were overpowered in their sleep and the rest had to surrender. Only the captain and two officers dug themselves in and opened fire. Three prisoners were killed by revolver shots. But when a machine gun was mounted and put in position, the captain, severely wounded, surrendered.

It was the prisoners' intention to cut their way through to some neutral port, for they were well furnished with weapons and food, and there were also a certain number among them who had been to sea before. A former ship's officer took command. There was drill every day and Bartok was trained as one of the gun crew. The officer in command calculated that they would need a full week to make the next port. But it turned out otherwise. For on the fourth day the low, gray hull of a man-of-war thrust forward over the sky line. With smoking funnels it headed straight for the steamer with the prisoners.

They tried to make off but were not fast enough. Then they put all in readiness to defend themselves, hoping to hold out until nightfall and then escape under cover of fog and darkness.

But they had no success. They had guns, it is true, but were unable to reach the cruiser with them. After one hour many had been killed and they were obliged to hoist the white flag. The ship's officer shot himself as the first boat from the warship came alongside. The captain of the cruiser treated the prisoners not as soldiers but as mutineers, and they were sent to an island penal settlement. A few of the ringleaders were shot, and Bartok's friend, Michael Horvath, was one of these. He handed over to Bartok his watch and his pocketbook. "Good luck, Johann," said he, shaking his hand in farewell, "might as well die this way as the other —it all comes to the same in the long



rummaging in it with trembling hands

run— Let's hope you get through! If my mother is still alive then, give her these things, will you?"

The remainder of the prisoners were found guilty of mutiny. Every fifth man was sentenced for life, and the rest to fifteen years' labor. When they numbered off, Bartok's luck was in—he received only fifteen years.

"Fifteen years," thought he the evening of the first day as he lay down with aching limbs in a corner of the burning, corrugated iron hut, "fifteen years. I am thirty-two today. I shall be forty-seven then." He took out the portrait of his wife from the watch case and looked at it a long time. Then he shook his head and tried to go to sleep.

The work was hard and the climate murderous. One hundred and eighty men died in the first year. In the second, one hundred and ten. The fourth year Bartok made friends with Wilczek, a farmer from the Banat region. The sixth he buried him. The seventh he lost his front teeth. In the eighth year he learned that the war had long been over. In the ninth year he turned gray. The tenth year sixteen men escaped but were captured again. The twelfth year none spoke of home any more. The world had dwindled to an island, life was toil and deep sleep, desire was quenched, pain was dulled, memory broken—over the meaningless remnant of beings that lay down dumbly each night to die and yet always rose up again in the morning, there stood, large and imperious, only guards, and fever and despair.

WHEN the warden told them they were free, they did not believe it at first. To the very last day they had counted on his coming and explaining to them that they must remain yet another five or ten years—so little could they picture to themselves what it was to be free. They packed up their few belongings and marched down to the harbor. Bartok looked about him once more. There, before the huts, he saw the survivors of those comrades who were under life sentence and who must now be left behind. They were staring after them fixedly in silence. Before leaving, Bartok had asked two of them if he could not send them something from home. "Shut your mouth!" one had replied and walked away. The other was past understanding. But the first man came running after them a few paces—"We are coming too!" he cried. The others did not move. They merely stood and stared.

On the way to the ship Bartok took out his watch. The portrait of his wife was still there—it was completely faded and nothing recognizable remained. But he took it out and tried to think back. It was a long time since he had done so, and soon his head began to swim, so unaccustomed was he to it.

Ashore, he continued in company with a couple of mates from the same district. They found that their homeland now belonged to a country which had previously been fighting against them. The district had been ceded by the treaty of peace. They did not understand, but they accepted it provisionally. For to them the whole world had changed in these fifteen years. They saw houses, streets, motor cars, men—they heard familiar names, yet all was strange. The towns had grown, the traffic worried them and they found difficulty in understanding what was going on around them. Everything moved too quickly. They were used only to think slowly.

At last Bartok reached his home town. He was obliged to walk slowly and support himself on his stick, his knees trembled so from excitement. He found the house again in which he had lived. The business was still there, but nobody knew anything of his wife. The lease had changed hands often during the last ten years. She must have left long since. Bartok hunted everywhere. He learned at last that she was now probably living in a larger town in the west.

He set off to the city the name of which had been given him. There he stood before many a door and in many a passageway and asked. When none could give him any information, and weary and hopeless he was about to go away again, he suddenly had an idea. He turned about and gave the official the name of his former assistant. The clerk looked again in the book and found him. The woman had married him seven years since. Bartok nodded. He understood now why no letters had come, why he had never heard anything from home. They had assumed that he was dead.

Slowly he mounted the stairs and rang the bell. A child of five years opened the door. Then his wife came. He looked at her, uncertain whether it were she, not trusting himself to speak. "I am Johann," he said at last.

"Johann!" She took one step and sat down heavily in a chair. "Holy Mother!" She began to weep. "But we had a notice, then—a certificate—you were dead!"

She pulled open a drawer and began rummaging in it with trembling hands, as though her very life hung upon finding the notice again.

"Yes, yes, never mind"—Bartok moved with an absent look through the kitchen. "Is that your child?" he asked. The woman nodded. "Have you others?"

"Two—"

"So, two—" he repeated mechanically. Then he sat down on the sofa and stared ahead.

"WHAT will happen now, Johann?" the woman asked in tears. Bartok lifted his eyes.

In front of him on a low chest stood a small photograph in a gilt frame. It was the one they had had taken before he became a soldier. He took it down and considered it a long time. Then he looked again at his wife. He passed his hand over his forehead.

"Five months, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Johann—"

"And now?"

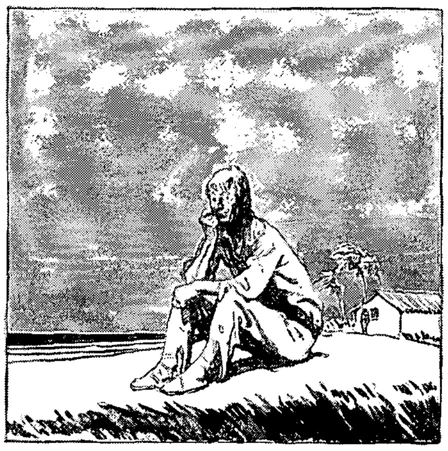
"Seven years," she answered softly. He nodded and stood up. The woman held him. "You are not going away?"

"Yes—" said he, taking up his cap.

"Stay at least until supper-time," she begged. "Till Alfred comes—"

He shook his head. "No, no—it is better so. Then you must put matters straight. It will be all right, though."

Outside before the house he stood still a while. Then he went back to the railway station and returned to his home town. There he intended to look for work and to start again.



Rest Cured

In its last game with Harvard the Army football team had piled up a supposedly comfortable score, 13 to 0; then the Army regulars were withdrawn to save them for later and more rigorous games. Suddenly a counter-attack gained Harvard fourteen points and a victory. Moral: It's a wise player who knows when to take it easy

By Grantland Rice

IN THE third inning of the final world series game Watkins, the Cardinals' right fielder, hit a home run off George Earnshaw with a runner on base. That explosive blow gave Old Man Burleigh Grimes four runs to work on as the Cardinals had already scored two in the first inning.

There was deep relief in the St. Louis cheering section. The fans realized that Grimes was thirty-eight, that he had already pitched one great two-hit game against the slugging Athletics and that no one could expect him to go over the route again at top speed. "Now the old boy can ease up a little," a Cardinals fan remarked. "He won't have to pitch his arm off."

Grimes had a veteran arm but he also had a veteran head. He knew what his easing up might mean to his team. So in the seventh inning with Simmons, Foxx and Dykes coming up he called upon the years that used to be, upon all the reserve his system carried, and struck out his trio. He also struck out the next man that faced him in the eighth.

Grimes was not sure how far he could go at this tremendous pace, but he meant to keep it up until he fell. As it was, he came near timing his output to the final throw. An unsuccessful double-play attempt in the ninth, however, spoiled a 4 to 0 shutout, so he had to leave the game with the bases filled and one more man to retire.

"If he had only loafed a little," someone said, "as Matty used to do when they gave him a good lead."

"He pitched himself out in that seventh inning with Simmons and Foxx up," someone else said. But Grimes had decided in advance there was no loafing spot in this game, not even with a four-run lead to work on.

Knowing when to look for a resting spot is one of the hardest problems in competitive sport. There are few who can get going, ease up and then regain the old fast pace when danger threatens.

A strong Army football team had this problem to face in an October game against Harvard. Major Ralph Sasse, the Army head coach, knew in advance that he had trouble to face with Michigan State, Harvard and Yale coming in order through October.

The Army won a hard game with a strong Michigan State team. Then Harvard, somewhat of an unknown quantity with its new coach and his new system, came along. In the first period a fast, strong cadet assault led by Ray Stecker piled up thirteen points against a bewildered Harvard defense. Apparently the Army could get another touchdown or so whenever one was needed.

But there was a pressure game with Yale only a week away. So the Army coaching staff decided to slow down the pace, to risk breaking up the timing and rhythm of a smooth-working offense, and give the first-string backs a rest. The line, the first span of defense, was left intact but the second-string set of backs was rushed in.

As the second period opened, Captain Barry Wood, Harvard's quarterback star, suddenly struck with new speed and force. The Army in its brief resting spot was caught completely off guard and during that second period Harvard scored fourteen points. In the third and fourth periods the entire Army strength was rushed back into action. But by this time Harvard had regained full confidence and the Army attack could not pick up the fine harmony of timing that marked their two opening marches across the Crimson line.

In the last women's golf championship Helen Hicks, the new twenty-year-old champion, nearly made the same mistake. She was playing Miss Marion Hollins, who won the title nine or ten years ago, and who still is one of the finest match players in women's golf.

In this match Miss Hicks was 4 up at the fifth hole. As there were hard matches ahead she let down in her concentration. She felt that this match was practically won. As a result of this letdown Miss Hicks found herself one down as the two came into the stretch and only a desperate rally pulled her through on an extra hole.

In this day of tempestuous competition with so much highly-trained talent to face, in both teams and individual stars, the right pace is often difficult to find. It is almost impossible, for example, for a football team to hit a fast pace in early October and hold it through early December. There must be an oasis of rest somewhere along the line, yet this oasis may be the scene of the big upset when the opposing team happens to be all keyed up and in its best form.

Mental and nerve exhaustion don't always show on the surface. A team or an individual may look physically fit and yet be wandering along the precipice of mental or nerve staleness, ready to drop at the first hard wallop.

In the Sharkey-Walker fight Walker swarmed all over Sharkey in the eleventh round. "I was afraid," Jack Kearns said, "that Mickey would wear himself out at this pace against a fighter nearly thirty pounds heavier than himself. So I told Mickey to coast through the twelfth and thirteenth rounds and then to put on top speed again in the fourteenth and fifteenth, as the two finishing rounds usually leave the most important impressions.

"Toward the close of the thirteenth round, however, Walker had his eye badly cut by a glancing blow and the injury was such that it could not be treated adequately during the one-minute intermission. He could hardly afford to put on a big rally with only one eye functioning, so he lost his chance to show what he really could have done down the stretch of that fight. It would have been better if I had sent him along at top speed, but how was I to know he was going to face the last two rounds with such a handicap?"

Max Schmeling gave one of the best exhibitions of the year in pace-timing against Stribling. He took his own time and his own way in working out his plan of battle without changing or wavering in the slightest when Stribling took an early lead. As a result Max was as fresh at the finish as he was at the start. He had timed every round to the second.

The winning competitor must know just how much energy is left in his reserve tank before he can go the full route successfully. And that reserve tank can't be half empty at the start.

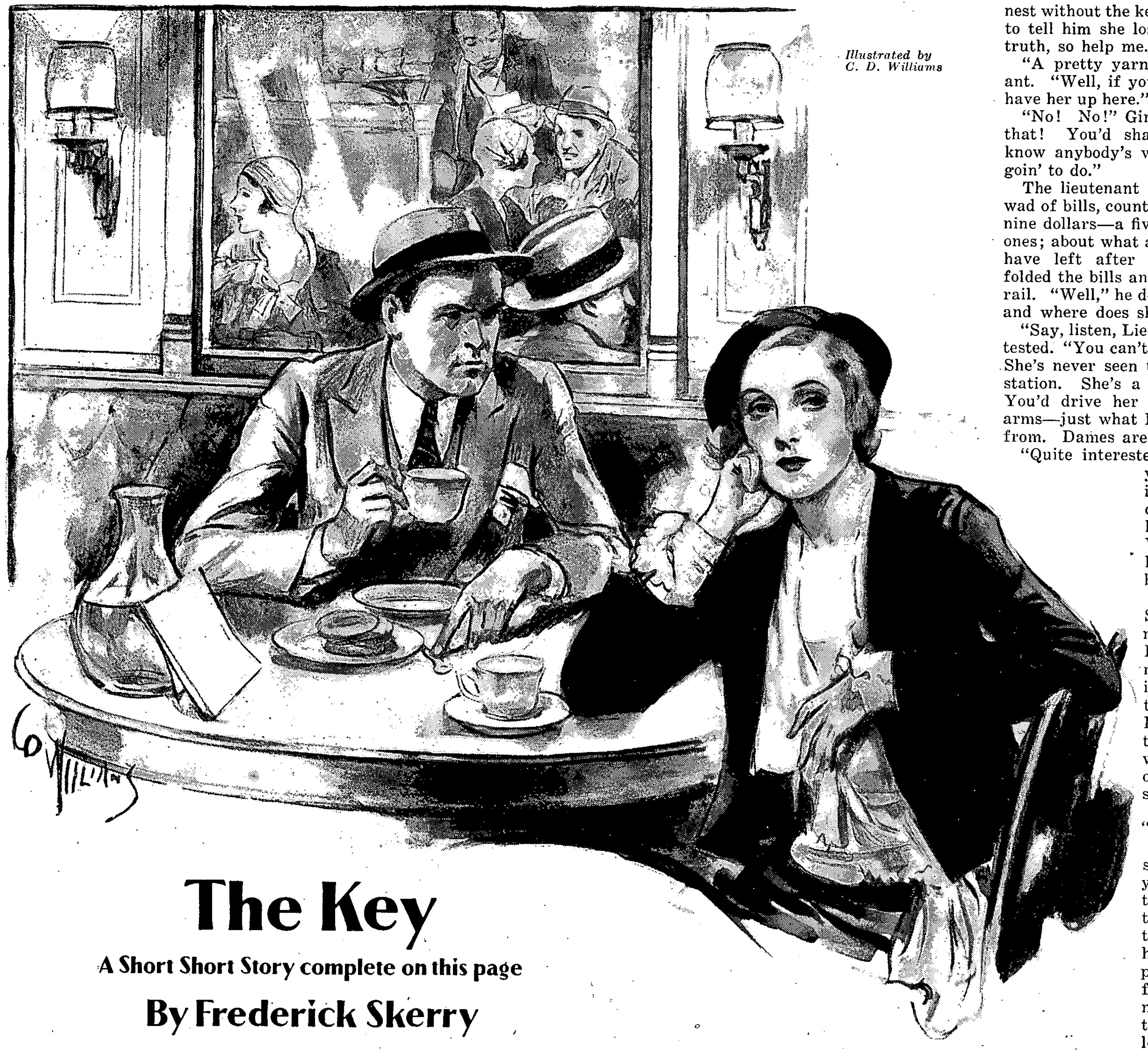
World Wide

Wide World

U. & U.

Wide World

Top to bottom: Helen Hicks, Mickey Walker, Max Schmeling, Burleigh Grimes



Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"I won't be there until ten o'clock," he says, "but you go on up there now and wait. Nobody'll know you"

The Key

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

UP TO your old tricks again, eh, Gimpy?" The lieutenant stared coldly over the oak parapet that always separated him from the unfortunates who were dragged before that preliminary bar of justice. A bar *to* justice, as it may be at times.

"No, sir." Gimpy Leach glanced indifferently at Officer Glines, who was removing from Gimpy's pockets various belongings. "I been goin' straight since I got out."

"Yeah?" the lieutenant sneered. "Straight! Why, you're as crooked as a corkscrew."

"A corkscrew may be crooked," Gimpy argued earnestly, "but it can *go* straight."

The lieutenant regarded him with disapproval. "Smart, eh?" He eyed the pitiful assortment on the rail—soiled handkerchief, half-emptied paper of cigarettes, thin wad of bills, some small change, a penknife and a flat, corrugated key. The unpromising exhibit seemed to irritate him, and he fastened his cold stare on Glines. "I thought you were coming back with Gyp Rossi," he criticized.

"Thought I was," the plainclothes man explained. "But Gyp changed his hide-out. Slippery. I was tryin' to locate him."

"And you stopped for this small fry! Well, what's the story on him?"

"I was on the front end of a subway car," Glines related, "when I saw him, just inside. He opened a girl's bag from behind her and helped himself—right under my nose. Just then the train stopped, and he slipped off ahead of me. But I nailed him on the platform. And, of course, the train pulled out with the girl. She was back-to all the time, so I wouldn't know her if I saw her."

THE lieutenant picked up a pen and turned a fishy stare upon Gimpy Leach. "I suppose that's 'straight,' eh?"

"Let me tell you, Lieutenant!" Gimpy pleaded. "I been workin' steady—on my own, peddlin' cleanin' powder. Glines knows that." Officer Glines confirmed the statement with a nod. "I admit I did what he says I did. But all I took was that key there. I knew it was in the bag. See?"

An ominous grin widened the lieutenant's thick lips. "Steppin' up, eh? From dip to—"

"Let me tell you how it was, Lieutenant!" Gimpy broke in. "I'll give it to you straight." Then, taking silence for consent, he went on:

"I'm in Oscar's on Eighth Avenue havin' a hamburger sandwich. And I'm in a booth. See? Well, a girl comes in and sits at a table just beyond—I can see her in a mirror across the room, but she can't see me because there's a post in the way. And, believe it or not, I never take my eyes off that mirror. Because I know her. See?

"The waiter comes for her order, but she says she's waitin' for a friend. And pretty soon, in the mirror, I see a guy slide in and join her—and I know who he is, too. They order a couple of hamburgers and coffee.

"When the waiter goes away for good they begin an argument, and I'm hearin' every word. The guy wants the girl to go to his apartment, and she don't want to go. She's a good kid. See? A nice kid. But this bozo's got her hypnotized, or somethin'. She's afraid to go and she's afraid not to.

"She starts cryin', but this snake spills a lot of soft talk, and, finally, she gives in. He tells her where to go and puts that key there on the table. I see it all in the mirror. 'I won't be there till ten o'clock,' he says, 'but you go on up there now and wait. Nobody'll know you and nobody'll bother you.' Then he fades.

"Well, I don't like it at all. This kid's got no use for me, but her mother was awful good to me. And I owe 'em somethin'. See? I can't see the kid let in for any of that stuff. So, when she goes, I tail her, and on the subway train I get the key. I'm wise to Glines before he spots me. But I just had to get that key. I know she can't get into this rat's nest without the key and she'd be scared to tell him she lost it. And that's the truth, so help me."

"A pretty yarn," jeered the lieutenant. "Well, if you know the girl, we'll have her up here."

"No! No!" Gimpy cried. "Don't do that! You'd shame her! She don't know anybody's wise to what she was goin' to do."

The lieutenant reached for the little wad of bills, counted them. There were nine dollars—a five-dollar bill and four ones; about what a young woman would have left after a week's work. He folded the bills and laid the wad on the rail. "Well," he demanded, "who is she, and where does she live?"

"Say, listen, Lieutenant!" Gimpy protested. "You can't do that to a nice girl. She's never seen the inside of a police station. She's a good kid, I tell you. You'd drive her right into this rat's arms—just what I'm tryin' to keep her from. Dames are like that."

"Quite interested in this skirt, ain't you? Gettin' yourself in a jam for her. Why didn't you reason with her, if you know her? Why didn't you warn her away from this bird?"

"Gee, Lieutenant! She wouldn't listen to me if I did. She thinks I'm no good—I ain't much good and I know it. Liftin' the key was the only way to do it. Don't y' see, now she'll think losin' the key was—well, a miracle, or somethin', that saved her."

"YOU know what you'll get, if you're sent up this time, don't you?" warned the lieutenant. At thought of that Gimpy twisted the cap he held in his hands. "Where's this place she was headed for? See if you can make up an address that's not a vacant lot."

"Well, it was 203 Southgate Avenue, Apartment 22." In vain Gimpy sought belief in the lieutenant's glassy stare. "Y' don't believe me!" he lamented.

"Believe you!" The lieutenant emitted a raucous laugh. "I might believe you if you identify this girl. If you're not lyin', you can save yourself a sweet stretch."

Uncomfortable, Gimpy shifted from one foot to the other, his brooding gaze fixed on his short row of possessions. In his anxiety he had acted on impulse without looking ahead. Now he realized that he had not foreseen what had become suddenly so clear. There was only one thing to do. Yet Gimpy was reluctant; he had a code of a sort.

"WELL," he said, at last. "I wanted to keep her out of it, but I'll tell you. The girl is my kid sister."

"Your sister!" The lieutenant and Officer Glines blinked at each other. They could understand now. "But, you sap," the lieutenant frowned, "you can't always be around to lift keys. The man will keep right after her."

"Not if you get busy with that key," Gimpy Leach retorted. "It's Gyp Rossi's!"

The lieutenant's glance shot to the clock. "Scram, Glines!" he urged. "You've got a break—and forty minutes!"

The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III does not care for tutors. He has one—Dr. Beekman Winship, an assistant professor. While motoring with the doctor toward Narrow Harbor, where he is to spend the summer, he stops at a road house. Adjoining the road house is a gambling establishment. With Winship and Beatrice ("Beechy") Gwynn, a charming girl who is also bound for Narrow Harbor, Eddie enters it, tries his luck at roulette, wins a large sum. Then—

Three bandits, guns in hand, appear. "Stick 'em up!" comes the order. Winship, normally a timid soul, does not obey. Instead, to his own surprise, he attacks the nearest intruder, knocks him out, and hustles Eddie and Beechy from the room.

The trio hop into Eddie's car. Eddie winks at Beechy. Then, turning to Winship: "You've knocked out a cop! That's a serious offense—we'll have to beat it!" They do so, at eighty miles an hour. The bandits follow. Eddie pulls off the road, stops the car. "That beard of yours," he says to Winship, "must come off. Those cops can spot it a mile!"

The beard referred to—a weird pink one—is the doctor's prize possession. He does not wish to part with it. But off it comes, following a liberal application of "Jiffo, World's Greatest Hair-Remover," a bottle of which Winship had purchased for use on his hirsute hands.

"Now," says Eddie, "we may proceed." They do so. Then Eddie has an inspiration. He stops at an all-night service station, buys some gas. "How," he says to the man in charge, "do I get to Dan McGurk's place from here?" The man tells him. The car speeds away. . . . The service station man has noted that Eddie has a roll of fifty-dollar bills. His suspicions are aroused. He acts at once—pays a call on a most important personage: Trooper Wilbur Dill, *of the New York State Police.*

III

"WHO," Beechy demanded as the car regathered pace, "is Dan McGurk?"

"You trying to kid me or are you really that dumb?"

"Who is he?" Beechy's tone dismissed the insult as unworthy of notice. "And why are we going there?"

"Do you know what a prize fighter is? Well, Dan McGurk trains 'em and manages 'em. Ever hear of the Terrible Wop?"

"I think they're all terrible," Beechy said. "But go on. Your prattle amuses me."

"The Terrible Wop," Eddie said, "was Dan McGurk's ace. McGurk dug him up in a macaroni factory in Genoa and brought him over here to try to make Little Italy sock-minded. For about six months they sent him up against one pushover after another, and then, just when the ballyhoo for a match with Sharkey or Young Stribling was getting good, the immigration people grabbed the wop and deported him. Mussolini was waiting for him at the dock with a nice two-year job in the Italian army."

"Your pitiful story almost breaks my heart," Beechy said, "and I hate to seem obtuse, if you know what I mean, but I still don't see what all this has to do with us."

"I'm coming to the happy ending pretty soon. I saw the wop once. He was just about the Doc's build and size, and I read somewhere that he left a lot of new suits at McGurk's. Does the light begin to seep?"

"It's an idea," Beechy conceded reluctantly. "Did it hurt you very much to have it?"

Eddie chivalrously permitted her the consolation of the last word. He turned into a lane and stopped before a farmhouse. Smoke issued from the kitchen chimney, and a pleasing smell of cooking hung upon the air. A small man, violently concave of countenance, came to the doorway. His morose eye brightened as it dwelt on Beekman Winship, but he approached the car without other symptom of interest or welcome.

"We want to see Mr. McGurk," Eddie said.

"You got your wish." Mr. McGurk spoke in a nutmeg-grater voice which he permitted to issue from the corner of his mouth. Again his eye moved appraisingly toward the rumble seat.

"COME on, climb out of that!" He spoke with so much impatience and authority that Winship mechanically obeyed.

Mr. McGurk's eye passed swiftly over him, and in it dawned a hint of sad approval. He laid a light, experimental hand on Winship's biceps and the relenting of his eye became more manifest. For better perspective he retired two paces, continuing his melancholy inspection. Slowly, now, he wagged his head.

"No," he said, "he's got beef, but I wouldn't take a chance on no floorwalker."

"Floorwalker!"

"Floorwalker!" Winship was stung. "If you labor under the absurd misapprehension that I—"

"I knew it!" Mr. McGurk lifted strangely distorted hands and made repelling movements with them. "Highbrow dialeck and floorwalker cloze! There's always somep'n wrong with the big ones. Take it away."

Eddie made a soothing gesture.

"Look, you got us wrong. All we want is to make a deal with you for some of the clothes the big wop left with you. If they'll fit the Doc—"

"They'd fit him like nobody's business." A gleam of hope appeared in Mr. McGurk's deeply recessed eyes. "And if he picked out the ones he's got on he'd prob'ly like 'em!"

"I don't understand," Winship intervened in a discreet undertone. "My luggage will arrive today or tomorrow, and in the meantime—"

"And in the meantime we'll be passing all kinds of cops on the lookout for somebody dressed just the way you are," Eddie interrupted in an impatient whisper. "Every time a traffic light holds us up there'll be an elegant chance of getting spotted. There's only one thing to do, and this is where we do it, unless you'd sooner run the risk of getting us all pinched, and if we're pinched Beechy and I'll be in just as bad as you are. We were with you, we've helped you get away, and—"

Winship surrendered. "Very well. Perhaps you are right."

He suffered himself to be led into a frowzy room, carpetless, strewn with pink and green tabloid newspapers, and perfumed with blended odors of perspiration, liniment and fried onions. Here, presently, Mr. McGurk deposited upon the littered table an armful of garments. He held up the topmost for inspection.

Pendent from a wire hanger, a coat of brilliant lemon produced upon Winship's optical nerve almost the exact sensations of a blow.

"I couldn't," he said weakly. "Really, I couldn't."

Mr. McGurk regarded him with slowly abating disfavor. "Judging by what you got on, I figured that one would just knock your eye out," he said. "How about this?"

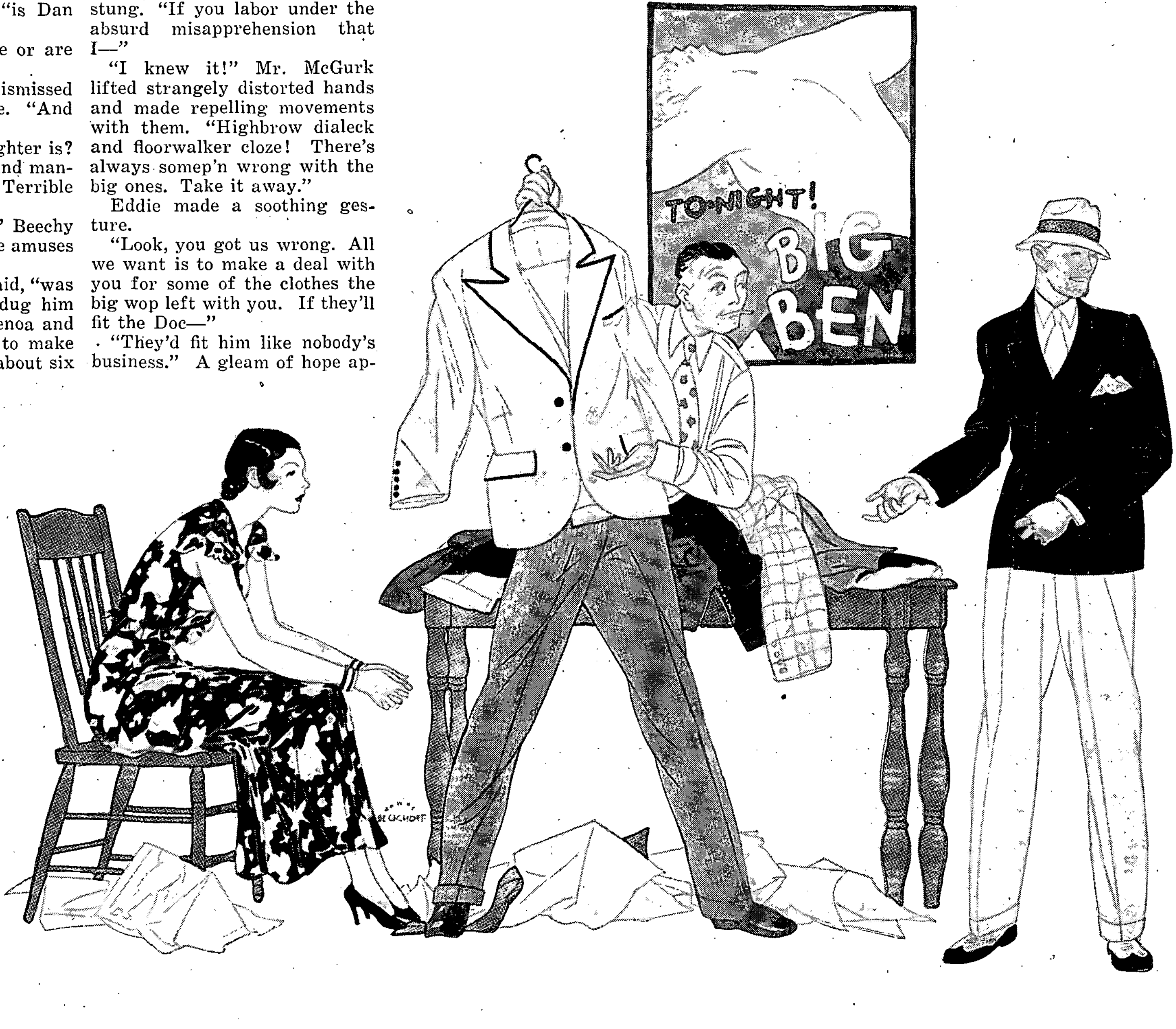
Green predominated in the plaid pattern of the suit he now uplifted, the anemic green of turf on which a rug has lain too long, but Winship's eye, still numb from the jar of the lemon, felt this second blow less poignantly. Indeed, far down in his being there stirred a curiously primitive desire. For an instant he actually wanted to possess this plaid and wear it.

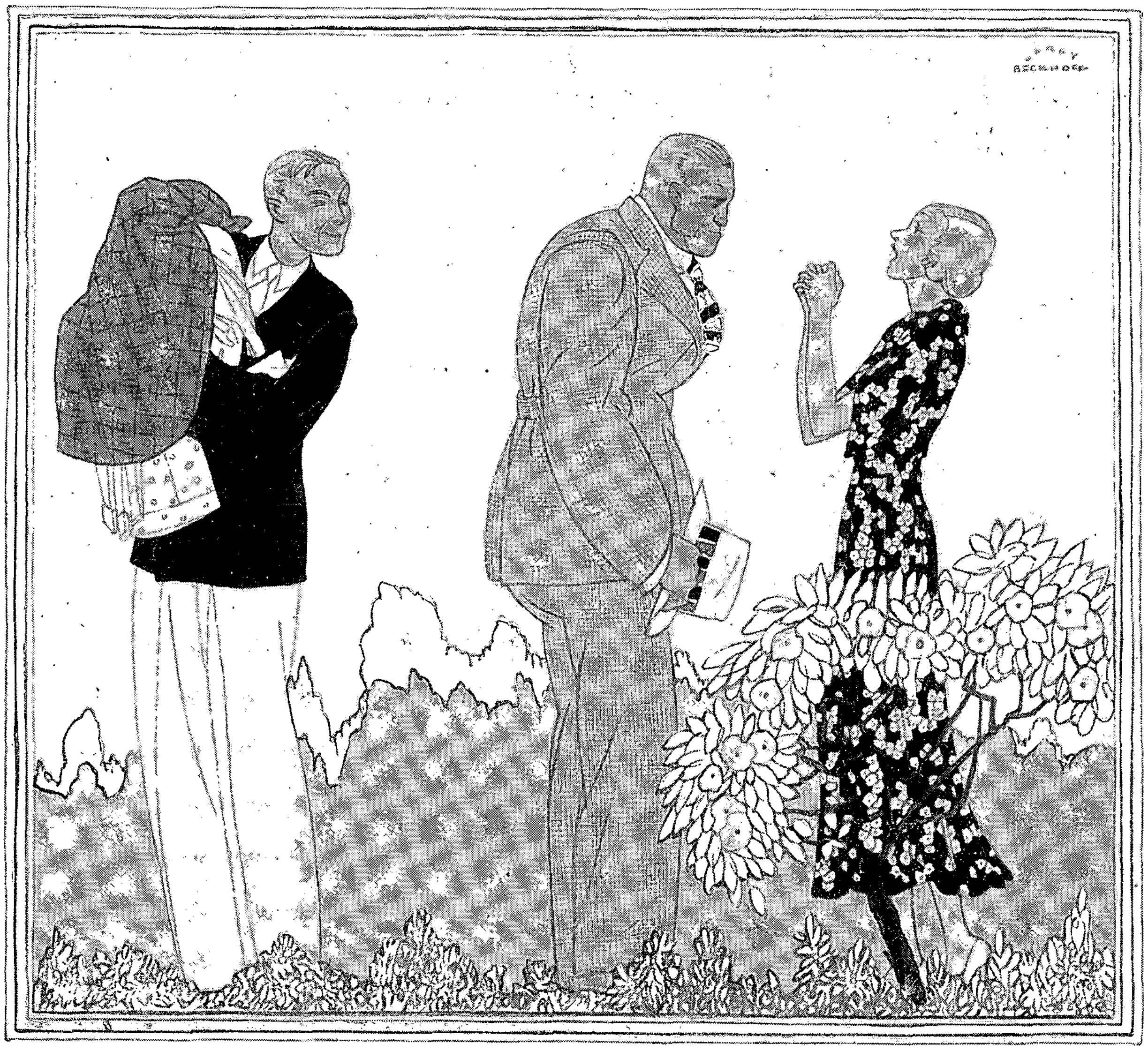
"LOOK," Eddie said, "we aren't trying to collect a crowd. How about something that wouldn't block traffic?"

McGurk's glance slanted sagely at him. It became now a speculative glance. He fumbled in the heap and withdrew a black and white pin-check, at the sight of which another lawless stirring of primitive desire awoke in Winship. Almost willingly he removed his cutaway and slipped his arms through the silk-lined sleeves of the pin-checked coat. There was no mirror, but he could feel that the garment fitted him. Soft, delighted outcry on the part of Eddie and Miss Gwynn corroborated this conviction, and even Mr. McGurk emitted a clicking sound of glum approval.

"I didn't think it could be done, but if he had on the pants and vest," he murmured, "you'd almost think there was class to him."

"We'll take that one," Eddie said,





He waited for the astonishment in Julie Bedloe's face to make room for repugnance and anger

"and while we're at it, we might as well get a few more."

"But, surely—" Winship began.

"Leave it to me, Doc."

Burrowing in the pile of garments, and with Beechy Gwynn's collaboration, Eddie chose liberally. Now warmly sympathetic, McGurk fetched down assorted haberdashery and shoes, and from these also the two young people made large selection.

"I guess that's enough," Eddie said finally. "How much do we owe you?"

McGurk hesitated, torn visibly between conflicting emotions. "I don't want to bear down on anybody. Would half a grand hit you too hard?"

"FAIR enough." Eddie thumbed off ten fifty-dollar bills and returned to his pocket a remainder upon which Mr. McGurk rolled a considering and regretful eye.

"How about this coin? Too hot to handle?"

The question, wholly unintelligible to Winship, seemed plain to Mr. Jewett, who shook his head emphatically.

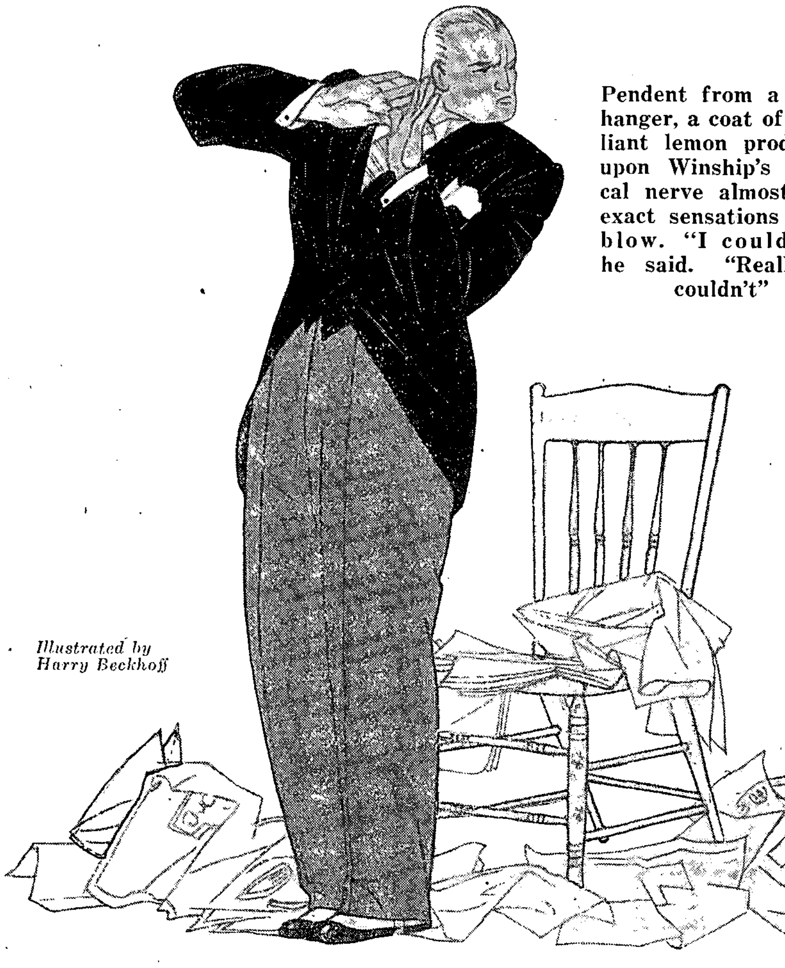
"Not a chance," he replied.

"Well," McGurk said, "I'll hang on to it a while, anyhow." His manner underwent a slight change, something of its hospitality abating. "I guess you're prob'ly in a hurry, and it might be a good notion to beat it before any of the tramps I'm feeding get a look at you. Not that there's a pint of brains between 'em, but they all know how to talk, and I'd just as soon they didn't know a thing about this little deal."

"All right," Eddie said. He turned to Beechy. "You go on out to the car while the Doc makes a quick change."

Beechy went. Eagerly valeted by Eddie and McGurk, Winship, still slightly dazed, dressed in the pin-checked suit, with a soft-collared striped shirt of green and white, and a scarf striped in black and vivid green that matched the clocks on black silk socks. He put on dark russet shoes, and accepted as a parting token of regard from Mr. McGurk a panama hat banded in bright lilac and vermilion.

McGurk and Eddie swiftly bundled his discarded garments with the remainder of the new wardrobe, and Winship, following them out to the car, was curiously affected by the look with which Miss Beechy Gwynn, speechless, regarded him.



Pendent from a wire hanger, a coat of brilliant lemon produced upon Winship's optical nerve almost the exact sensations of a blow. "I couldn't," he said. "Really, I couldn't"

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

IN THE mental mirror of her gaze, for the first time in his life, Winship seemed to behold a reflected image that neither shamed nor pained him. His chin rose, his chest expanded, his shoulders squared. McGurk, surveying him in this posture, seemed to revise his earlier opinions.

"You'd almost think there was class to him," he admitted.

Winship was moved to tardy recognition of this coarse person's good offices.

"Allow me, sir, to express my gratitude—"

Again McGurk lifted rebuffing hands.

"I pretty near forgot the highbrow dialek. There's always *somep'n* wrong with the big ones. On your way, Pink."

Hurt and bewildered, Winship climbed into the meager space left for him in the rumble. Eddie leaned out to ask the shortest route to Narrow Harbor and, having received this information, waved his hand and let in the clutch.

Mr. McGurk, his twisted thumbs hooked in his belt, watched the car out of sight.

He continued to be deeply thoughtful during his early dealings with the dish-faced, puff-eared gentlemen who composed his stable.

When, later in the morning, a motorcycle halted before his doorstep and a serious young man in the uniform of the state police sternly demanded information as to his morning visitors, it afforded Mr. McGurk a gloomy satisfaction to return the simple and effective answer of a general denial.

After Trooper Dill had taken his departure, however, McGurk became even more profoundly thoughtful, and presently, in a battered, small sedan, he set forth upon the four-mile drive to Narrow Harbor.

He did not look behind him and therefore remained comfortably unaware that, at a discreet distance, a motorcycle bestridden by Trooper Wilbur Dill relentlessly pursued him.

NARROW HARBOR divides itself into three parts: the Village, the Cove, and the Point, sometimes referred to as the Club, and, in late, decadent, Bolshevistic times, as the Asylum.

In the Village abide only negligible persons of stationary habit content to dwell ignominiously in the place inhabited by ten or twelve generations of their ancestors. With justice these plebeians are described as "natives" by the higher orders of citizenry who, for two months or three, live in the summer cottages along the Cove or on the Point.

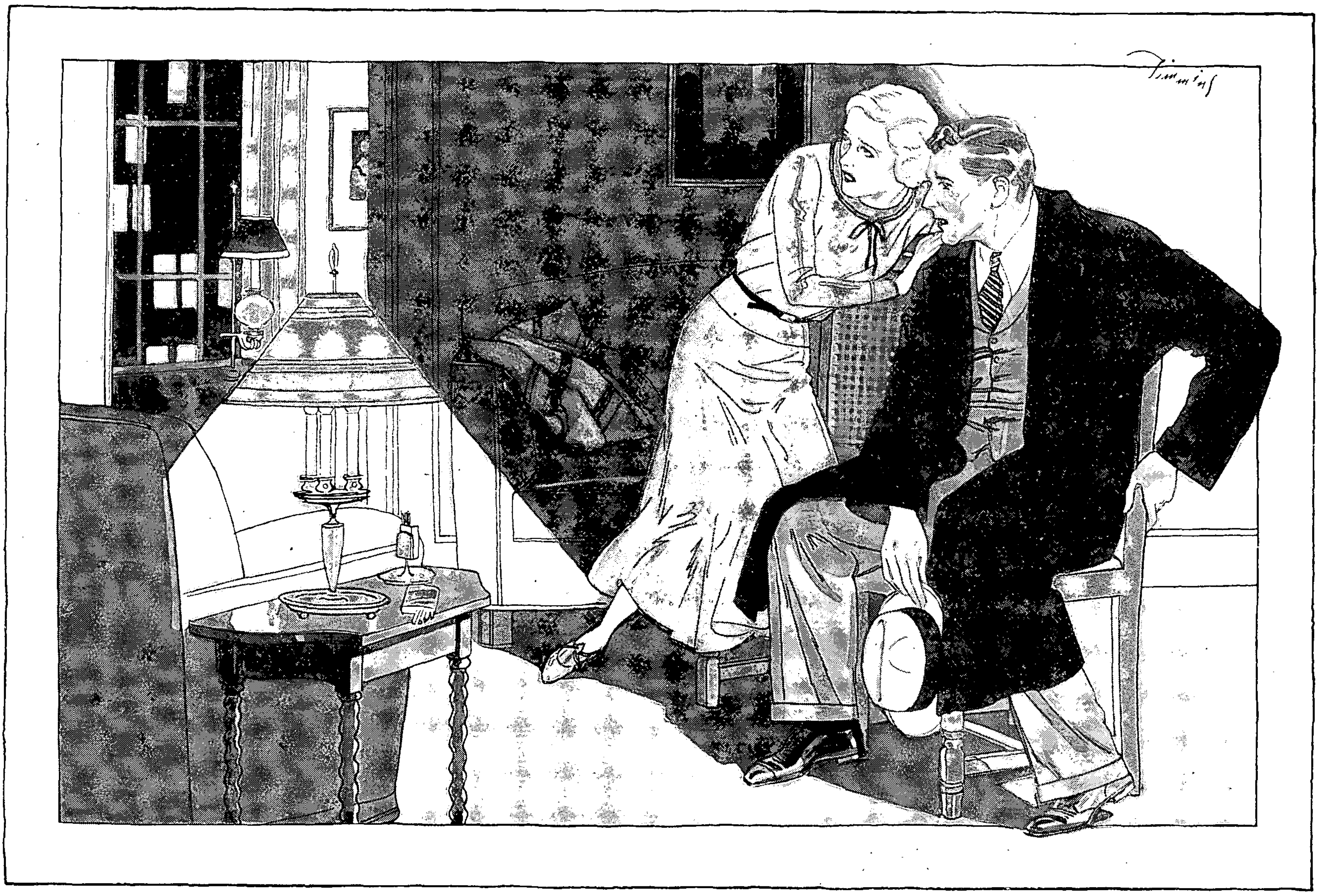
Between these latter groups, however, a second gulf is fixed. The cottages that overlook the Cove belong, for the most part, to persons of only moderate social pretensions, persons who, even at a summer resort, cannot quite achieve that effect of aristocracy which—once escaping the neighborhood that knew their infancy—is the ambition of all good, democratic Americans.

Originally, the Point was given over to indubitable aristocrats. Only a narrow neck of land unites it to the mainland infested by the village peasantry and the bourgeoisie of the Cove, and across this neck, between massive stone pillars, there still swings a forbidding wrought-iron gate, upon which a sign announces austerely that entrance is forbidden save to members of the Narrow Harbor Club.

BEYOND this gateway lies a pleasant, wooded peninsula where, in the solid early nineties, the august forefathers of the hamlet built their stately stone-walled summer mansions. To guard their sacred seclusion against betrayal from within they drew up an armorclad agreement making it impossible for any member to sell or lease his cottage except to the club itself.

Soberly, sedately, in those quaint simple days, the Narrow Harbor Club throve and flourished. It was not necessary, then, for any reasonably aristocratic American to own a seat at Newport or, at least, at Bar. Times, however, changed, and tastes. One by one the cottages reverted to the club. Two obstinate survivors held out doggedly till, in the same month, they died. Their executors made eager

(Continued on page 48)



Harry L. Timmins

Bill! Do you hear that radio? They're after you, Bill!

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy

The Story Thus Far:

SOMETHING is going to happen in the Grimes household. Things can't go on like this forever. They've been getting worse for ten years. *In the first place, Bill* and Alice Grimes hate each other—they've been fighting, nagging and getting on each other's nerves ever since they were first married.

Bill is in love with Laura O'Neal, the "radio soprano" at Station WBLA. He wants to divorce his wife and marry Laura, but he has never earned enough to afford it.

The situation has paralyzed Bill's ambition. It drove Laura to attempt suicide. She drank a bottle of poison and almost died. Mrs. Peters, next door, saved her life.

Laura shares her one-room apartment with her two sisters—Sally and Honey. Sally is in charge of the reception desk at WBLA. Honey used to work there, too, but now Ted Russell, editor of the Morning Tab, has given her the job of conducting the Tab's Celebrity Quarter Hour. She's the youngest and giddiest of the three girls. She has been in the city only a short time, but she's learning fast.

Bill Grimes has pulled himself together a little since Laura's attempted suicide. He has a good job now, writing the Twin Bed Lectures. It's a weekly broadcast, and in it Laura plays the part of Mrs. Doveleigh, a nagging wife. Bill gets his material by listening to his wife Alice.

But recently Alice hasn't been nagging so much. She hasn't had time. She's infatuated with Dr. Paul Linden, a psychoanalyst. They've been having an affair—a desperate one on Alice's part. Bill hopes she will leave him and marry the doctor. But the doctor has other plans. He's tired to death of this jealous, forty-year-old woman and he's going south for a vacation.

VIII

1. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. Peters.

Listen, folks, a Christmas greeting in only twelve words, an old-fashioned Christmas greeting in a new-fashioned way. Only twelve words, folks. You can count 'em. Christmas is old, but the Modernistic Moth Ball is new. Christmas is gay and so is the Modernistic Moth Ball. Gay with Christmas green and Christmas red and all the other colors too. Only twelve words to bring you the Modernistic Moth Ball Christmas Greeting, so that you too will have peace on earth and feel good will toward men. Listen to the twelve-word slogan. . . .

We'll sit and eat over here near the window, Mrs. Peters. It's a little more cheerful.

All right. Anything is better than eating alone, although I'm fairly used to it by this time.

Not on Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve, too. My dear, if you hadn't been sweet enough to invite me tonight, I don't know what—

Me, too. So you can see it was quite selfish.

Where's Sally?

She had to work. That's her Christmas present from the office. Honey, too. And I have to be back there at nine to nag for a quarter of an hour.

Oh, yes, the Twin Bed Lecture.

Do you like it?

Well . . .

That's what I think about it, too. But it's a hit. Tremendous. Don't you think we might pull down this shade? I get pretty tired looking across the court at those people.

Maybe they get pretty tired looking across at you.

I'm so tired of this hole—so sick of it. It's a swell place to spend Christmas Eve!

Might be worse, Laura. Think of how Bill is spending the evening with Alice.

I know. He's getting haggard. That woman is driving him crazy. I'm so worried for him.

Hasn't she heard from her doctor yet?

Certainly not. And she's not going to either as long as he can stay down south. Bill says she's getting to be a maniac—telephones his office, hangs around there day and night, writes letters to be forwarded. Of course the girl in his office just throws them into the wastebasket.

I feel sorry for the poor woman.

Oh, you do! That's just dandy! How about Bill? How about me?

I feel sorry for all of you.

Why should you feel sorry for her?

Because she's so unhappy, if you must know.

Unhappy! She's mean. She's a devil. I'll never forget the way she talked to me. I'll never forgive her if I live to be—

Why shouldn't she talk like that to you? Put yourself in her place.

No, thank you.

How old is she? Around forty? Living with a man she doesn't like—

Well, why doesn't she let him go? Why does she hang on when she knows she hates him, is unhappy with him and has been driving him crazy for years.

She doesn't want to be alone, living alone, growing old alone, dying alone. Even living with a man you hate is not so terrible.

I wouldn't live with a man I didn't love.

Now you're talking like a schoolgirl. Very few women live with men they love. Very few men marry because they are in love. Most people marry because they are lonely, and go on living with each other because they are afraid of being left alone.

Like us tonight.

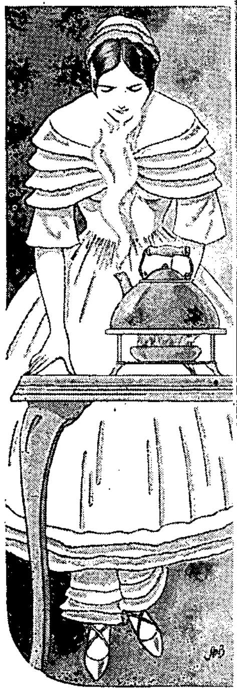
Exactly. Two women eating alone on Christmas Eve in a one-room apartment with only the radio to say Merry Christmas.

Only twelve words, folks. Only twelve Modernistic Moth Ball words on this merry Christmas Eve. . . .

2. Home of Dr. Linden's nurse: Ruth.

No, I don't know. . . . I don't know, Mrs. Grimes. . . . I've told you I don't know where he is. . . . Of course I'd give you his address, but I don't know where he is. He's traveling all the time. . . . No, I don't know when he'll get back. He hasn't written to me. . . . I can't help it, Mrs. Grimes, if it seems strange to you. He just hasn't written to me. . . . No, I haven't forwarded his mail for a month. . . . How can I if I don't know

DON'T BE OLD FASHIONED EVEN ABOUT COUGH DROPS!



The ONE MINUTE Cough Drop

TIME IT! TEST IT! PROVE IT!

Tune in — every night
— radio's most unique broadcast — the
LIFE SAVERS SUCCESS REPORTER

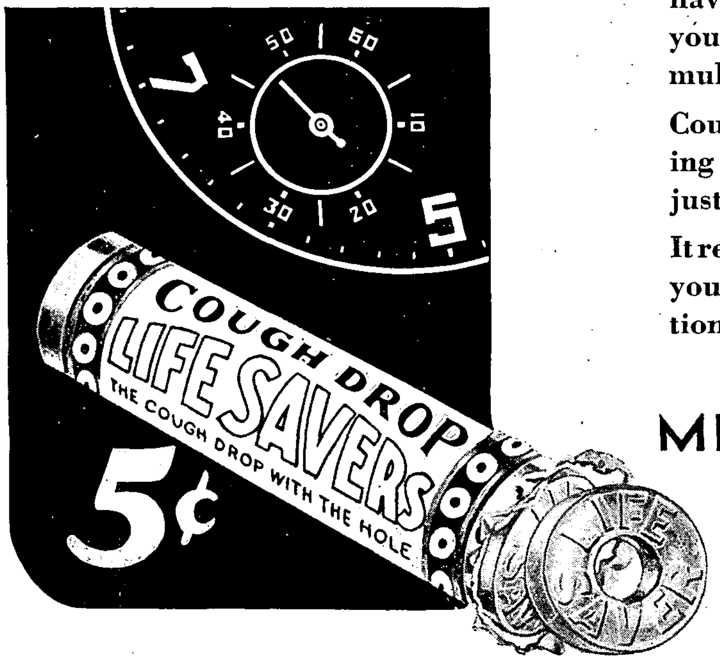
The old-time cough drops had a nice flavor, but nothing much happened to your cough. Try one of *modern* formula, and get *action.*

Cough Drop Life Savers end a coughing spell so quickly, you'll think it's just luck.

It really relieves your throat, and checks your cough. Their triple medicinal action does the work every time! The medication spreads as thoroughly as if you had sprayed your throat. *Within one minute.*

And there's just as big an improvement in the Taste!

Carry the handy foil roll that behaves in your pocket; can't rattle or spill. And costs only the conventional five cents, at any of the 300,000 Life Saver Stations.



MENTHOL *Cough Drop* **LIFE SAVERS**

IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

where he is? . . . Now, Mrs. Grimes, you can't go on like this, calling me day after day. It won't do you any good at all. I don't know how to reach him and . . . Now stop that crying. Pull yourself together. . . . I can't help you. I can't tell him about you when I don't know where he is. And you must stop calling me. I'll have to tell them at the switchboard not to connect you with the office any more. . . . What? . . . I'll have to, Mrs. Grimes, and anyway they had no right to give you my home telephone number. Can't I have any peace even on Christmas Eve? . . . I'm sorry you're miserable, but it simply won't do you any good at all to call me again. . . . NO, I DO NOT KNOW, Mrs. Grimes. I DON'T. I TOLD YOU I DO NOT. . . . Good-by. . . .

Some folks think twelve words are not enough to tell the whole Modernistic Moth Ball story. They say, How can you describe those new pastel shades, those new subtle shapes? And we are inclined to agree with them, recalling as we do in this glad Yuletide season the old-fashioned round white and uninspired moth ball. And then the joy bells ring out and we visualize that new Modernistic Moth Ball and those twelve words which . . .

3. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. Peters.

You mustn't feel entirely hopeless, Laura. Try to be happy today anyway. Another year is coming. Who knows what may happen? Alice may find somebody, some other interest.

No, it's hopeless. I told Bill. I told him when he talked about her and the doctor. I told him nothing would come of it. No, it's going to go on and on like this. On and on. She'll never give him up. She'll hang on and hang on and nag him and drive him crazy and I'll sit and wait and grow older and live in a hole in the wall like this. I can't stand it any more. I can't. And I can't do anything. Anything at all.

It does look hopeless, but something always happens, if you just wait. If you don't try to force it.

Wait? Wait? What else have I done for years, seven years, eight years? Wait? Wait for what? Until I die of old age? Until that woman kills me or I kill her or Bill kills both of us?

Now, now, you mustn't. It's hard, I know, but it's going to be all right. It'll work out. Forget it for tonight anyway. It's Christmas Eve. Try to be happy. Bill is coming to see you later, isn't he?

Yes, after he's spent most of the evening with her. I get the rest of his time. I get what's left. I'm always getting what's left.

He's not having such a grand time, Laura. It isn't his fault.

No, of course not. It's my fault.

No, it's not your fault. And it's not Bill's. And it's not Alice's either.

Yes, it is. The selfish, hypocritical—

No, she isn't. She's just human. Just trying to look out for herself, the same as you, the same as Bill. Only she's in a worse spot than either of you. She's lost somebody she's in love with and is trying desperately to hold on to somebody to keep her from going under.

It has to be a mighty good product, folks, to be able to sing its praise in only twelve words. Only twelve, count 'em. And yet that's just what Modernistic Moth Balls are. They're homey as a Christmas hearth and yet as quietly elegant as a Mayfair salon. . . .

4. The Grimes Home: Bill and Alice Grimes.

. . . homey as a Christmas hearth and yet as quietly elegant as a Mayfair salon. Listen to that twelve-word slogan: MODERNISTIC MOTH BALLS IN NEW SHAPES AND PASTEL SHADES FLATTER YOUR PERSONALITY. And now the Modernistic Moth Ball Glee Club will sing a group of sweet old carols.

While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone . . .

Stop slamming dishes on the table.

If you don't like the service, hire a maid. Spend a little of that money in your home that you're throwing away on your precious Laura. It's a wonder you came home for your dinner. It's a wonder you aren't spending Christmas Eve with her.

Certainly is.

The service isn't good enough for you. The food isn't good enough for you. Your home isn't good enough for you. Your wife isn't good enough for you.

Shut up!

I'll shut up when I please.

Stop yelling.

I'LL YELL AS LOUD AS I PLEASE!

All right, yell. Who cares? I'll be out of here pretty soon. I don't have to sit around all night and listen to you.

Sure. You can hardly wait to go back and tell Laura how unhappy you are. How misunderstood you are.

All right. All right!

The least you could do when you're home is not find fault. I suppose it's my fault that I have to cook every bite we eat and wait on the table myself.

You don't have to throw things all over the table. Look at this table. You've been slamming things around all evening. I'm getting sick of it.

And I'm getting sick of you.

Good! Now we're getting somewhere. Sit down. I want to talk to you.

I won't sit down.

Well, then, stand up.

I won't stand up. Who do you think you're ordering around? Who do you think you are—sitting around here making fun of my cooking, working me like a slave, ordering me around like a dog, and then go out and leave me all alone here, night after night?

I suppose it's my fault if your doctor runs out on you. There's a smart guy. He got your number in a hurry.

YOU LIAR!

Come on, throw another one. Here, break this one. Break them all. Break your neck while you're at it. . . . Fine! that's fine! Now we're going to have some tears. Sure, I know the whole routine. Now we're going to have some fancy crying and then a mess of hysterics. . . . Go on and bawl. . . . Dramatize yourself. . . . Go on. . . .

You're the meanest . . .

Sure . . . of course I am . . . go on and cry . . . cry your fool head off . . . you oughta cry. . . . I'll tell you something one of these days that'll give you something real to cry about . . . go on . . . ten years of this . . . go ahead and cry . . . you'll be yelling in a minute. . . .

. . . town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years . . .

Why I stand all this I don't know. Years of it. Years of it. When you're not nagging you're screaming, when you're not screaming you're crying and then nag and scream and cry and nag and nag and nag. Why I stand for it I don't know. . . . What's the matter with you, anyway? You're getting worse all the time. What are you crying about now? Stop it . . . stop it! You're making me sick. I can't eat and when I do I'm so torn up I can't keep it on my stomach . . . stop that moaning . . . stop it!

. . . the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth. . . .

You must be going crazy. That must be it. You're going nuts. And you're driving me nuts. Well, I've had enough of it. I'm going to get out of here and I'm going to stay out. Ten years of this hell is enough. Your precious doctor was no fool. He knew how to get away and stay away. He got your number, and quick. You'll never see him again.

YOU'RE A LIAR! . . . YOU'RE A LIAR! . . . YOU'RE A LIAR!

Stop that yelling. Do you want all the neighbors in here?

YOU'RE A LIAR, YOU'RE A LIAR, YOU'RE A LIAR. HE IS COMING BACK. HE IS COMING BACK. HE IS COMING BACK. HE IS COMING BACK!

Shut up, shut up. You're acting crazy. You'll have all the neighbors in here. Stop that screaming!

YOU'RE A LIAR. YOU'RE A LIAR. YOU'RE A LIAR. HE IS COMING BACK. HE IS. HE IS. HE'S GOT TO. HE'S GOT TO.

Why has he got to? Why should he? He's no fool. He got your number. And now he's through. And you all the time pulling the good wife, the virtuous wife and raising hell with me, raising hell with everybody, and hanging onto me like a jackal, and all the time sneaking out with somebody else and coming back here and pulling the martyr, the betrayed wife . . . yell . . . yell . . . yell your head off. I can yell as loud as you can.

YOU'RE A LIAR. YOU'RE A LIAR. YOU'RE A LIAR!

I'M NOT A LIAR. YOU KNOW I'M NOT AND YOU KNOW I'M THROUGH TOO. I'M ALL THROUGH. I'M GOING TO PACK MY CLOTHES AND GET OUTTA HERE RIGHT NOW. RIGHT THIS MINUTE.

YOU WON'T. YOU CAN'T. I WON'T LET YOU. YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME. YOU CAN'T. YOU CAN'T DESERT ME. I'M YOUR WIFE. YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME. I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED. I'LL HAVE YOU FOLLOWED. I'LL HAVE YOU PUT IN JAIL. BILL, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME. I HAVEN'T ANYBODY. I HAVEN'T ANYBODY IN THE WORLD. DON'T PACK YOUR CLOTHES, BILL. BILL, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME.

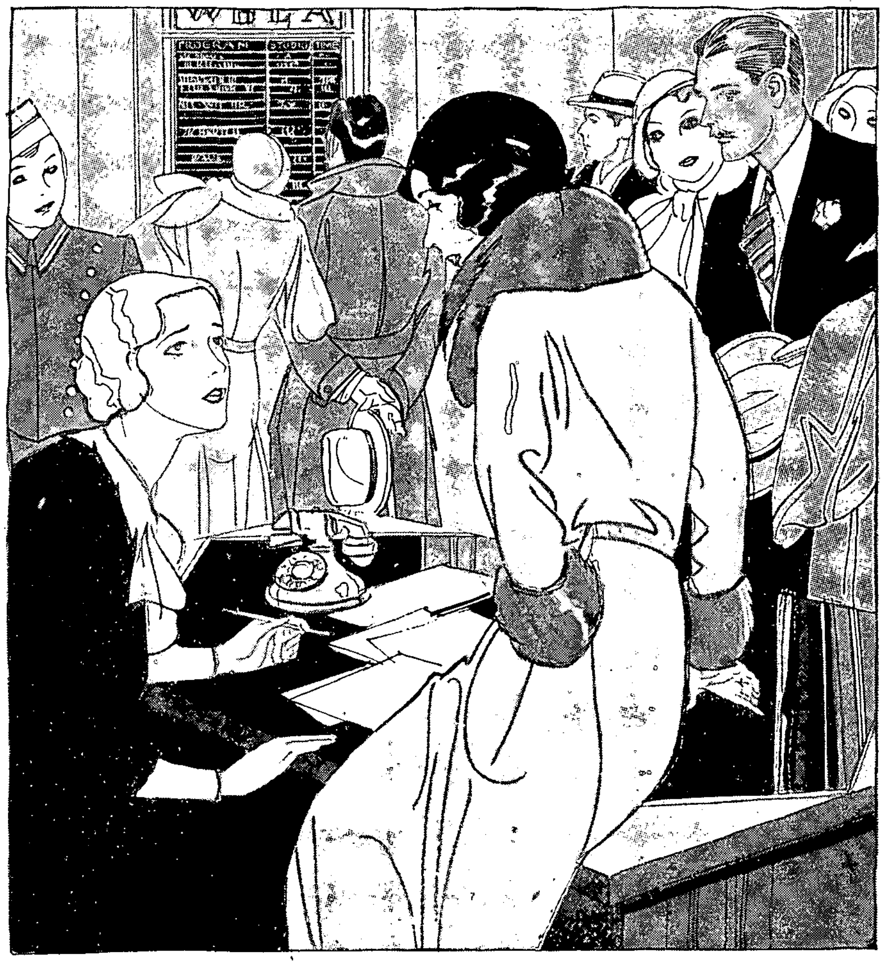
GET AWAY FROM ME. LET LOOSE OF ME. LET LOOSE OF THAT SHIRT. LET LOOSE, I SAY. I'LL TEAR IT UP. I'LL TEAR YOUR EYES OUT. YOU CAN'T, BILL. BILL, I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL KILL MYSELF. I WON'T LET YOU OUT OF THIS HOUSE. YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME. I'LL KILL YOU FIRST AND THEN I'LL KILL MYSELF.

LET GO OF ME. DO YOU HEAR? LET GO OF ME. LET GO OF ME. I'M THROUGH WITH YOU. DO YOU HEAR? I'M THROUGH. I'M THROUGH. I'M THROUGH. LET GO OF ME. DO YOU HEAR? I'M WARNING YOU NOW. LET ME GO. LET ME GO. KEEP YOUR FINGERNAILS OFFA ME.

I'LL KILL YOU . . . I'LL . . . HELP . . . HELP . . . DON'T, BILL. . . . HELLLLLP. . . .

THERE. LIE THERE NOW. MAYBE THAT'LL HOLD YOU. LIE THERE. MAYBE YOU'LL STAY QUIET FOR A WHILE. SO YOU THINK YOU'LL MAKE MY LIFE A HELL ON EARTH AND I'LL STAND FOR IT ALL THE REST OF MY LIFE? YOU THINK SO, DO YOU? MAYBE YOU KNOW DIFFERENT NOW. GO ON AND SAY SOMETHING. YOU'VE HAD PLENTY TO

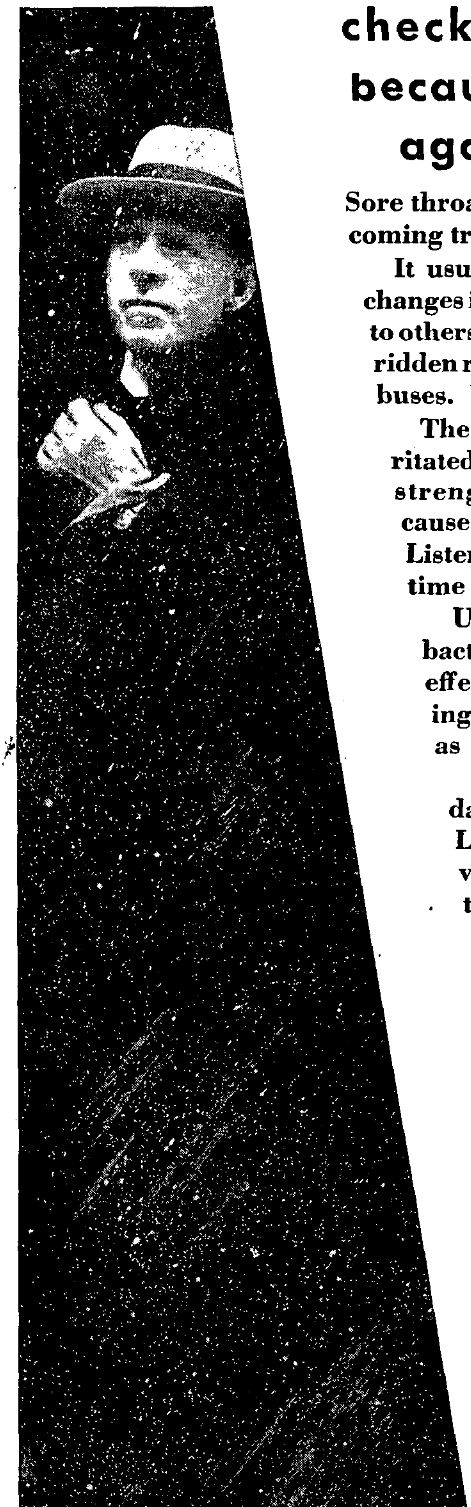
(Continued on page 30)



It looks that way. I've been ringing the apartment

After exposure—avoid Sore Throat

LISTERINE



checks it quickly because powerful against germs

Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars, and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs—and full strength Listerine kills germs in the fastest time recorded by science.

Used as a gargle, it reduces surface bacteria in the mouth 98%. Yet its effect on tissue is wonderfully healing; does not irritate the membrane as harsh mouthwashes do.

This factor of safety, this germicidal power, alone are responsible for Listerine's remarkable ability to prevent and remedy ordinary colds and throat irritation.

Recent controlled tests on 102 persons reveal that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle. And that their colds were less severe and lasted one-half as long.

Thus the laboratory confirms what millions have already demonstrated practically. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

29 DISEASES may enter the body through the MOUTH

●

KEEP IT CLEAN

These figures are impressive. So too is the statement of one of the world's most distinguished physicians "that if mouth infection could be excluded, the other channels by which disease gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." Both clearly indicate the importance of keeping the mouth clean at all times, and of immediately consulting your physician in case of illness.

Good news for tough beards and lean pocketbooks—the big 90 shave tube of

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

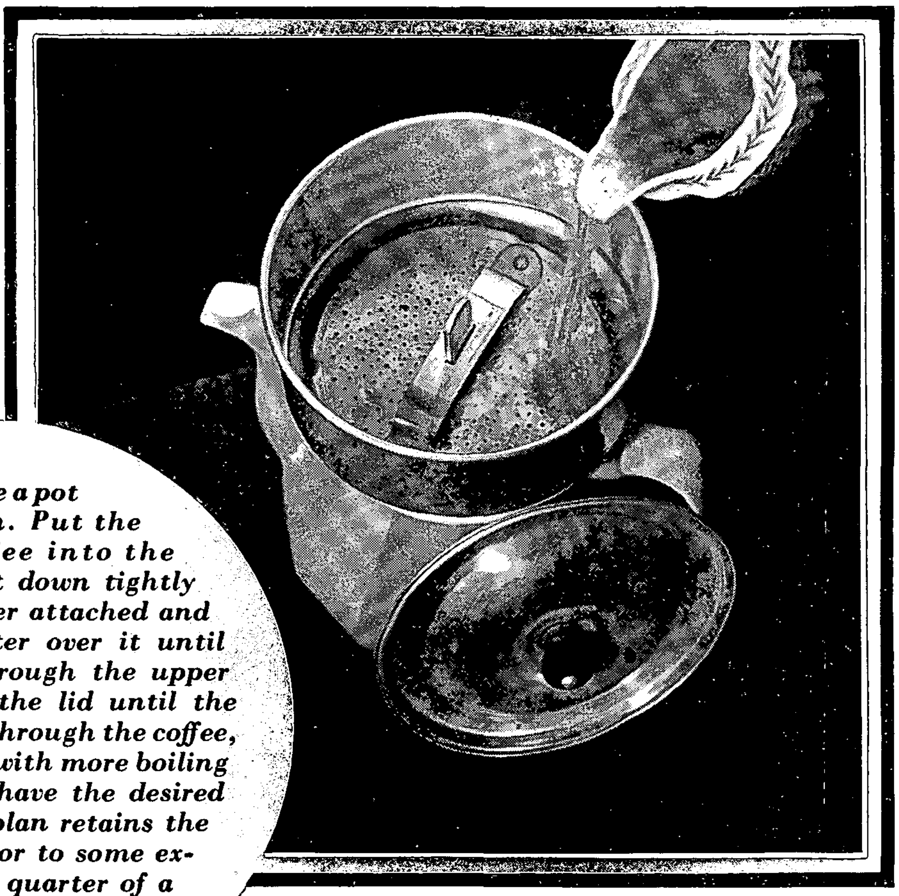
is only 25¢ Try it!

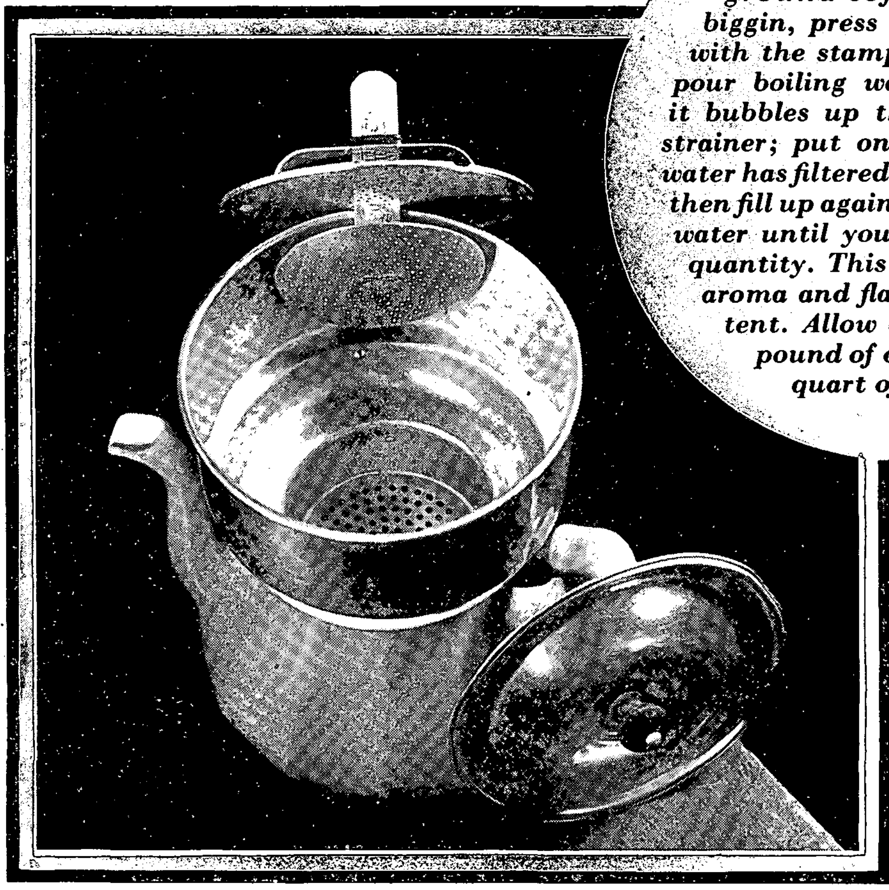
Home Grounds

To Jasper Collins coffee-making is more than a kitchen chore—it's a sacred ceremony, and the result a beverage fit for the gods. No doubt you will agree with Jasper's views, or even join in his ceaseless campaign for better, and less bitter, coffee

By Edward Tomlinson

Photographs by George P. Higgins





"Procure a pot and biggin. Put the ground coffee into the biggin, press it down tightly with the stamper attached and pour boiling water over it until it bubbles up through the upper strainer; put on the lid until the water has filtered through the coffee, then fill up again with more boiling water until you have the desired quantity. This plan retains the aroma and flavor to some extent. Allow a quarter of a pound of coffee to one quart of water."

ALONG with baseball, bridge and backgammon, collecting is one of the great American games. The field is not limited, either. You may go nosing for anything, bug-eaten grandfather clocks, wooden stirrups of the time of Cotton Mather or first editions of erudite volumes nobody read and still be considered one of the esthetic elect. I know one gentleman who has gathered fancy bottles for twenty years until his house is a museum of spirituous memories. But Jasper Collins is a connoisseur of coffee.

Jasper goes about the world with his olfactory sense alert for coffee fumes. No restaurant, café or lunch counter escapes him. He has drunk the brew of the fragrant bean in Copenhagen and Cape Town, in Batavia and Bogotá, in San Diego and São Paulo, and he is seldom deceived in brands and blends.

In his younger days he was a taster or, in the vernacular of the trade, a tester, in a coffee house in Santos, Brazil. The experience gained there often brings him great unpopularity, both in private houses and public hostelries. Because of his vast knowledge of the art of coffee-making he will volunteer priceless information to his hostess, who naturally prides herself on the coffee served at her table. And he invariably berates hotel chefs for the "bitterish bilge they perpetrate upon helpless guests."

Recently he was invited to a swanky dinner party in New York. Around the gilded board sat contented dowagers, wearied emperors of finance and youthful products of our football factories and finishing schools, most of them assuming a polite indifference toward the feast that grew in wonder with each course. There was an hors d'œuvre of caviar, Russian red caviar, at that. Specially selected lobsters had come down from Maine, and succulent capons had traveled northward out of Virginia for the occasion. California had contributed artichokes and there was honeydew melon all the way from Chile, to single out but a few dishes.

The Scarcity of "Java"

Belshazzar offered little more at his historic repast, except that he had never heard of Java. From that island, it was hinted, had come the delicious coffee served in priceless china cups.

Jasper liked the red caviar and the lobster, was especially attentive to the capon from his native southland and sat docilely through all the other items until coffee was served. Here the restraint he mustered was without precedent in his years of world meanderings.

"Java coffee!" he exclaimed when describing the experience afterward. "How we Americans warm to the romantic names of the South Seas! We serve Java because it sounds poetically exclusive—and we often call it Java whether it is or not. That shows you what advertising can do in this country."

"But she might have served Java coffee," I suggested.

"Yes, she might have, but she didn't. It was anything but Java. Instead of being coffee of the East Indies, it was the mild coffee of Central America, perhaps of Costa Rica or Nicaragua. Anyway, Java is little more than a name in this country nowadays."

Iconoclastic? Well, at the New York Coffee Exchange cold-blooded statisticians will use the identical words: "Java is little more than a name in this country nowadays."

These gentlemen, ably supported by the sober journals of commerce, will prove that Uncle Sam's purchases of Java coffee are comparatively infinitesimal. They are not even listed separately on the Exchange. In fact, imports are chronicled "Brazilian Coffees" and "All Others."

Out of more than a billion and a half pounds entering the United States in 1930, the entire Netherlands East Indies contributed just about two tenths of one per cent. And if we are permitted one more sally into ponderous statistics, we can almost certainly reveal the origin of your morning's eye-opener whether you live in Kalamazoo or Kankakee.

Last year Brazil sent us exactly 7,816,682 bags of coffee, each weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds, Colombia approximately 2,500,000 and, not to neglect the fabled Java, the Netherlands South Sea Island, not more than 25,000 bags, while scattering remnants from the Caribbean regions made up the remainder of the annual import.

So Jasper Collins has his way. Our neighboring continent supplies all but a fractional portion of our favorite home brew.

"What tea is to the Englishman, and what Bacardi is to the Broadway tourist in Cuba, coffee is to the Yankee at home. It is the national drink," says Jasper.

And who shall say otherwise? Coffee is second in volume and value of all our imports. One concern maintains huge buying corporations in the different coffee countries. In Brazil alone its agency is the largest single purchaser of the republic's chief export. Each year it distributes through its sixteen thousand stores, from Bangor to San Diego, fifteen per cent of all the coffee consumed in the entire country.

Tremendous as it is, however, there are countless other coffee importing and distributing concerns. Many have their own particular brand or blend—Bill Brown's Breakfast Best or Lilly Levinski's Own. Even chain drug stores have taken to selling their own brands in bulk. And there are over 15,000 different brands offered in the American market.

Coffee, Coffee Everywhere

What's more, it is no longer necessary to seek out a regular eating place to get a cup of coffee. Go to the countryside for a breath of fresh air. At any crossroad, in the front yard of almost every farmhouse, on hill and knoll, stands a gaudy pagoda, tavern, arbor or just plain shelter, offering wieners and a dark-brown substance labeled coffee. Enter the most imposing or even the humblest soda emporium in New York or New Britain, and the white-aproned, sleek-haired keeper of the shiny urn is the busiest person in the place.

I was calling one afternoon recently on the manager of one of our largest steamship companies. Suddenly the buzz of business subsided. Executives, bookkeepers and office boys gathered in groups, and waiters with trays of small cups and coffeepots began circulating. There was happy conversation and laughter for ten minutes, and then business resumed as usual.

"Yes, we find that after a few moments' relaxation and a stimulating drink of coffee we finish the day's work with more enthusiasm. I think we even do more."

Mind you, an imposing campaign was inaugurated about a year ago for the purpose of popularizing this custom of coffee-imbibing in business offices and factories. The English bankers and factory workers who retrieve their spirits and pep with an afternoon cup of tea

(Continued on page 42)

"HOPE OUR ANTI-FREEZE HASN'T EVAPORATED?"
?

IT NEVER EVAPORATES . . . RADIATOR GLYCERINE

Anti-freezes that evaporate are like false friends: they are never there when you need them most. It doesn't pay to depend on fickle friends, or on anti-freezes that fade away.

G.P.A. Radiator Glycerine positively will not evaporate. When you put it in in the fall, you know it will be 100% THERE next spring.

Imagine! No bother, no worry, no danger of freeze-ups—safety and security all winter long. Let the hot sun shine or freezing winds blow—who cares? You're safe with G. P. A.—safe and trouble-free.

G.P.A. is odorless, too. No unpleasant or harmful radiator fumes.

THE ECONOMICAL *ANTI-FREEZE*

Another advantage of G. P. A.: it cannot injure Duco or other automobile finishes.

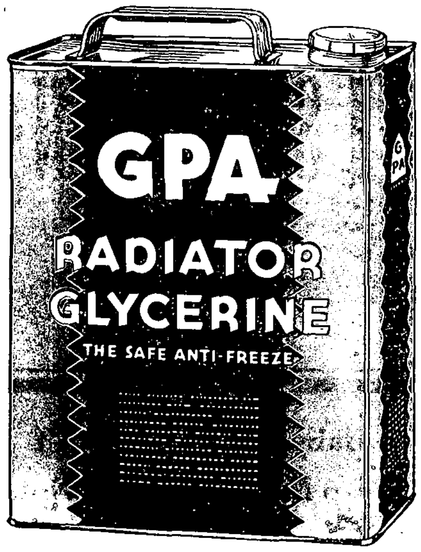
What is even more important, G.P.A. doesn't clog or corrode the cooling system; in no way interferes with the efficiency of your cooling system (as quick-boiling anti-freezes do).

G.P.A. is non-poisonous and non-inflammable. Is it any wonder that the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association gives G.P.A. its full approval as a safe and dependable anti-freeze?... that G.P.A. meets fully the U. S. Bureau of Standards' definition of an ideal anti-freeze?... that 1,600,000 motorists used Glycerine in their radiators last year?

But the most astonishing thing about Glycerine is its economy. Figure it car for car, season for season and you'll find Glycerine is really quite inexpensive. Costs a little more to begin with—but your first cost is your last cost.

Don't wait for colder weather. Have your garage man service your car with genuine G.P.A. Radiator Glycerine. Give him a chance to do it now!

› › › ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER



Fill NOW with G.P.A.

PRODUCED ONLY BY MEMBERS OF GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 E. 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

G.P.A. is a uniform, standard anti-freeze produced *only* by members of Glycerine Producers' Association and guaranteed by them . . . Tested and approved by Contest Board, American Automobile Association.

Another Listerine thrift product

25¢

LISTERINE RUB

A Counter-Irrit...

A new SALVE that relieves colds quicker . . . and won't stain clothes or bedding

The Listerine people now make a counter-irritant salve for the quicker relief of croup, colds, coughs, and pain arising from congestion.

It is called Listerine Rub and is in every respect worthy of the Listerine name. Its price is 25¢.

Listerine Rub comes in a tidy tube instead of a messy jar. And—what a blessing!—*it leaves no permanent stain.* No more ruined clothes and bedding.

Listerine Rub penetrates deeper and therefore relieves quicker. The five rubefacients it contains stimulate the skin and give it an immediate warmth and glow.

You've never seen anything like the quick relief it gives. You simply rub it into the affected parts.

Don't forget the stainless feature of Listerine Rub. Don't forget either that its price is 25¢—important saving! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

25¢

LISTERINE RUB

Baby's Croup doesn't keep Mother Awake Now

"I can't thank you enough," writes one mother, "for your new product, Listerine Rub. Junior had a bad case of croup and I was up half the night trying to relieve him. No sooner would I get to sleep than his coughing spells would wake me. A neighbor of mine told me about Listerine Rub and I applied it to his little chest and back. The relief was almost immediate, and I got the first sleep I had had for several nights."

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 26

SAY FOR YEARS. DON'T LIE THERE PLAYING POSSUM. YOU'RE NOT HURT. SAY SOMETHING. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF NOW? GO ON. SAY SOMETHING, DO YOU HEAR ME? ANSWER ME. STOP THAT ACTING. I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD ACTOR. TALK TO ME, DO YOU HEAR ME? ANSWER ME. DO YOU HEAR, ALICE . . . ALICE. . . . DO YOU HEAR ME? . . . WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? . . . ALICE. . . . ALICE. . . . OH, MY GOD. . . . ALICE. . . . ALICE!!

. . . hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

The Modernistic Moth Ball Glee Club continues this program of sweet carols bringing old-fashioned Christmas cheer in the Modernistic Moth Ball way. . . .

5. The New York Morning Tab: Desk of Ted Russell, Editor: Ted Russell.

Alarm three eight five six. Code signal eight. Stolen, Ramona Sedan. License nine D eleven three two, New York motor number . . .

I have Miss O'Neal now on the wire for you over at the station, Mr. Russell.

Hello, Honey? . . . You must be getting lazy. I see you're going to have another English author on our celeb program tonight. . . . What? . . . Lay off English authors. They're too easy to get. Besides nobody understands English on the radio. Who have you got for tomorrow night? . . . Who? . . . Wait just a minute. . . .

Alarm three eight five seven. Code signal seven. New York Police Department Squad Cars, attention: Wanted for murder. William Grimes. About forty. Fair complexion. Light brown hair. Brown eyes. About five feet eight inches. . . .

Hold the wire just a minute, Honey.

Approximately hundred fifty pounds. Murdered wife about 7:30 P. M. Address . . .

Put Carson on the wire right away, Honey. Important. I'll talk to you about the program later. . . . I'll hold on. . . . Hello? . . . Hello, Carson. This is Ted Russell, Morning Tab. . . . I've just got a swell idea. A great publicity stunt for the station and the Tab. We're going after this crime wave in a new way. Listen, get this. We've got to work fast. Police alarm has just come through on the short wave. A fellow named Grimes just murdered his wife. . . . What? . . . Yes, Grimes, William Grimes. . . . What? You know him? . . . No! You don't mean it! . . . Well, it can't be helped. All the better. We'll use radio to catch a radio man. Swell! . . . Just keep your shirt on and I'll tell you. The Morning Tab is going to get this guy. We're going to use the radio. Not only our own short-wave but national stations. You've got to help. . . . Well, I'll tell you if you'll just listen. I'm going to get the commissioner's office on the wire right away. I'm going to tell him that the Morning Tab and WBLA are going to coöperate with the police department. Every facility of the radio and press will be used to capture this murderer. We'll have the alarm and description on your network in ten minutes. We'll blanket the country. He can't escape. Hold on, they've just got the commissioner on the other wire. . . . Hello . . . this is the Morning Tab. Russell. I have WBLA on the other wire. We're going to help you nab this Grimes guy that just murdered his wife. You're going to get all the credit. It's your idea. We want permission to broadcast all the police alarms on this case over WBLA. . . . I've got it fixed up with the station now to interrupt the regular programs at half-hour intervals. . . . I've got Carson on the other wire. But we've gotta move fast. We'll have the whole country looking for him before he can get off the Island. . . . O. K. I'll keep in touch with you. . . . Hello? Carson? . . . The police commissioner wants us to coöperate with him. We're going to demonstrate to the public that radio should be used to war on crime. His own words. You're to interrupt the regular programs every half hour with the alarms the police department will be using over its short wave. I'll have somebody here in the office telephone them to you. . . . What? . . . Well, why didn't you say it wasn't in your department in the first place? . . . Well, put somebody on the wire who has authority. . . . Get him at home then and call me back. . . . Wait a minute, put Honey back on the wire. No, you get her and send her right over here to me at once.

6. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. Peters and Bill Grimes.

God rest you merrie, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay . . .

You can't force anything, Laura. Hold fast to your purpose, visualize what you want, then wait persistently, confidently, and time will bring it to you. Here, let me help you clear the table.

I hope you're right, Mrs. Peters. . . . No, don't bother. I can do it. We'll leave it out in the hall for the waiter.

I know I'm right, my dear. It never fails. But most people never learn it. You and Bill will be happy together yet, because you deserve to be happy.

Oh, we love each other so, and have for so long.

I know.

But just when things begin to look bright, something happens. Always.

Well, a new year is coming, Laura, and who knows what it holds in store for you? Anyway, you feel better about it after this little talk, don't you?

I don't know what I'd do without you to talk to, Mrs. Peters. You're better than a mother.

Because I'm not one, I suppose. Mothers don't understand much about their daughters these days.

Just the same I feel sorry for Ma tonight. She's probably spending Christmas Eve all alone in that big house back home. This is the first time she hasn't had one of us girls with her for Christmas.

She ought to be glad you've all got jobs and are working. Here, let me take this end.

Just hold the door open. That's it. Honey is the only one of us who has a real job. She's always had all the luck in the family.

She'll need all of it in this town.

I know. But the way she stumbled into this Morning Tab job.

Well, she's doing it beautifully, Laura. I tune her in every night on the Celebrity program. Leave it here?

Yes. Ted Russell likes her. Certainly digs up a lot of free talent. I tell her she must have a bicycle to get around like that. Isn't that your phone?

Sounds like it. Believe it is. Well, I'll say good night. I know you want to start for the station soon. I'll be listening to you. Merry Christmas, Laura.

Merry Christmas.

And thanks for the dinner. Good luck.

Good-by.

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright . . .

Hello, operator, would you mind giving me the correct time, please. . . . Seven what? . . . Wait a minute, there's somebody at the door. WAIT A MINUTE. . . . Seven-fifty? Thank you. . . . WHO'S THERE?

LAURA! LAURA! OPEN THE DOOR, QUICK.

BILL! What's the matter? What's happened? Come in, quick.

Close the door, Laura. Wait a minute, look outside. Careful. Did anybody see me come in here?

What's the matter, Bill? There's no-

(Continued on page 32)

"Take hold of Nurse's hand, Betty. It's a windy day"

George Shellhase

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Missouri

WHAT'S the Boy to Do... *on Rainy Days?*

BILLIARDS ANSWERS THIS QUESTION

If you want your boy to be happy and contented when bad weather keeps him home, it is obvious you must provide him with a means of amusing himself and his friends. For this purpose Billiards is just "made to order."

He will be enthusiastically interested in the game from the day you get him a Table. He will not tire of Billiards as he does of other games nor will his playmates. On the contrary, they will want to come to your home, and you will be glad to have them. They will not trouble you a bit. Billiards will hold them hour after hour. While they are playing, they will be developing traits you want your boy to have—unselfishness, sportsmanship, fairness and incidentally, Billiards is a distinct help to other sports, in that it trains a player to coordinate mental and physical action.

And in the evenings Billiards becomes a real family game. For then, a Father can and will play with his boy—that is good for both of them. And there are so few games an adult can play with a youngster on an equal footing without being "all in" afterward.

You can get your boy a Genuine Brunswick Billiard Table, Junior Playmate Model, for as little as $6.50.

Brunswick has developed a number of models, specially designed for juvenile purposes — strong, sturdy, lasting Tables, built to the same rigid specifications as the regulation Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself. Not toys, but real Billiard Tables, reduced in size, they are almost essential to any home where there is one child or more.

Billiards fascinates adults—just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes at $6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00.

Leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them. Look for the gold and black Brunswick trademark on the rail (shown below). It is your guarantee that your money is buying, not a cheap imitation, but a genuine Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick; the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of Billiard Tables.

Mail the coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

priced from $6.50 up

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 7-F, Chicago

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Its smarter style is all in the way you set the wings

There is an inside secret about the smarter style of the Spur Bow. You'll catch on to it the minute you put one on and your fingers feel the H-Shaped Innerform that lets you shape and set the wings of the bow to suit yourself . . . perky or flattened, careless or conservative, sharply angled or prim and proper.

All we do for you is tie the knot.

Your dealer will show you all styles and sizes of Spur Bows in the season's smartest patterns and richest silks for any kind of formal or informal wear.

FREE TO MOTHERS — *Write for a copy of "Boys' Clothes and How to Buy Them," an unusually practical, helpful, little style book.*

HEWES & POTTER, Inc. — Dept. C-14
65 Bedford Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Spur
Patented
H-SHAPED INNERFORM

Spur Bow
50¢ 75¢ $100

Ask to see the SPUR ROYALE
the new four-in-hand that sleeps off wrinkles

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 30

body outside. What's happened? Here, sit down. What's happened?

I don't know. Something terrible. Give me a drink. Have you got something to drink? Oh, Laura, Laura, what am I going to do? What am I going to do? Here, give it to me straight. Don't put anything in it.

Bill, darling, you're frightening me. What is it? Tell me. What's happened? Is it something about Alice?

Yes.

What? What's the matter? Bill—Bill darling, you've got to tell me. What is it? You're scaring me, Bill. You look terrible. What happened to Alice?

I killed her.

Bill, you mustn't say things like that. Bill! BILL! Look at me.

I killed her. I didn't mean to. Honest to God, I didn't mean to.

Oh, Bill, you haven't! You didn't!

We were fighting. I was trying to pack my suitcase to leave the house. She came at me, kicking and scratching. I grabbed her by the throat and shook her. She fell and hit her head on the edge of the trunk. She just fell and lay there. I shook her and tried to make her talk but she just lay there with her eyes closed and then I thought she was acting, just trying to scare me, so I shook her again and her eyes opened and looked at me and I knew then she couldn't see and then they rolled up and they were all white and I dropped her head back on the floor and there was a pool of blood and then I ran. I ran all around the house all around looking for some way to get out but always I came back to the bedroom and looked at her lying on the floor and then somehow I found the door and got out and the neighbors were out in the hall and they looked at me but I kept on running down the stairs until I got out on the street and jumped in my car and tore over here.

Oh, Bill, my darling, my darling. What have you done? What are we going to do?

I don't know. I don't know. I didn't mean to kill her. She just fell and lay there and I tried to pick her up and the blood was in a pool under her head on the carpet and spreading on the floor. I didn't want to kill her.

The police will be after you. They mustn't find you. You've got to get away. The neighbors saw you running out the door. We've got to think. We've got to think fast. Bill! Bill! You've got to get away. They mustn't find you, Bill! Bill! Think! Think!

Stand by one moment please for New York police alarm. The regular program will be continued in just a moment. WANTED FOR MURDER. WILLIAM GRIMES. ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLD, FAIR COMPLEXION, LIGHT BROWN HAIR, BROWN EYES. ABOUT FIVE FEET EIGHT INCHES TALL. APPROXIMATELY HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS.

BILL! Do you hear that radio? Listen, Bill . . .

THIS MAN MURDERED HIS WIFE AT ABOUT SEVEN-THIRTY THIS EVENING. . . .

They're after you, Bill. Bill, oh, my darling! What have you done?

Where'll I go? Where'll I hide?

We've got to go, Bill. Come on. Where's your car? We'll get away in your car. We've still got time. Come on.

But, Laura! Laura! Where are you going?

I'm going with you. Come on. Come on. Have you any money?

I've got—I don't know.

Never mind. We can't stop. I've got some. Come on.

We will now continue our regular program of Christmas music which was suspended for a moment by an emergency alarm broadcast through the courtesy of WBLA in coöperation with the New York Police Department:

The chorus now sings the fine old chorale, From Heaven Above to Earth I Come, by Bach. . . .

7. The Morning Tab: Desk of Ted Russell, Editor: Ted Russell and Honey O'Neal.

Sit down, Honey. I didn't want to frighten you.

Carson said . . .

Why, your eyes are all red. Have you been crying? What's the matter? I hope you didn't take me too seriously about your English authors. Your work's been fine.

It wasn't that.

I told Carson to send you over here because I'm making a change on the celeb program tonight. We can the Englishman and put our news editor on instead. We're starting something new.

Does that mean that I'm not on it any more?

Not at all. You introduce him same as always, and then he'll give a short introductory talk on crime, and then an outline of how the Morning Tab and the police department are coöperating to use radio for the first time for hunting down a fleeing criminal.

What fleeing criminal? Who?

This fellow Grimes who killed his wife over on East Fifty-fourth tonight. Didn't Carson tell you anything about it?

He didn't kill his wife! Bill wouldn't kill anybody. It's all a horrible mistake. I know it is.

How do you know? Do you know him?

Of course I know him. All of us know him. Why, my sister Laura's known him for years. A kinder, sweeter . . .

Oh, I'm so sorry, Honey. I didn't know he was a friend of yours. Maybe what you say is true. Maybe it was an accident. You know how those things happen. People get angry and excited and don't know what they're doing. If he's a friend of yours and your sister's, I'll do anything I can for him. Suppose you tell me more about him. I'll get the best lawyer in town for him. How long did your sister know him?

You're not going to bring my sister into this, are you?

Why, Honey, of course not. I want to help you. Do you think I'd hurt you or your sister? I should say not. Anything you tell me is only to help me do something to save Grimes. They're bound to get him and then he'll need the best lawyer in town. You help me now and I'll help him and I promise to keep your sister's name out of it entirely. Is she home now?

I don't know. I came right over here as soon as I got your message. I think Sally phoned her.

Sally who?

My other sister.

Is she the oldest?

No, Laura is. Then comes Sally. Then me. Sally's on the reception desk at the station.

What does Laura do?

Broadcasts. She goes on at nine in the Twin Bed Lecture.

Well, maybe it would be better if I got in touch with her myself. What's your address?

In-a-dor Towers, on the East River.

I know the place. You go on back to the station and introduce Sloan when he comes over. That's the news editor. He'll have your introduction written out for you. Don't worry about it. I'm your friend, Laura's too. As for Grimes, the paper is committed to this campaign to find him and bring him to justice, but for your sake I'll have the paper retain the best defense counsel for him when he's captured. Tell Laura that. Tell her I want to help him and I can only help him if she'll help me . . . don't cry, Honey. This is life.

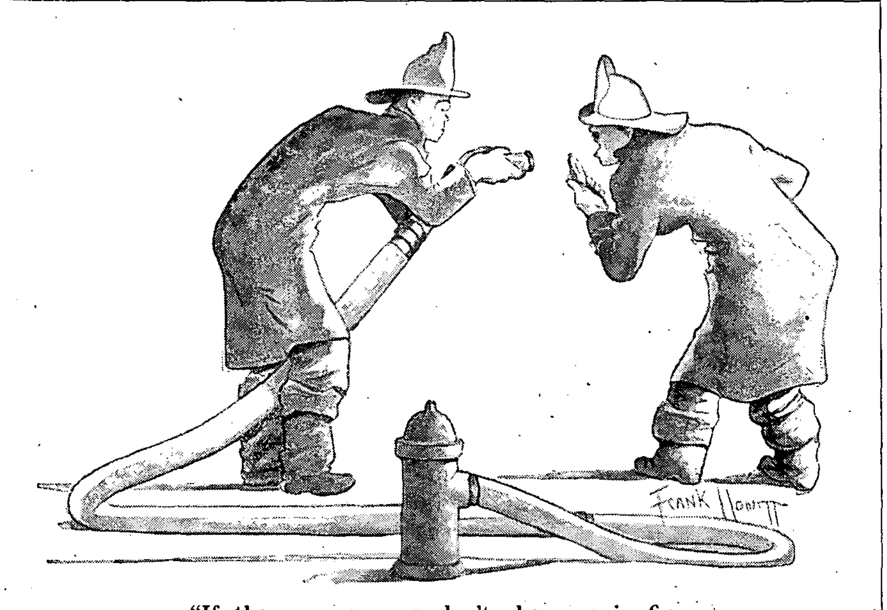
It's horrible!

Yes, but life nevertheless. Go on now, dry your eyes and dash over to the station. 'By, Honey. . . . Jack, come here. As soon as that girl goes down the elevator take a photographer over to In-a-dor Towers right away. Find the O'Neal girls' apartment. There's three of them. Get all the dope you can on them. Get pictures of the place and snatch all the photographs you can find of the girls, especially Laura, the oldest.

Why?

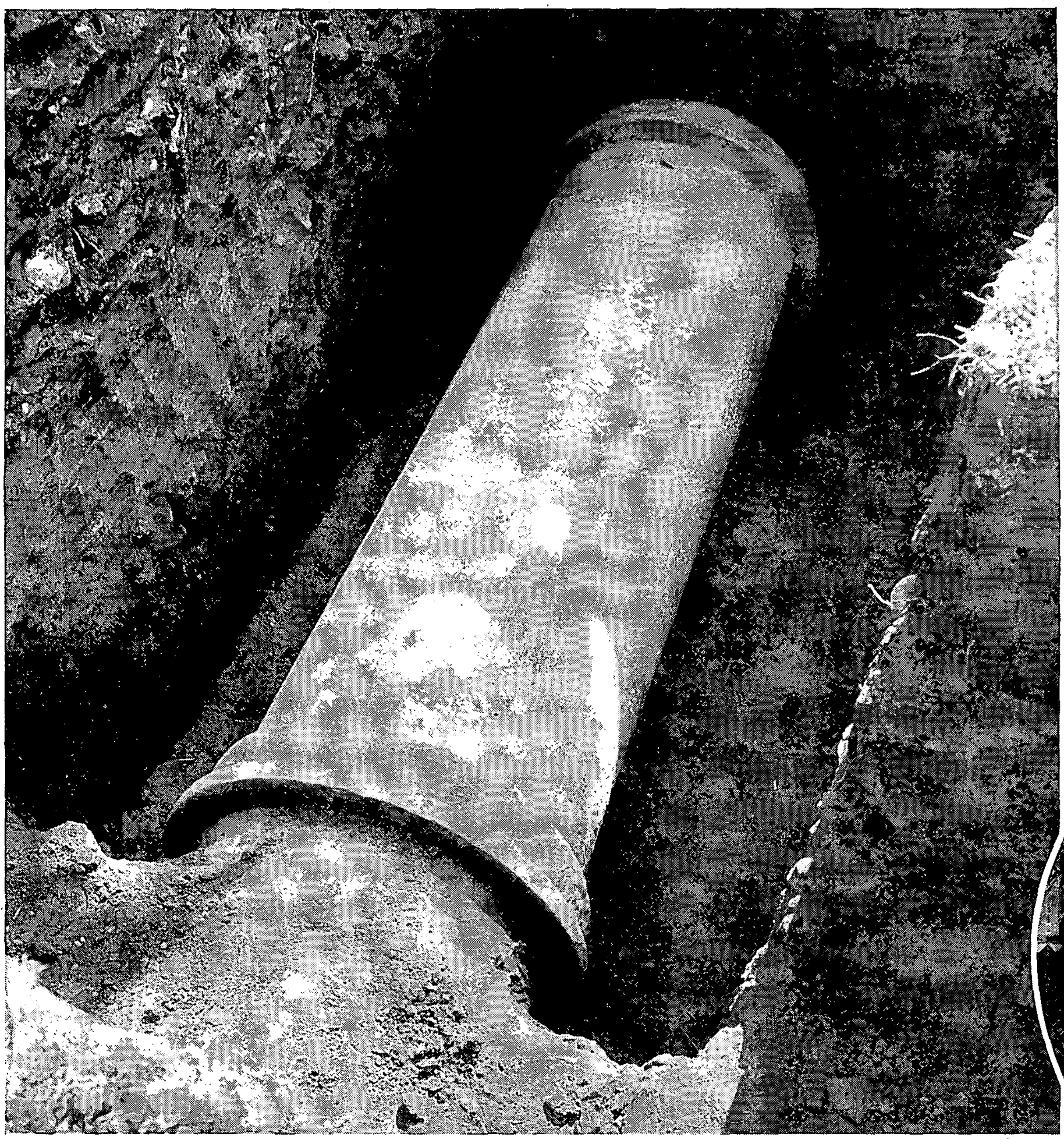
She's the girl Grimes was mixed up

(Continued on page 34)



"If those cameramen don't show up in five minutes—we'll put the fire out without them" *Frank Hewitt*

Look at this 85-Year-Old Pipe!



(From Boston Globe
Sept. 30th, 1931)

"Mayor Curley at noon today threw a shovelful of earth over the first cast iron pipe used in Boston for water supply, uncovered in celebration of the 50th Annual Convention of the New England Water Works Association. The pipe is still serviceable and in perfect working condition."

Mayor James M. Curley holding historic Ames spade used by Mayor Quincy and former President John Quincy Adams to start the excavation 85 years ago. George H. Finneran, Superintendent Boston Water Service at left.

LOOK at this *unretouched photograph* of an 85-year-old cast iron water main recently uncovered on historic Boston Common. Not only is it still serviceable and good for many years to come, but it looks like new. Yet it is Boston's first cast iron water main, laid in 1846 to replace pine logs. Former President John Quincy Adams dug a spadeful of earth for the excavation, and when the water was turned on, there was a holiday celebration on Boston Common and children sang an ode written for the occasion by James Russell Lowell.

Similar recent inspections of old cast iron mains in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Richmond have been made the occasions of notable ceremonies. In every instance, inspection has shown the pipe to be in excellent condition after 90 to over 100 years of continuous service and good for many more. In the majority of large cities, the *original* cast iron water and gas mains are still in service, long after the bonds issued for their payment have been retired and forgotten. Cast iron pipe has saved and is saving many millions of dollars in taxes and rates. Shorter-lived substitutes inevitably cost the public more. For every citizen, directly or indirectly, shares the cost of underground mains, in the form of taxes, assessments or rates.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains, and for sewer construction, that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains since rust will not destroy it.

CAST Q IRON

Look for the "Q-Check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

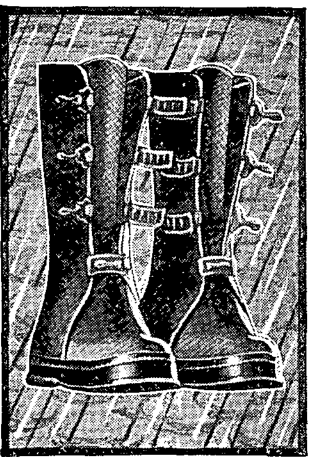
Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

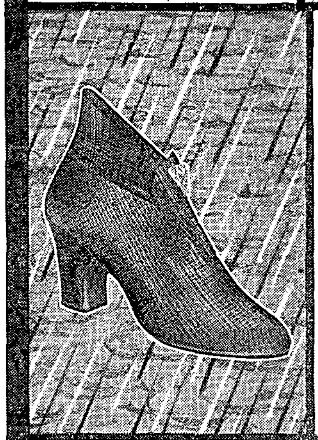
Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. © 1931 by C. I. P. R. Assn.

CAST IRON PIPE

Firestone

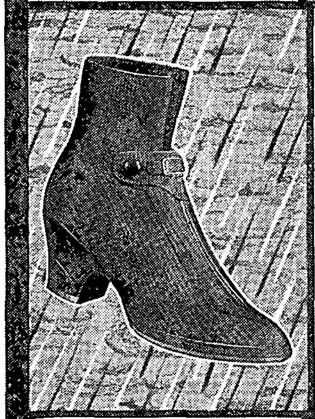
No whirling snows, icy sleet, or searching winds can penetrate these sturdy 4-Buckle Cashmerette Gaiters, of fine quality black cashmerette, lined with gray check fleece. They keep your feet and ankles trim and snug and warm.





The last word in smart rubber footwear is The Puritan. Its graceful lines hug a slender ankle, its basket-weave pattern harmonizes with the season's fabrics. Slips on and off like a rubber. In brown or black.

Real foot comfort is assured when you wear Firestone's Lo-Slide Gaiters. The fabric is a fine quality black cashmerette, with lining of gray fleece for warmth, and concealed slide fastener for quick, easy closing.



Always popular and always in good taste. The Concealed Fastener closes the gaiter with a single quick pull and without soiling your fingers, no matter how muddy the walking. Basket-weave pattern —in brown or black.

The Men's Spat Clog fits over spats, just the protection a well dressed business man needs when it's wet underfoot. The sturdy sole is long-lived and the rolled edge makes it fit snugly over any width shoe.

Firestone Footwear Co.
Boston, Mass.

REIGNS

Listen to "The Voice of Firestone" Every Monday Evening over NBC Nation-wide Network

WHEN IT RAINS

FOOTWEAR

The Mark F of Quality

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Copyright 1931, Firestone Footwear Company.

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 32

with. Probably murdered his wife for. I'll find her and talk to her later myself. Step on it.

O. K., boss. Do the police know about this dame?

Nope. Private information.

8. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally and Honey O'Neal.

Only five minutes more, Honey.

She's gone. She's run away with Bill. I know she has, Sally.

It looks that way. I've been ringing the apartment for an hour.

Try Mrs. Peters.

I did. She had dinner with Laura. Hasn't seen her since. . . . Hello? . . . Yes. . . . Yes, Mr. Carson. . . . No, she hasn't shown up yet. I can't locate her anywhere. . . . All right.

What is he going to do?

Buddy is going to fill in if she doesn't come.

She won't come, Sally. I know it. She's gone. She's gone with Bill. What's going to happen to her?

Now don't start crying again, Honey. Come on, we've got to be brave. I'm trying to find George. I've left calls for him everywhere. I'll see him some time tonight. He'll help us out. Bill too. He knows every big lawyer in town. Every judge. He'll help us.

9:00 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Please go away and let me sleep;
Don't disturb my slumbers deep . . .

Once more the familiar theme song introducing . . .

They've started without her, Honey.

Oh, I'm so scared, Sally. What's happened to her?

She's with Bill. They've run away. Listen.

. . . selected Christmas music will be substituted for the regular Twin Bed Lecture, owing to the absence of Miss Laura O'Neal, who has been identified to you for many weeks as Mrs. Doveleigh.

Stand by one moment please for New York police alarm.

WANTED FOR MURDER. WILLIAM GRIMES. ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLD . . .

There it goes again, Sally.

They're going to keep it up until they get him, Honey. He can't escape. God help him.

. . . APPROXIMATELY HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS. THIS MAN MURDERED HIS WIFE AT ABOUT SEVEN-THIRTY . . .

Hello . . . hello, oh, hello, George. . . . Thank God, you called. . . . Have you heard about Bill? . . . What? . . . Are you listening to it too? . . . God, it's horrible. Wait a minute.

. . . WHEN LAST SEEN WAS HATLESS AND WORE DARK OVERCOAT . . .

I've got to see you, George. You've got to help us. Laura's gone. . . . We don't know. . . . I can't talk to you over the phone. . . . What? . . . Oh, I knew you would, George, you darling. . . . In half an hour. . . . I'll be there. . . . That was George. I'll have him get Bill the best lawyer in town.

But Russell is going to get him one.

Who?

Ted Russell.

Who told you?

He did.

When? Why? How does he know Bill?

I told him he was our friend . . . Laura's friend.

You didn't!

I did. Why not?

What for, you little fool? He'll have Laura all over the front page tomorrow. She's ruined. We're all ruined.

He wouldn't do that. He said he wouldn't. He said all he wanted to do was to help Bill. He gave me his word. Why, Ted's a gentleman.

He's an editor. And a Tab editor at that.

He wouldn't do a thing like that. He couldn't be so low. I know it.

I've got to see George right away. Maybe he can stop it. He's a judge. He's got lots of influence. Maybe he can keep Laura out of it.

. . . the time is now . . .

. . . you have just heard the Healthy Dog Biscuit Boys' Choir presented by the Healthy Dog Biscuit Company of Rahway, New Jersey. Merry Christmas, folks!

Stand by one moment please for New York police alarm.

WANTED FOR MURDER. WILLIAM GRIMES . . .

And now La Belle Fifi, the pride of the Nut Club, will put back his false teeth and sing that lovely old carol, 'Twas Christmas in the Harem . . .

. . . HATLESS AND WORE DARK OVERCOAT. MAY BE DRIVING SAMSON CONVERTIBLE COUPE, LICENSE NUMBER . . .

. . . the time is now . . .

. . . and now you understand why the New York Morning Tab believes that radio, which goes into every home, every factory, every store, every place where men and women meet to eat, sleep, drink, work or play; this tremendous voice from which there is no escape; this modern jungle drum beating from coast to coast, is sounding the doom of this murderer fleeing somewhere in the night, and whose inevitable and speedy capture will be a lesson to all criminals. Tomorrow morning you may read at your breakfast table the details of this thrilling radio man hunt, and in addition the New York Morning Tab promises you an exclusive sensational development—the name and picture of the woman in the case . . .

. . . the time is now . . .

MURDERED HIS WIFE AT SEVEN-THIRTY THIS EVENING. WAS DRIVING SAMSON CONVERTIBLE COUPE, LICENSE NUMBER EIGHT D THREE ONE FOUR SIX NEW YORK AND MAY BE ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNG WOMAN. THE NEW YORK MORNING TAB OFFERS A REWARD OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIS CAPTURE.

You have been listening to the immortal Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens, and in the words of Tiny Tim, those words which so beautifully symbolize the Christmas spirit throughout the world, to each and all who hear: "A Merry Christmas and God Bless Us, Every One." . . . Good night. All's well. Are you listening?

(*To be continued next week*)

Sonnyboy's Ear

Continued from page 11

she beamed. She tweaked his ears. "I see they're still intact," she teased.

"And always will be," said Sonnyboy. "Dumaine and I have been working together for a week, and we haven't spoken a word—off the set. She's not so bad. Come on. This way to the flivver."

As Sonnyboy stepped ahead, Aunt Martha whispered to Sue, "Just the same, I'm glad you're here. I want you two married, right away."

Sue paused, pursed her lips and looked up at Aunt Martha.

"Let her have him," Sue said.

"Why—why—"

"Come on, folks," Sonnyboy called. . . .

SUE had bathed and changed to a little blue frock, and they sat after dinner under the palm trees in the back yard—Sue and Sonnyboy.

"It's lovely here, Edward," said Sue, stretching out in the beach chair.

"It is nice," said Sonnyboy. "Er—if you don't mind, I'd rather have *you* call me Sonnyboy."

"Whatever you say," she smiled agreeably. "Sonnyboy."

"I've thought that maybe some day we'd take a better place—maybe one with a swimming pool. But Aunt Martha thinks it's better to save my money."

"What do you think?"

"I guess she's right. A swimming pool would be rather expensive."

"Yes—they must cost a lot of money," Sue agreed.

"How long can you stay, Sue?" he asked suddenly. He knew that the family was plotting for a quick marriage. He wanted to marry Sue. He knew that now. But not for a year or two. There was no particular reason to hurry.

"As long as you like. A day—a week, or—until you send me home."

"Well, er—we—" He reached over and took her hand and pressed the diamond solitaire that he had put there two years ago. "This still goes, doesn't it?"

"You're the boss, Sonnyboy."

"Me?" He swallowed. Nobody, not even Sue, ever had told him before that he was the boss! "Um!" It was decidedly pleasant to hear that. Sue was changed, some way—and decidedly for the better, he thought.

"Well, er—it seems to me that it would be better, just as we planned, for me to finish out my contract and then leave the movies flat—you know, if we married now Aunt Martha would have to go back to Butterville and—"

"Whatever you say, Sonnyboy, goes with me."

She said it with no more feeling than if he had told her that he believed tomorrow would be a pleasant day. Her manner rather upset him. He wasn't used to having people agree so readily—and about a thing like this! What if Sue didn't really want to marry him!

"That's fine," he said, half-heartedly. "I'm the boss?" He liked that phrase.

"You're the boss."

He laughed and threw out his chest. "That's pleasant news," he said.

"I thought it would be."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

HOLLYWOOD is accustomed to nutty actors and the arrival of Mitzi Dumaine had caused no more hullabaloo than the opening of a new speakeasy in New York City. Joe Stone, the studio manager, had met her at the station and on the way to her hotel had told her, in no uncertain terms, to lay off that nude-bathing and ear-biting stuff.

"But Meestaire Stone," she protested, with gestures, "Dumaine *does* want to bite Sonnyboy Barlow's ear! He is of all the sweet boys the sweetest boy in the cinema. Dumaine must express herself, whether or no. Dumaine is—what you call it—un-in-hee-bited."

Stone told her quickly of several un-in-hee-bited motion-picture stars who had un-in-hee-bited themselves right out of the movies and that if she was going to do any of that kind of work she'd better leave the brass bands and the reporters and the spotlights behind—or else.

"Or else, Meestaire Stone?" she said defiantly.

"Or else you'll go back to France, lady. That stuff doesn't go in the movies any more. Get me?"

Evidently she did, for she seemed to be a chastened Dumaine when she first walked upon the set, and when Tom Maxon introduced Sonnyboy Barlow, she said, "Dumaine is very, very glad to meet a fellow arteest! May we be very happy in our association."

Which Sonnyboy thought was very nice indeed. He didn't need to defend his ears, after all. . . .

LOVE scenes with Mitzi Dumaine, a gorgeous animal, weren't hard to take, Sonnyboy admitted to himself. She'd turned out to be quite a package. A surprise package in many ways. Something of a disappointing surprise, Sonnyboy admitted to himself.

Kids are funny. And, perhaps, so are grown folks. But especially kids. Sonnyboy was rather piqued when he found that, after all, he didn't have to fight off this wild woman. It seemed as if, in the flesh, he lacked something that Dumaine had seen in him on the screen. It was a little disturbing.

He was too inexperienced to realize that Mitzi Dumaine knew men the way Gloucester knows fish. She had been quick to see that Hollywood hates newcomers and that success for aliens depends upon whom you know or to whom you are married. Marriage to Sonnyboy Barlow, besides being a pleasant interlude in a life made up of such temporary experiments, would put her right on her feet, socially. She realized, of course, that Sonnyboy now was no social leader and that he took no advantage of the position to which, as a first-rate star and a nice kid, he was entitled. But she'd soon fix that.

She would be shy and indifferent until the right moment arrived.

And the right moment arrived much more quickly than she expected. She heard that Sonnyboy Barlow's hometown girl had arrived in Hollywood and the underground brought rumors that, although Sonnyboy denied the story, he might be married very soon.

Which brought about the sequence of events which caused Sam Maxon to sock Sonnyboy in the solar plexus!

She came into his dressing-room, after the day's work was over. He had just torn open an envelope, which contained a message from Joe Stone. Evidently it was something serious, for it began, "Dear Kid:—" For ordinary communications, Stone used the salutation, "Dear Mr. Barlow:—"

"I hear you are thinking about marrying that girl from your home town, right away," he read. "You must realize, kid, although there is nothing in your contract to prevent it, that Amal-

(Continued on page 36)

"Yes, sir, that one filling is all you'll need all winter long, and only $3.25 a gallon."

ONE **SINGLE FILLING** GIVES YOUR RADIATOR ABSOLUTE **ALL-WINTER PROTECTION** AGAINST **FREEZING**

And a gallon costs only $3.25 ...the most economical anti-freeze there is!

You put it into your radiator—once! That's all! Then, whatever the mercury reads, your car will be safe from freezing till spring comes.

No boiling away. No evaporating. *No freezing.* No worry about your radiator—the whole winter through!

This one filling of Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze costs much less than the week-in-week-out addition of a temporary anti-freeze—the cost of which mounts up and up before spring comes. You pay $3.25 a gallon for that one filling of Whiz Gold Band, and you're through for the whole winter. There is absolutely no other way to protect your car completely for so little money!

In Canada, where 50 below is nothing unusual, motorists in overwhelming numbers favor this anti-freeze.

Protection at any temperature

You don't have to wait for the mercury to drop before filling up with it. Whiz Gold Band won't boil away. It won't evaporate.

There's nothing in it to burn, smell, cause short circuits, or damage your car or its finish in any way. It's harmless, safe, uniform, thoroughly effective—just as the tag of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, attached to every can and drum, certifies!

Remember, one filling of Whiz Gold Band is all you need!

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD COMPANY
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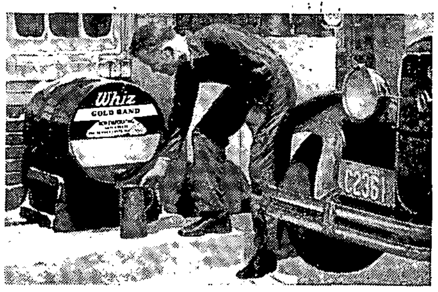

Let your local dealer put Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze into your car from the gallon can or from the larger drum.

WHIZ GOLD BAND

ANTI-FREEZE $3.25 PER GALLON

CERTIFIED BY THE PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest.

Make Her Secret Your Own

Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense, the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

You will understand how this is possible when you have read this wonderfully interesting free book which tells you about the beautiful new Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics. Here is a glorious setting of luxurious volumes. New and imposing bindings, new beautiful paper, new larger type, and new illustrations are features which make the Home Library Edition a set of infinite charm and rare excellence. Though worthy of the finest private library, these books are easily available to the most modest home budget. You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which contains full details about the beautiful new edition.

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Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

Here is a complete description of the world's greatest library, and a statement of how Dr. Eliot came to compile it.

"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

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By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

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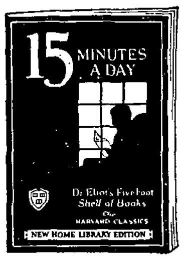
Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.



(Continued from page 35)

gamated has a lot of money invested in you and—"

"Hello, Son-nee-boy-ee!" She closed the door behind her.

He turned quickly. "Oh, hello, Miss Dumaine," he said questioningly and stuck the note in his coat pocket. "How'd you get in here? It's against the rules."

She sat down and crossed her knees, exposing $99,999 worth of legs. "I come to you as a friend. Dumaine is so lon-some!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Dumaine. Really, I am. But—"

She reached over and took his hand and pulled him down to the arm of the chair beside her.

SONNYBOY'S heart was going "Pa-loom! Pa-loom! Pa-loom!" His knees were weak. He inhaled a devastating perfume and shook his head like a man who has been knocked down and who has heard the count—"seven—eight—nine!" In spite of everything, he knew he was going to kiss her! And it wasn't going to be like one of those kisses on the set! And worst of all! Sonnyboy realized that he was going to like it! And how!

"Now, look here, Miss Dumaine," he protested in a hollow voice.

She held up her lips. Her eyes were half closed. . . .

At last she pushed him away.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What—"

"You like me, Son-nee-boy-ee?"

"Sure. You bet." He took a deep breath. "Gee!"

She stood quickly beside him. She took his head in her hands and started to turn it to one side.

"I want to bite your ear, Son-nee-boy-ee!"

"Hey!" he pulled away.

She smiled. "Some othaire time. Now—now we shall plan for the wedding!"

"The wedding!" He swallowed.

"Of course, my darleeng. We shall be married and have a fine house and you and Dumaine shall be two leetle love birds."

"Look here! I never said anything about a wedding!"

She pressed against him. Her arms stole around his neck. Her lips were parted and close to his.

"Now, listen!"—he tried to pull away. "I—I—don't—" his voice was weak. "Oh, honey!" he gasped and kissed her again and again.

"Hey!" Tom Maxon was in the door. "Just what I thought!" he sneered. "Get away from that woman, kid!"

Sonnyboy said, "Oh!" and let go. Dumaine clung to him, tight.

"This is my future hoos-band, Meestaire Maxon," she announced.

"Applesauce!" said Maxon. He seized her shoulders and pushed her into a chair.

"Ooomp!" she said as she sat down.

"Here it comes, kid!" said Maxon bitterly. His fist swished and caught Sonnyboy neatly in the solar plexus and he collapsed on the rug.

MAXON pointed a finger at the French actress.

"You leave that kid alone. I've got enough on you to send you to jail."

Sonnyboy now was on his feet. His hair was rumpled, his tie was awry. It was like old times, on the football field.

"Tell me what to do, will you!" he yelled at Maxon. "That's all anybody does! I'm sick and tired of it!"

"Zowie!" Sonnyboy's fist caught Maxon on the point of the chin. Maxon staggered back and swung a powerful left. Back and forth they went until finally Maxon, who was heavier than Sonnyboy, made a flying leap and bore him to the floor.

This falling stuff was Sonnyboy's meat. He twisted, pushed and threw a leg over. And Maxon was flat on his back with Sonnyboy Barlow on top.

"Now!" said Sonnyboy. "What've you got to say? Any more orders to give me?"

Maxon shook his head and grinned up at his conqueror. "'Attaboy!" he said. "I'll say uncle!"

They climbed to their feet.

Dumaine was crouching in a corner.

"You!" Sonnyboy ordered. "You get out of here! I'm not marrying you—or anybody else! Beat it!"

Dumaine beat it, very thankful indeed to escape with her life.

"I'm sorry, Tom," Sonnyboy said. "I just went crazy."

"Sorry!" Maxon cried. "Sorry! Why, kid, you're a man, now!" He held out a hand. "Good work, *Edward!*" . . .

As he drove home, Edward Barlow's mind was not on his driving.

"Think they can all run me, eh? *I'll* show 'em! I'm the boss! Folks tell me what to eat and when to come in out of the cold and this crazy French dame tells me I got to marry her. I showed 'em!" He remembered the letter from Joe Stone that he had been reading when Dumaine entered his dressing-room. He slowed down, drew out the letter and finished reading it.

"Ha!" he cried, and stepped on the accelerator. "*He'll* tell *me* that I mustn't marry Sue! *He'll* tell me that the company doesn't want its stars to get married! He will, will he? Ha! Doesn't he know that *I'm* the boss?"

His brakes screamed and his car skidded to a stop. He dashed into the house. "Sue!" he called. "Sue! Where are you?"

He ran through into the back yard. She was sitting in the shade. He ran to her.

"Stand up!" he ordered.

"Yes, sir," she said meekly. He took her in his arms. "We're going to be married tomorrow!" he declared.

She smiled up at him.

"You're the boss," she said. . . .

THAT evening Sue stole to the telephone and called up Joe Stone.

"Thanks for sending the letter, Mr. Stone," she said.

"Did it work?" he asked.

"One hundred per cent," she said. . . .

And so, the next day, they were married. And Aunt Martha, who never did understand how it all happened, packed up to go back home. Her work was done.

And Hollywood real estate men, always eager to sell things to newlyweds, swarmed down on the house. One found Sue and Sonnyboy in the back yard, under the palm trees.

"Just look at this picture, Mrs. Barlow," he urged. "Beautiful home, up in the hills."

"It is nice," Sue admitted, handing back the photograph.

"We'll get along all right here," said Sonnyboy.

"Mr. Barlow's the boss," said Sue.

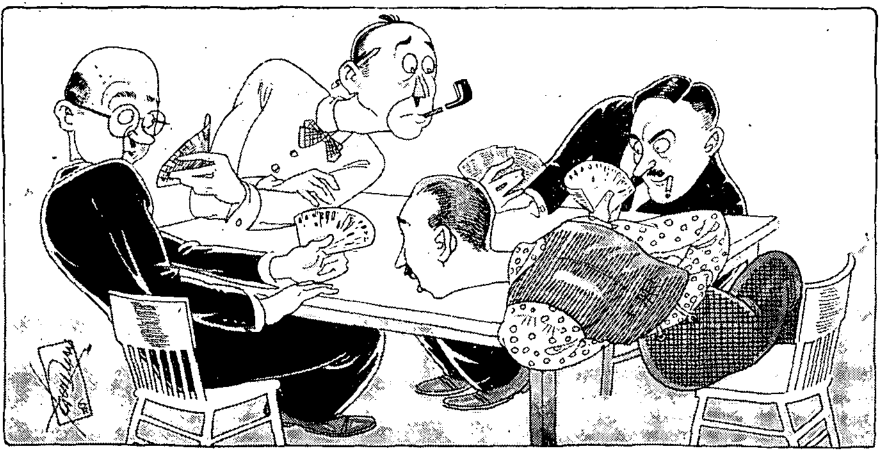
"Well, anyway," said the realtor, "thanks. Any time you need anything in my line, just give me a ring. Here's my card."

Sue rose and followed him to the gate.

"Has it a swimming pool?" she asked quietly.

"A beautiful swimming pool, Mrs. Barlow."

"Of course, Mr. Barlow is the boss." She turned and looked at her husband, who was lying back, staring at the moon, far out of earshot. "But," she said confidentially, "suppose you come around and see me tomorrow."



Four habitual subway riders play bridge

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 5
H. 8-5-3-2
D. A-8-6-5-2
C. 9-6-5

West
S. Q-6-4-3
H. A-6-4
D. J-10-7
C. K-7-3

East
S. K-J-10-9-8-2
H. K-J-7
D. 9
C. A-J-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-7
H. Q-10-9
D. K-Q-4-3
C. Q-10-8-2

AT AUCTION BRIDGE the above hand would probably be bid as follows: South one No Trump, West pass, North pass, East two Spades.

When it was played in a Contract game the first round of the bidding was the same as that named for Auction. After East's two-Spade bid South passed, and West called four Spades. West knew that East must hold the approximate equivalent of an original two-Spade bid, or he would have let South play the hand at one No Trump. West's three supporting tricks warranted his four-Spade bid.

South led the King of Diamonds, and North dropped an encouraging Eight. To trick 2 South led a low Diamond. East ruffed and led a small trump. South, knowing he could not lose his Ace, and hoping against hope that North might have the King, played low. Declarer won with dummy's Queen and forced South to win the second trump round with the Ace. South then led the Queen of Diamonds and East was forced a second time. Declarer, at this stage of the play, could see game if either the Heart or Club finesse succeeded. Lacking both Tens, he could finesse only in the East hand; but he was in position to postpone both finesses until the second round. West was put in with the Ace of Hearts to lead for the Heart finesse. South won the finesse with the Queen and faced a difficult lead. He knew that Declarer could ruff a Diamond in one hand and discard from the other, and he feared that a small lead from his Queen of Clubs would be equally fatal. A Heart lead might be unfortunate if East had held four Hearts; but in that case his goose was cooked anyhow, and with East holding six Spades the Heart length probably was with North. South, therefore, led a Heart, forcing East to win with the King. That obliged East to take the Club finesse. He put dummy in with the King and finessed the second round; when the finesse lost, the contract was set because South took one trick in each suit.

Declarer (East) played this hand badly throughout; and South made an early misplay which should have given East an easy game.

After winning the first round of trumps with West's Queen, East should immediately ruff West's last Diamond, *then* another Spade should be played to saddle South with a lead sure to be fatal. South had no more Spades; if he leads a fourth round of Diamonds, West ruffs and East discards his losing Heart or Club. If South leads either a Heart or a Club, it is up to Declarer's Ace, King and Jack, and South does not win a trick with the Queen of the suit he leads. Declarer thus makes game, losing but one Diamond, one Spade, and either a Heart or a Club.

South should have realized that East would not have kept the bidding open without a strong Spade suit, and that North could not hold the King. South should play the Ace of Spades at trick 3, and immediately lead back his other Spade—a defense which vastly increases Declarer's difficulties. It saves game in fact if East takes either finesse, or if he puts South in before ruffing dummy's last Diamond.

If South should win the first round of Spades and immediately lead a second, West should win and lead his remaining Diamond for East to ruff. This play eliminates Diamonds from both of Declarer's hands. South, bidding a Dealer's No Trump and lacking the Ace of Diamonds, is marked with the Queen of Hearts and the Queen of Clubs. (Without them he could not hold the necessary No Trump count of 13.) To finesse to catch either Queen, therefore, is useless. East should follow the elimination of the Diamonds by declining to finesse in either suit; he should lead three rounds of one or the other. South must win the third round and finally have an impossible lead. South is obliged to win the third round or give up the trick, and even if he holds the thirteenth card of the suit chosen, to lead it or another Diamond will permit Declarer to discard from one hand and trump with the other. South, therefore, is forced to underlead his remaining Queen, and Declarer must win the rest of the tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 4
H. 10-6-4-2
D. K-9-8
C. Q-J-6-5-3

East
S. A-10-2
H. K-8-3
D. 7-4-3-2
C. A-8-4

West
S. K-9-8-6-3
H. Q-9-7
D. J-10-5
C. 7-2

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J-7-5
H. A-J-5
D. A-Q-6
C. K-10-9

DR. ERICH SCHILF IS ONE OF GERMANY'S FOREMOST EXPERTS ON PHYSIOLOGY

HEART
STOMACH
INTESTINES

FRESH YEAST, eaten regularly, fosters secretion of digestive juices—strengthens and cleanses the stomach and intestinal tract.

Thus it corrects indigestion and faulty elimination by natural means!

3 rubbers

"It aids the flow of gastric juices, *checks* INDIGESTION"

declares DR. ERICH SCHILF, of Berlin

WHY has yeast such a remarkable effect in cases of gastric distress—"acid stomach," heartburn, discomfort after meals?

The reason is very simple. Fresh yeast purifies the entire digestive tract . . . "tones it up" . . . *stimulates secretion of the juices that help digest your food!*

If you want proof of that statement, here are the words of one of the foremost physicians in Germany today—Dr. Erich Schilf, the famous medical author and Professor of Physiology and Internal Medicine in the great University of Berlin.

"Physicians," he states, "have long prescribed fresh yeast for intestinal and digestive troubles. Its action is very different from that of the usual irritating laxatives and pills.

"Fresh yeast increases the flow of gastric juices, incites a stronger activity of the intestines . . . helps prevent attacks of indigestion."

If you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite, and regular daily elimination of body waste, act on this famous doctor's advice. *Eat yeast!*

Just ask for Fleischmann's Yeast—the *fresh* yeast rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. Eat three cakes every day, regularly, following the directions printed on the label.

Why not start eating it today?

The noted stomach specialist, DR. AUGUSTE BÉCART, of Paris, says, "To strengthen a weak stomach I prescribe fresh yeast."

"My Case bears out what the Doctors say"

"I felt all in," *writes* David K. Young, *Springfield, Mass.* "I had indigestion. My system was sluggish and my skin showed it . . . A doctor had recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to friends. I tried it—and haven't had any indigestion since."

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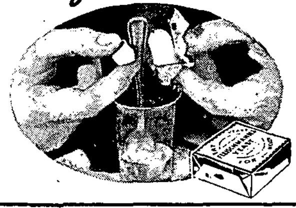
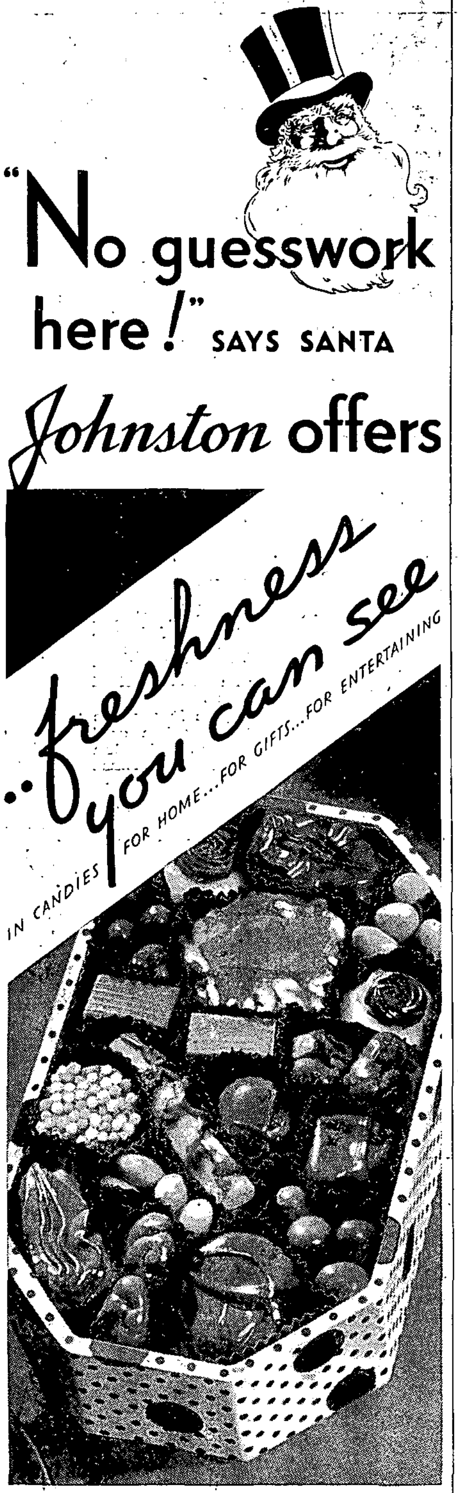
Important



Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Ask for it by name!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Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

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Bootleg Gasoline

Continued from page 13

bootleg bologna and bootleg spaghetti, bootleg bananas and bootleg boots. For every article that is sold in a store and is subject to taxes a special department of racketeering will spring up. And this nation, already a little dazed and bewildered by the extent of racketeering which has overwhelmed it, will witness an orgy of tax graft and bootleg merchandising which will make our present era seem tame and angelic.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the tax evasion comes from professional racketeers. A law like this opens the way for profits and savings to all users of gasoline. And, of course, in many cases these evasions can be practiced without doing anything wrong. The state, however, loses the tax just the same and the honest dealer who obeys the laws is the sufferer. One of the profound weaknesses in our present methods of regulating things is the penalties which we keep piling on the honest. Is it to be wondered that there are those who believe that the fundamental honesty of our people is being undermined?

Farm Relief Begins at Home

Have a look on your map at the state of Wisconsin. There the tax is four cents. The state is surrounded by states which impose three-cent taxes—Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. Why should any large user of gasoline in Wisconsin buy gas in that state when he can drive a few miles across the line and fill his tank for a cent less per gallon? Out in the state of Washington there is a four-cent tax. Oregon, next door, imposes a three-cent tax.

The farmers are perhaps putting as big a hole in the tax as anyone. Under most laws gasoline used for agricultural purposes is exempt from the tax and so farmers can get back from the state the taxes they pay on gasoline used in their tractors and farm machines. Now there is a good deal of gloom about the farmer's business. But if you will look at the claims made for refunds on farm gasoline you will think the farm is booming.

In dear old Kansas the refunds in one year were $2,000,000, or one fourth of all the gasoline taxes paid. In North Dakota it is said the refunds use up from 23 to 48 per cent of all the gas taxes levied. In Kansas, now, a farmer buying for agricultural purposes merely makes a declaration to that effect and escapes the tax. And so the farmers in Nebraska go into Kansas and buy gasoline by the barrel, making the necessary declaration, then cart it back to Nebraska where they use it tax-free and sell it to their filling-station friends as well.

And the higher the tax goes, of course, the bigger the refunds get, proportionately. Oklahoma raised her gas tax a cent last year. In the first six months of 1930 about 5,265,000 gallons of gas were exempted for farm purposes.

In the same six months of 1931, although the farms were not doing so well, the amount of gasoline going into farm machines was almost doubled—9,661,000 gallons. This was enough gasoline to operate on a twenty-four-hour basis twice as many tractors as there are in the whole state. The story is pretty much the same everywhere.

The extent of this gasoline tax evasion racket may well make legislators pause and consider whether the whole game of gasoline taxation is worth the candle. Certainly it seems to be demonstrated that excessive gasoline taxes actually defeat their own purposes.

The losses in Pennsylvania have been enormous, estimates running all the way from $15,000,000 up. But this expresses only a part of the loss. That much tax loss represents the sale of 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline, the trade of which was diverted from the state's honest oil dealers to her racketeers. It doesn't mean just $15,000,000 of taxes not paid. It means that the people paid that much taxes, but the money went to racketeers.

Wisconsin raised her tax from two to four cents. This should have resulted in doubling the taxes collected. What actually happened? In the first month the taxes collected increased less than forty-five per cent instead of a hundred per cent. Was Wisconsin using less gasoline? Every month preceding the raise showed an increase in the use of gasoline. In the last month under the two-cent rate, tax was reported on over 28,000,000 gallons. In the first month under the new rate, tax was reported on less than 18,000,000.

Of course, in some places the technique of racketeering is more highly developed. Take, as an instance, Philadelphia and Allegheny City, a part of Pittsburgh. Philadelphia has a population of nearly 2,000,000; Allegheny City has a population of 132,000. Philadelphia ought to use at least 20,000,000 gallons a year more than Allegheny City. But does she? Not according to the tax returns. From June 1st to December 31, 1930, Allegheny City actually reported the use of more gas than Philadelphia. This record looked suspicious to the tax department and it got busy. In the next five months Philadelphia reported 3,232,871 more gallons than Allegheny City—still a little bit shy, I should think. Anyhow it looks as if the state had been losing not less than $600,000 a year in gas taxes in Philadelphia alone, taxes that the people were paying to racketeers and which they in turn were pocketing.

In Oklahoma in 1930 the tax was four cents a gallon. Then Oklahoma raised the tax to five cents. This, of course, was expected to bring in more money. Here's what happened: In August, 1930, under the four-cent tax the state collected $1,097,050. In August, 1931, under the five-cent tax, the state collected $629,108.

Lower Taxes—Larger Collections

Pennsylvania has had precisely the opposite experience, in spite of all the racketeering and bootlegging there. She reduced her tax from four cents to three. In May, 1930, Pennsylvania collected $2,681,448 under the four-cent tax. Under a three-cent tax in May, 1931, she collected $3,880,815. Tax one cent less; collections $1,200,000 more. May, 1930, taxes were reported on 67,183,000 gallons. May, 1931, taxes were reported on 126,556,949 gallons. Thus this tax becomes a kind of barometer on the honesty of the people. Each cent you put on in tax acts as a strain on the honesty of a new layer of persons. People who will be dishonest for five cents will be converted at the four-cent tax level. Sinners who racket at the four-cent level come back to repentance at the three-cent level.

It is quite useless now to war against the existence of the gasoline tax. Apparently it is here to stay for some time. But it is important to carry on war continually against the extortionate rates which are charged. After all, the tax is the heaviest that has ever been imposed on any article except those, like tobacco and liquor, which the government has sought to discourage or suppress. When a man pays five cents for a gallon of gasoline and another five cents tax he is paying 100 per cent. The average throughout the country in August, 1931, was a little over four cents with gasoline averaging a little over sixteen cents in price. This means a tax of twenty-five per cent. Apply that to any other business. If you bought an automobile for $1,000 you would have to pay $250 tax. So extortionate a tax is an invitation to dishonesty and evasion.

A Lesson for Motorists

Of course, some defense can be made for the principle of the tax. It is said to be an equitable way in which to collect the cost of the roads from those who use them, in proportion to their use. On this basis it would seem that the three-cent tax is quite enough. The taxes collected on motor vehicles in other ways, added to the gasoline tax, amounted to $1,000,000,000 in 1930. The costs of roads that year were $1,650,000,000. Thus the motorists paid over sixty per cent of the costs of the roads. They paid another large percentage through their other property and income taxes. That is enough. It is more than enough. The motorist is not the only beneficiary of the roads. The real estate which adjoins the roads is benefited in an enhancement in value many times the whole cost of the roads. Cities, businesses of all sorts, hundreds of thousands of restaurants, hotels, hot-doggeries and sandwich-and-pop emporiums along the roads derive a vast income from them. The motorist is already paying more than his share.

The wise course would seem to be to resist vigorously any further increases in the tax. They will not produce more revenue but will merely shift the burden to the shoulders of the honest car owner and gasoline dealer. Where taxes are up as high as five and six and seven cents every effort should be made to bring them down. History teaches us that the tax gatherer will always bear down on the uncomplaining taxpayer. This is a lesson for the motorist.

Next he should resist with all possible force the diversion of gasoline-tax revenues to any other purposes than roads. There is a tendency now, as states look around for something to tax, to raise special funds for unemployment relief, to saddle the cost on the motorist. There is no reason why the motor-car owner should be selected as a class in the community to support unemployment relief or any other special purpose. That is the business of the whole community. And, in taxing automobiles and gasoline, governments would do well to pause lest they add seriously to the unemployment situation by discouraging the purchase and use of automobiles.

Finally the taxes should be laid on the distributors only and the states should organize an interstate system of checks upon gasoline sold for export purposes. A great deal would be accomplished by uniform tax rates, thus taking away the temptation to go outside of one's own state for cheap gas. The refund evil on agricultural and commercial gas is so difficult to deal with that, apparently, the only way to end it is to abolish the refund privileges.

Taken altogether the whole subject opens up the spectacle of another racket, already grown to alarming proportions and growing faster than any other in the land.

Lass who loved a Sailor

Continued from page 9

I thought of Evelyn and the desperate hopelessness of her laughter last night at the Little Club. . . .

"Sure. Hurray for the Iloilo!" I said. "But, after all, you're not going for this China river stuff indefinitely, Brooks."

He frowned.

"Well, I'd like to. No kidding." Then, leaning forward earnestly, "We've got the real thing here. We've got it because we live it. We see action on this ship, Georgie."

HIS eyes glowing, Brooks rambled on. What did we have in the Fleet but practice? What would we ever have in the Fleet but practice? But some night up there on the Yangtze a bugle would sound Action Stations and mean it!

I said: "Very swell, Brooks. Er . . . by the way . . . I saw Evelyn last night."

Brooks reddened.

"Oh, yes," he said, gruffly, "I saw her night before last."

"Lovely girl. Prettier than ever."

"Yes. She is that all right."

"I've rather wondered why she came out here."

He avoided looking at me.

"Fool stunt," he growled. "No place for her."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "Seems to me she's settled down a lot. Certainly has a lot more savvy than she used to show when we were at the Academy."

Brooks turned to me like an overgrown school kid who has decided to tell teacher all.

"She just thinks she'd like to go for that home and husband stuff. She wouldn't. She's a born flirt, Georgie, and you know it."

"Rot!" I said. "You've got her all wrong."

He shook his head, stubbornly.

"Nope. I—I know her. I know her better than she knows herself. Maybe if she met the right man—"

"I'm pretty sure she's got the idea that you're the right man," I said.

Brooks' face was grim.

"Don't let the lady kid you," he said. "She kidded me once." Then, wincing: "And once is enough."

I would have argued with him, but a messenger brought word that Lieutenant-Commander Jorgis and Lieutenant Malcolmson were coming aboard.

We went down to meet them.

Hard-boiled is the wrong term to describe either Jorgis or Malcolmson. Jorgis looked as if he had been cured in brine. He was a big brute of a man and I wondered if the flesh on his face wasn't just as hard and tough as the covering of his fists. Malcolmson looked as if he had been frozen hard. He had blue eyes like chips of ice, very white teeth and frosty blond hair.

Jorgis said: "Glad to know you, Branscome. Been out here long?"

I said: "No, sir. Just attached to the Borie."

The skipper nodded, as if to say: "Yes, you would be on some dirty destroyer," and turned at once to Brooks.

"Everything is set," he announced, triumphantly. "Three British bellies are full of good liquor and the prisoners get their release at noon. Send McGoogan and two men to see that they return at once to the ship." He turned on his heel, hesitated, then added: "I wish you would find Dr. Mullins as soon as possible. Lawson and Keytes aren't getting the treatment they need at that damned hospital. Tell Doc to move them to a decent hotel and take charge—my expense."

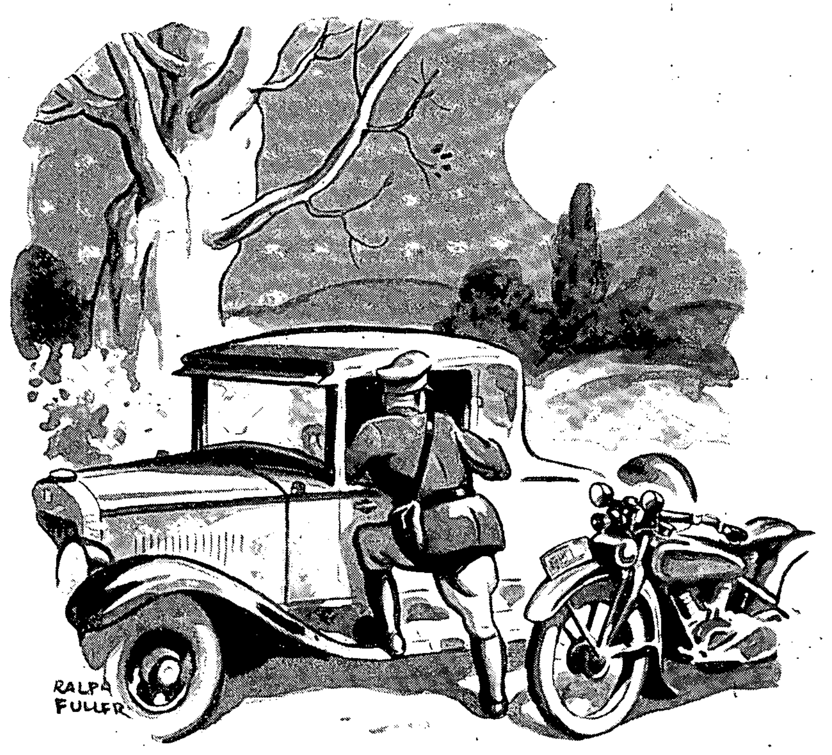
"Aye, aye, sir."

MALCOLMSON put in a word of warning: "Grandma Chandler is on shore patrol, so Doc had better keep those busted heads out of sight." He grinned in comradely fashion at Brooks, said to me: "Glad to have met you, Branscome. Come and see us any time," and followed Jorgis aft.

I could see that Brooks was anxious to be about the delicate business of getting the Iloilo's hell-raisers back to the ship. So I shoved off, after arranging to meet him at the Astor Hotel next week-end, a matter of two days away.

I meant to work on Brooks some more. I knew he still loved Evelyn.

(Continued on page 40)



Cop: "D'you folks mind if I listen to your radio a while?"

Ralph Fuller

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LETTUCE HAS IT!
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RICE FLAKES
PREPARED WITH PURE RICE CELLULOSE
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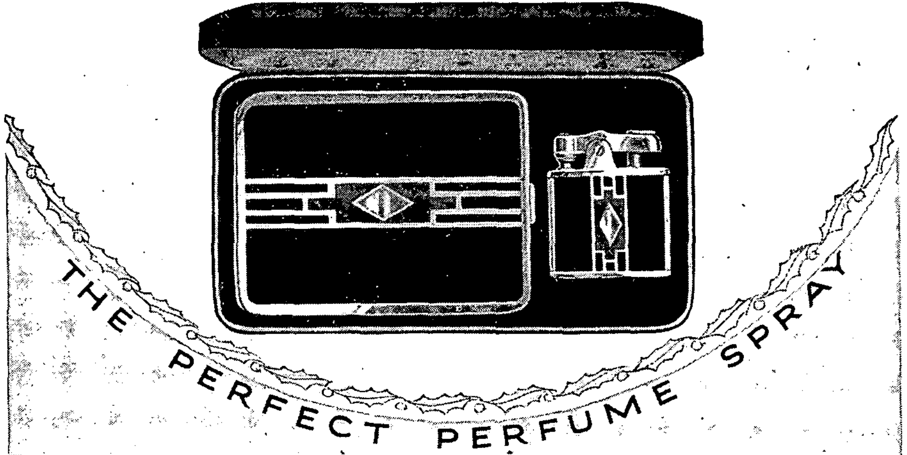

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(*Continued from page 39*)

But he was under the thrall of Jorgis and Malcolmson and that strong loyalty of the Iloilo. He was trying to judge Evelyn as a China sailor would. She had made a fool of him once; ergo, she would do it again. Women were the bunk. Comradeship was all that mattered—man-to-man stuff. Oh, they had done a thorough job of indoctrinating Brooks.

Well, the Old Doctor had taken on a tough case. Both patients, it soon appeared, were determined to create complications.

Little Evelyn, instead of taking my advice about sticking close to Aunt Margaret, had stepped into Shanghai society. Her visit to the Little Club had been just a starter.

SATURDAY afternoon, Brooks and I went out to the Columbia Country Club for some tennis and a swim. And who do you suppose was the life of a very gay party at the pool? Right!

She saw us before we saw her. I didn't have a chance to sidetrack Brooks.

Evelyn marched right over. She was wearing one of these Gunga Din bathing suits and the blush a girl acquires from two or three cocktails.

"Ah . . . the good old Navy!" she said.

Brooks said: "Oh, hullo, Evelyn. How's the girl?"

I said, with an imploring glance at Evelyn, "Ten dollars I beat you to the other end of the pool."

She said: "Oh, don't run away. I'm harmless. Aren't I, Brooks? Perfectly harmless."

"I wouldn't say that," said Brooks.

"Oh, yes I am. Perfectly harmless. The Navy is safe with me. I wouldn't distract a sailor from his duty for anything. Eh, Brooksy?"

Some of the Country Club boys and girls dragged her away from us. A husky lad with a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache threw her into the pool.

"I'm leaving," said Brooks.

Riding back to town, I said: "She was putting that on, Brooks. The kid has her pride. She can't go into mourning, you know."

"Did you say pride?" He laughed, but he didn't think it was funny.

I'll say this for little Evelyn. Whether she was out to make Brooks jealous, or to forget him, or merely to show she didn't care, she was determined to make a thorough job of it.

During the next three weeks, she did her best to paint old Shanghai red. I saw her at the French Club with some two-striper from the Memphis. I saw her at the Majestic Hotel, being squired by a wealthy American oil man, and making herself conspicuous on a high tier of the dining-room. Shag Townsend told me he ran across her at the Palais de Dance, one of the Russky joints. Shag said she was with a playboy named Shires, a hanger-on of the British set and possessing none too savory a reputation. Shag was incensed.

"She's making herself the talk of the town," he said. "I think it's up to Brooks to put a stop to it."

But Brooks had gone upriver on the Iloilo.

One day, shortly after my talk with Shag, I got a note from Evelyn's Aunt Margaret. She asked me to meet her the next day at the Majestic for luncheon.

Phew! Was Aunt Margaret worried!

"I'm at my wit's end about Evelyn," she told me, tearfully. "She has been making engagements with men nobody seems to know. She has been going to places no lady is ever seen in, and the latest man is some Spaniard or Italian named Guitterez. Do you know anything about him?"

I did, but I didn't tell Aunt Margaret so. Guitterez was an Argentine exporter—and a thorough-going rotter. He had managed to horn into military and naval circles by means of sheer gall and several million dollars—a combination that works in Shanghai even better than at home.

"Why don't you take Evelyn back to the States?" I inquired. I was fed up with matchmaking by this time and very much alarmed over Evelyn's behavior.

Aunt Margaret clucked dolefully.

"She won't go home. Her father has sent her three cables demanding that she return. He has threatened to cancel her letter of credit. But what good would that do? I couldn't leave the child penniless in this awful hole."

Well, I told Aunt Margaret not to worry. I told her to leave it to the Old Doctor. Aunt Margaret departed, shaking her head. She didn't have much confidence in the Old Doctor.

Neither did I. But I went frantically through the motions of trying to see Evelyn.

I got the frosty voice and "Oh, I'm dated for weeks and weeks, Georgie dear."

It was my last chance and I knew it. I guessed that Guitterez would be dragging her to a big shindig the Kiangwan Country Club was putting on. I wangled a bid and stagged it.

Sure enough, Señor Guitterez was there with little Evelyn. She looked like a million dollars tied in the middle with a pink sash. Señor Guitterez was strutting. Quite a lad, the Señor. He looked to me like a forty-year-old gigolo with jaundice, but I suppose there were plenty of women who thought him a dashing fellow.

I waited until Guitterez left her in a corner of the dance pavilion to find more cocktails. Then I grabbed her arm and dragged her out onto a terrace.

"Listen here, sister," I said. "The shenanigans have gone far enough. If you haven't sense enough to realize what you're doing I'm going to forget I'm supposed to be a gentleman and tell you!" And I told her. I told her plenty. It didn't get across.

She jerked away, gave me the icy stare and said:

"I'm free, white and twenty-one. Good night!"

So that was that, wasn't it?

SHAG TOWNSEND had me over to dinner on the Houston several days later. And he handed me quite a bright line of chatter. It went like this: "The Old Guard is turning thumbs down on Evelyn. Pete Landrue wanted to drag her to a British dinner party and he was informed delicately that they'd rather not entertain Miss Lathrop. I understand Guitterez has been bragging. He ought to be thrashed."

"Whoa there," I said; "there's a general court in that, you know."

"Something is going to happen to that Spig pretty soon," he said, darkly.

Something did.

A messboy woke me out of a sound sleep one Saturday morning. He had a note and the message: "Commandair McKlinnon say wake you. Velly important." I opened the note:

Dear Mr. Branscome:

I should like to see you in my quarters at once. If that is impossible please tell our messenger and I will come over.

Sincerely,
Ray Jorgis,
Lieut. Commander.

I went right over to the Iloilo with the messenger's dory. Lieutenant Malcolmson was waiting for me at the gangway. His face was grave.

"What's happened? Brooks . . . is he . . ."

"He's all right," was the answer. "The captain is waiting for you."

Jorgis met me at the door of his cabin. He closed it behind us. He, too, looked very serious.

"Sit down, Lieutenant." Then, "Our friend Bennett is in a bit of a jam. Thrashed a civilian last night in a card room at the Shanghai Club."

"Was it Guitterez, sir?"

The skipper consulted a report on his desk.

"Yes. That's the man." He grimaced. "Oh, it's a mess. Guitterez had been shooting off his mouth about a certain young lady. One of those bright lads on the Houston carried the tale to Bennett. Now—"

"Can't it be hushed up, sir? I know the girl well. Brooks was entirely justified. It seems to me—"

Jorgis grunted.

"That part of it is hushed now. All *the others in the room were gentlemen.* But this Spig challenged Bennett to a duel."

I BLINKED. Then I remembered that this was China and that Argentines were Argentines.

"But surely Brooks wasn't foolish enough to accept? Didn't he laugh it off?"

Jorgis eyed me coldly.

"There were officers from other navies present, Mr. Branscome," he said. "Bennett reports that he did try to laugh it off, but when the Señor insisted—well, what would you have done, sir?"

"But—but the regs—"

"Forget 'em! Bennett named sabers," his voice rasped. "On this ship we don't back down for Spigs or anyone else." Then, with a shrug: "Of course, there's to be no fool dueling nonsense. We intend to take care of that in our own way." He looked at the report again. "Bennett is in his room . . . 314 . . . Astor Hotel. I have ordered him to stay there. If you could—"

"I'll get shore leave and go right over," I said. "When is this duel to be fought?"

Jorgis stood up.

"Tonight. At a warehouse in Chapei." He smiled, grimly. "But we'll take care of that."

"It's mighty fine of you, sir," I said. "I don't see how you're going to manage it, but if you do you'll be saving a good officer."

The skipper of the Iloilo spat tobacco juice.

"A damn' good officer!" he said.

For all Jorgis' confidence, I was feeling very low as I left the Iloilo. I couldn't see how Brooks was going to get out of this jam without losing his commission. He was a fighting fool with a saber and he'd carve Guitterez thoroughly. Jorgis declared he was going to stop the duel. But how?

"Dear, sweet little Evelyn," I said to myself . . . well, not exactly that, either.

I found Brooks pacing the floor of his hotel room in a murderous rage.

"Your skipper sent me over to tell you to cool off and let him handle this," was my opener.

Brooks glared.

"I should have killed Guitterez," he said. "I will tonight."

I sat on the edge of the bed and let him work off steam. Finally he blurted: "Oh, I know you think I've acted like a fool. It's that girl. Knew she was going to be poison to me. Tried to forget her. Not a chance. Had her on my mind all the time. Worried about her. Even if she didn't care anything . . . why . . . well, if a girl's got you, she's got you." Then, gloomily, "I'm in for it, now—and I don't care. That's how far gone I am. Funny, isn't it?"

It was my cue to say, "Aha, so you do love her. And she loves you. So that makes everything lovely." But I didn't. I was fed up with the Evelyn. Brooks was right. She had been poison to him. She was going to cost him his career and possibly a worse jam with the law.

"See here, Brooks," I said, "no girl is worth this. Certainly no girl who deliberately places her reputation in jeopardy has any right to—"

"I'm for Evelyn. Always will be. Pipe down."

There was a knock on the door.

Miss Evelyn Lathrop calling.

She pushed past me without so much as a how-de-do and faced Brooks.

"Shag says you're going to fight a duel with Carlos?"

"Shag talks too much."

Her voice was unsteady; she seemed tremendously excited.

"Don't be such a s-sap!" she burst out. "Carlos told the truth. And if it's the truth, what's all the row about?"

Brooks looked at her steadily.

"I don't believe it, Evelyn," he said.

She broke into hysteria.

"It's the truth . . . you—you big dumb-bell. You've got to believe it. You've *got* to, you've *got* to! If this g-gets out they'll take your commission away. Don't you realize that?" She turned imploringly to me. "You believe it, don't you, Georgie? You tell him what—will happen—if—"

Brooks walked over. He grabbed Evelyn by the shoulders and swung her around. Then, after looking at her a *moment, he quite deliberately put his* arms around her and started kissing her on the face.

At this point, things got rather incoherent. The Old Doctor gave close attention only long enough to hear Evelyn say oh, she did love him so much and he wouldn't fight that unspeakable Guitterez, would he? And to hear Brooks say he loved her too and of course he had to fight Guitterez, but she mustn't worry. Thereupon, the Old Doctor tottered into the hall. . . .

BUT Brooks didn't fight Guitterez. I quote from next morning's North China Daily News:

EXPORTER HOME AFTER
MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
REFUSES TO DISCUSS AFFAIR

Five hours after friends reported the apparent abduction of Señor Carlos Guitterez, wealthy exporter, he was found wandering in a dazed condition along the Bund at an early hour this morning.

Shortly before ten o'clock last evening Señor Ramon Estrada reported to police that a band of waterfront ruffians had set upon Señor Guitterez and himself near the Ling Chi warehouse in Chapei, and after a struggle had carried Señor Guitterez away.

Constable R. Rama reported to his superiors that when found Señor Guitterez showed the marks of extremely rough handling and seemed terrified lest his assailants return to do him further injury. He refused to discuss the incident and asked that the matter be dropped.

And on a bulletin board at the Shanghai Club that same morning, appeared the following letter:

> *Señor Carlos Guitterez deeply regrets his conduct of Friday evening, and extends his apologies to Lieutenant Brooks Bennett. His remarks on the occasion were utterly without foundation in fact, and Lieutenant Bennett acted as any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. The Señor's challenge is, of course, withdrawn.*
>
> (*Signed*) *Carlos Guitterez.*

Hurray for the Iloilo! Aside from the Borie, she's the best damn' ship in the service.

"I don't mind your bristles Rex"

"MAYBE you're lucky, Rex boy. *Your* whiskers are cute, so you never need to shave. But there's a big difference between bristles on a dog and bristles on a man. I'm sure neglectful men would shave more often and more carefully if they knew how repulsive stubble is to most girls."

• • •

Most men, we feel, *do* realize that a growth of stubble, however slight, is repulsive to women. In the past men could possibly be excused for neglect. Today Gillette offers a splendid new blade that removes the beard cleanly, entirely without discomfort.

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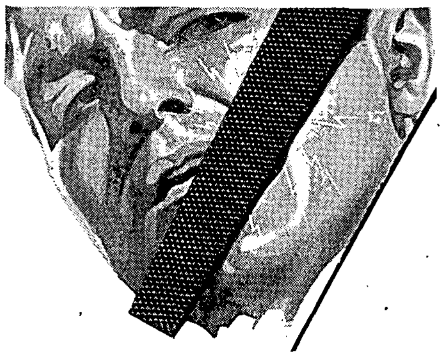

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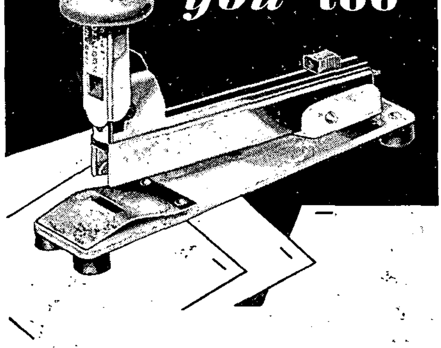

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Home Grounds

Continued from page 28

may have inspired it. One after another of the most prominent bond and exporting houses adopted the coffee hour.

In 1930 we utilized some thirty-nine million pounds more than during the preceding twelve months. Some students of social conditions suggest that the great financial recession has abetted the coffee-drinking habit.

That coffee contains enormous stimulating qualities there is no question. The superintendent of one of New York's largest hospitals tells me that it is quite customary to administer fresh, strong, hot coffee to patients before and after serious operations, in order to overcome excitement and shock. And that it is a stimulant not only without harm to normal persons but with distinctly beneficial effects is claimed by such an authority as Dr. John A. Killian of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, who says, "The aromatic volatile substances in fresh coffee stimulate gastric secretion and aid digestion." And Professor Samuel C. Prescott of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after years of scientific research, declares that "coffee as a beverage, properly prepared and rightly used, augments mental and physical activity and may be regarded as the servant rather than the destroyer of civilization."

A Pot of Boiling Tar

Mr. Berent Friele, president of The American Coffee Corporation, the world's largest buyer of the product, says, "The American public, although it consumes the bulk of the world's supply, is generally unaware of how to make a satisfactory cup of coffee."

The fame of that region that hugs the Mississippi where it pours into the Gulf is celebrated in song and story as much for its coffee as for its food and romance. One inspired convivial recently declared he could "gauge the distance from New Orleans by the taste of the coffee."

"French drip," they call it. But in New Orleans, coffee is often adulterated, mixed with chicory, "the roasted root of a common perennial with a blue flower, the leaves of which may be used for salads as well."

As far back as the eighties, The Caterer and Household Magazine of Philadelphia set forth the formula for French coffee: "Procure a pot and biggin. Put the ground coffee into the biggin, press it down tightly with the stamper attached and pour boiling water over it until it bubbles up through the upper strainer; put on the lid until the water has filtered through the coffee, then fill up again with more boiling water until you have the desired quantity. This plan retains the aroma and flavor to some extent. Allow a quarter of a pound of coffee to one quart of water."

And so it goes, with variations, in Louisiana until this day, and among those who have dwelt for ever so brief a period in that fabulous section.

This coffee, however, does not find great popularity except among those living or sojourning in and around the classic city. At the same time, coffee as made in the "hot countries" is beginning to have a vogue among us—the coffee of the Caribbean and of South America.

Central American coffee is very potent but soon becomes unusually palatable. I recall an engineer friend who said to me our first morning in San Salvador, "Did they bring you the breakfast they brought me—a pot of boiling tar and a pitcher of sizzing goat's milk?"

In Salvador they serve *essencia*, the essence of coffee, the concentrated substance of the pulverized beans. You pour three or four spoonfuls of the essence into the cup, fill up the cup with hot milk, and still your coffee is strong enough to walk out of the room. But, as one expatriated American says, "Once broken to it, you find its flavor is delicious."

The coffee grown in the high altitudes of Colombia has a happy flavor and much of it comes to this country for blending purposes.

Blending coffee is an interesting process. Because of variations in soil, altitude, care in curing and other conditions, coffee differs greatly in flavor and quality. The beans from one section or plantation may have, say, a rank acidic flavor, while those from another may have a soft, sweetish flavor. Among the experts there are three general terms denoting quality of the beans—"hard," "soft" and "mild."

Brazil produces most of the "hard" and "soft" flavors and the other Latin American regions, particularly Colombia, the "mild." Because of these variations and the necessity for conformity in brands most coffees sold in the United States are a mixture of many growths, the exact proportions of each having been determined by careful experiment upon the part of experts.

In one American buyer's warehouse in Brazil I saw them mixing twelve different crops, the proportions of each scientifically determined, so that the result might be a coffee with "just the right taste and body," to repeat the words of the manager.

I think the most delicious coffee I have ever drunk in the United States was made of Colombian beans. It was in the dead of winter and I had gone from Boston to a small town upstate to spend the week-end. Missing a train, I finally arrived in a horse-drawn carriage, chilled to the bone. I went to bed to thaw. They sent up a pot of coffee. As I drank it, my tongue fairly tingled with delight. The aroma lingered.

Roasting and Brewing

"Still, anything would taste like nectar under the circumstances," I thought. But next day it tasted the same and I spoke to my hostess about it.

"This coffee is bought in the green beans just as it comes from Colombia," she said. "I put it in small sacks and hang it up to air for a year in a dry pantry. At the end of a year I begin to use it. I roast it slowly, in small quantities as used, until the beans are a deep brown. Then I grind them fine, pour freshly boiled water through the grounds and serve at once."

The long period of drying contributed to the delightful delicacy of that coffee. Coffee stored in a perfectly dry place and kept free of insects will, like wine, improve with age.

Blending is important, age is desirable, but proper roasting and brewing are essential in a cup of good coffee. Out on the cool shores of the Atlantic, miles from the humid oven of downtown Santos, is the home of an American who was fortunate enough to marry a lovely Brazilian wife. It was here I learned the magic of coffee-making in the country where we get three fourths of our entire supply.

"The coffee bean is a delicate thing," she told me. "It is a mass of tiny cells that contain oils and chemicals. You roast it slowly in an oven until it is very black-brown. Then you break it, grind it into a powder, so as to expose completely all the precious qualities.

"Do you see why it is necessary to use the coffee at once after it is roasted? Coffee is roasted in my house every morning, a day's supply at a time. This is done in almost every Brazilian household, too. Because when the cells are burst the delicate chemicals begin to evaporate."

A nation of apartment dwellers may be excused if they frown upon this home-roasting idea, although the intricate details that accompany the home-brewing of other liquids do not seem burdensome. The principal coffee agencies deserve congratulation just here. Not only have they devised efficient and satisfactory systems of roasting, but they have recently embarked upon plans of distribution that make it possible for the public to get fairly fresh roasts.

Made in Brazil

"The brewing is a simple process," my Brazilian instructor went on. "Fancy metal pots are not necessary. They usually spoil your coffee. And coffee must never be boiled. Put your coffee into a heavy cotton-flannel bag, then pour through it water that has been brought to a fresh, furious boil, and removed from the fire for a moment for the boiling to subside—but only for a moment. Then serve it at once.

"The coffee bags should be spotless, and never used the second time until boiled and washed white. The heavy cloth absorbs the unfavorable qualities. The dark stain you want to eliminate. Like good wine or champagne, good coffee is the result of eliminating all dregs and impurities."

"Brewing is a simple process," she had said. It is, but there are fundamentals not to be overlooked, and they are not overlooked in her country.

Memory travels back to the coffee served me one early morning at a humble cubby-hole café near the railroad station at Arraraquara in the far interior of Brazil.

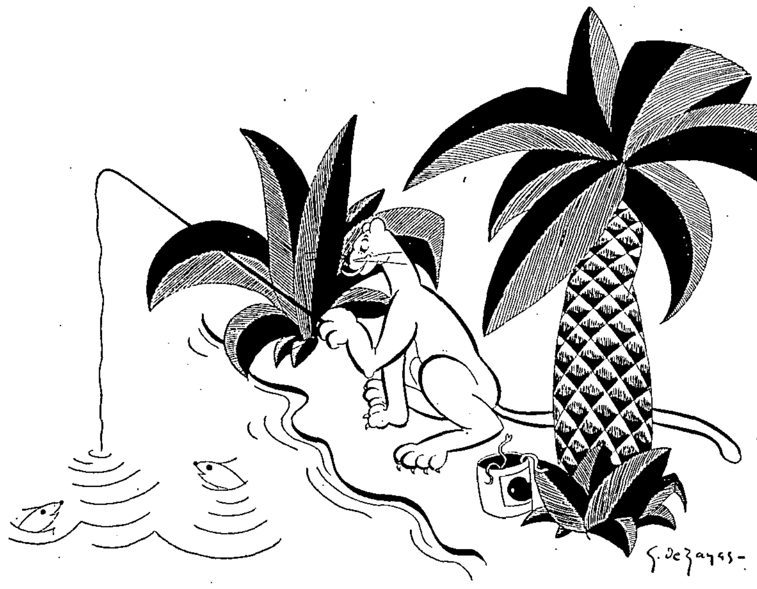
There was a faint flicker of dawn on the horizon. The air was heavy, almost dripping with fog, and the damp of the high plateau raised goose flesh on my skin. Across the way a lone oil lamp threw a few dull rays through a tiny window, inviting the sleepy traveler.

"Café, Senhor?" the aged proprietor asked.

"Muy obligado, Senhor."

And he began immediately the ceremony of preparing drink for the stranger. And it was a ceremony. He put the black-brown powdered coffee into a snow-white bag, the top of which was sewn to a wire ring. Fitting the bag into the crude tin coffeepot, he poured the boiling water through it, a little at a time, allowing it to seep gradually. He put three heaping teaspoonfuls of native coarse-grained sugar into a large cup; then, the coffeepot in one hand, a pot of hot milk in the other, poured them fifty-fifty into the sugar.

Three cups I had, lapping them as thoroughly as possible. Each cup was made to order, too. No brewing a potful and allowing it to stand; no warmed-over, no second-hand, no kept coffee. Here coffee-making is a serious matter. A little time, no rush, no boiling, no percolating, no splashing of hot water into a pot of grounds, but slow, gradual seeping, then served instantly.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

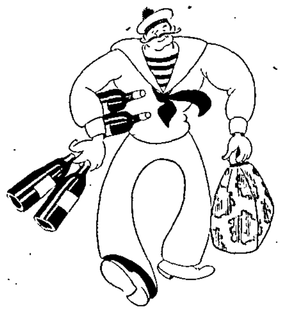
One of the little-known animals of the world is the Fishing Cat of India, a jungle beast resembling a small leopard, which crouches nightly at the edges of rivers and lakes and deftly catches its meal of fish with a swift scoop of its paw.

Every Siamese man—some time in his life—is obliged by custom to spend at least several months in one of the 10,000 monasteries of that country and practice the usual rigid abstinence and devotion.

The average age of our distinguished citizens when they are first included in Who's Who in America is 51 years.—*By C. M. Whitlow, Greeley, Colo.*

One of the most interesting sights in the world is the Cigarette Picture Exchange in Bangkok, Siam. Once a week, in a large square, hundreds of men gather to buy, sell and exchange the little pictures of movie actresses, burlesque queens and prize fighters which still come with the cigarettes sold in the Far East.

The world's most powerful microscope, recently made in Germany and now in use in New York City, is capable of magnifying very small things to 15,000 times their size.



Every sailor in the French Navy is given one and a third gallons of wine a week.

Today more than 4,000 widely varied products are made from coal tar, among which are paint and paving materials, aspirin, insecticides, aniline dyes and synthetic perfumes.

About 60 per cent of the prisoners released from American penal institutions today are let out on parole. In some states the number runs as high as 98 per cent of those released. Three states—Florida, Mississippi and Virginia—have no parole systems.

There are more statues of Buddha than of Christ in existence.

In India today, the railroads do not furnish mattresses, sheets, pillows, blankets, towels or soap. You have to bring your own, and hire and pay the fare of a porter to take care of them for you.

The Publishers' and Booksellers' Exchange of Leipzig, Germany, is today the greatest literary clearing house and book information bureau in existence. It buys and sells books for nearly every important retailer in the world.

During the past fiscal year, 86 per cent of the prohibition cases tried in Federal and state courts resulted in convictions.

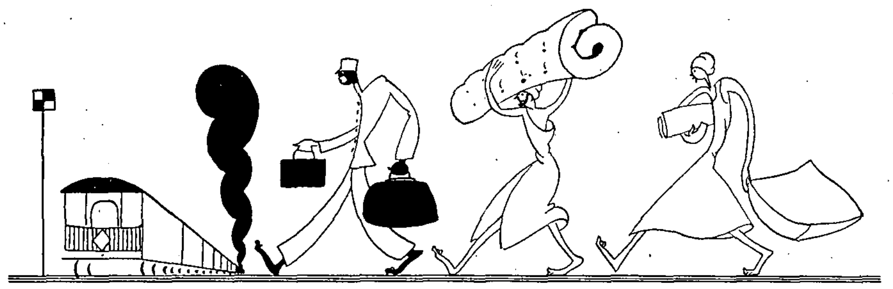
School and college classes in Soviet Russia today have to be conducted in 70 languages. —*By E. C. Miller, Chicago.*

The International List of Causes of Death, which is used by leading countries to facilitate the compilation of comparative mortality records, has exactly 200 different "standard" diseases and ways of dying.

For every 100 blind men and boys in the United States today, there are 74 blind women and girls.

New Mexico still has a number of Spanish-speaking legislators and therefore is obliged to maintain an interpreter. —*By Jewel Frazier, Kansas City, Mo.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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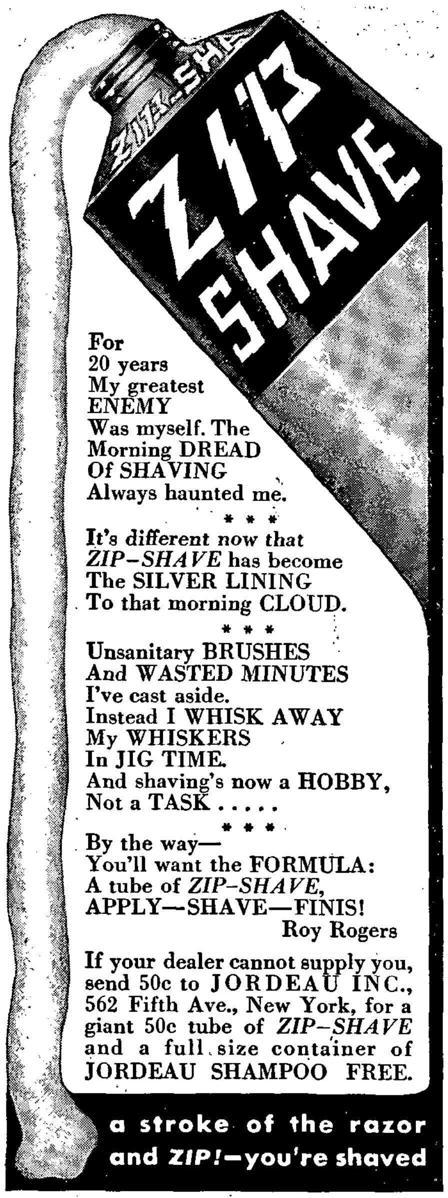

For
20 years
My greatest
ENEMY
Was myself. The
Morning DREAD
Of SHAVING
Always haunted me.

* * *

It's different now that
ZIP-SHAVE has become
The SILVER LINING
To that morning CLOUD.

* * *

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And WASTED MINUTES
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My WHISKERS
In JIG TIME.
And shaving's now a HOBBY,
Not a TASK . . . . .

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Continued from page 16

You've had your warnin'. Expect no consideration from me when we collide. Don't figure friendship will count for anything at all. It won't. If I see you again I won't call out. I'll kill you."

Linza shouted, "You everlastin' fool!"

A single gunshot burst into the night and soared along the slope. Linza's near horse winced, expelled a great gust of air and fell in his tracks. "Keep your head low, Linza!" roared Denton, and there followed a crunching of boot heels across the burn. Linza rose from the log and stared at the blank pall in front of him. Presently he heard Denton's pony struggling up the mountain trail; then the sound of that died.

HE CRAWLED to the dead horse, unfastened the gear, and afterward saddled the second animal. Rolling up his blanket roll and tying it, he mounted and waited another long interval with his ear pressed against the night breeze. Far up the side of the range a shot broke out, seeming to be both a challenge and a defiance. When he heard it, Linza went across the burn, entered the trail and began to climb.

"No consideration now," he muttered. "This is a man hunt. And if he thinks he's put me afoot he'll be a mite careless."

The trail wound interminably through the dismal reaches of the night.

Occasionally Linza paused, but never for long, and always the cold, unrelenting thoughts of the hunter plagued him, and the stealth and wariness of the hunter kept him on guard. Sometime after midnight he oriented himself on a dome atop the world, withdrew to a thicket and rolled up for a short sleep. There was the faint smell of wood smoke in the wind.

When he rose the ravines of the range below were brimful of fog that moved like sluggish lake water. Kindling a cautious fire, he boiled coffee and considered it a breakfast.

The strategic importance of his location became more apparent when, after a chill and dismal two hours of waiting, the fog dissipated before sunlight coming across the range in flashing banners that outlined all the rugged angles of the hills boldly. From his station he looked away to lesser ridge tops, to sprawling glens, to the various trails and their intersections; and it was while his patient glance ran from one trail to another that a movement in a corner of his vision caused him to swing slightly and catch sight of a solitary rider slipping from the trees, momentarily pausing in full sight, and disappearing again. He was gone before Linza could get his glasses focussed.

Linza lost no time in mounting and running down the slope of the knob he had been posted on—unavoidably exposing himself as he did so. He reached the still dew-damp shelter of the lower pines, struck a runway fresh with the mark of deer tracks and the plantigrade print of bear, and followed it faithfully until he presently arrived at a division point. One fork led descendingly to that crossing where he had seen the man; the other continued along the spine of the ridge.

Wishing to keep his tactical advantage, Linza accepted the latter way and fought through a stiffly resisting accumulation of brush before coming to a fairer path. Traveling faster and all the while sharply watching for the unexpected, he reached, about twenty minutes later, the junction point of his route and another laboring up from the depths of a canyon; and he barely had time to sink into the sheltering brush when the man he was stalking came into sight along the lower trail. Linza cursed silently. It was not Denton.

"Mistake," he muttered. "And could have been damned near fatal to me. Am I bein' towed around the landscape for Will to find?"

The thought stiffened him. He retreated deeper into the brush, scanning one narrow vista and another. Meanwhile the rider came out of the canyon, cut across Linza's vision and disappeared, to reappear momentarily between two great pines at another quarter of the forest.

"Something in that," thought Linza, the hunter's instinct beginning to flow hotter in him. He hauled himself around until he discovered a way of bearing down in the direction of the man. Five minutes later, though hardly more than four hundred feet in distance, the trees ran out upon another meadow. There was a cabin built against a rocky bluff in front of which the rider was then dismounting. Smoke curled from a chimney, but other than that it seemed innocent of trouble. Linza dropped from his horse and crawled to a better vantage point.

The man had left his horse standing beside the cabin, reins down and saddle on. Meanwhile he had slouched forward to a patch of sunshine. Squatting there on his heels, he tapered off a cigarette, lit it and seemed to warm himself leisurely. But at every third or fourth drag of smoke his head made a swift half circle, snapped around and made another.

A moment later, in defiance to his attitude of indolence, the man rose abruptly and strode for an ax standing beside a chopping block. Lifting it, he brought it down, one stroke after another, in rhythmic attacks that sent long ringing waves of sound through the still air. Linza swore to himself, hitched his body a little more forward and turned his glance to that corner of the meadow where the trail entered.

"Something in that," he muttered.

DOWN the trail was the softly indistinct "clop-clop" of a horse approaching at the canter. The ax strokes ceased and then Will Denton, riding light and alert and casting a continually revolving inspection to all sides, came into view.

Linza stood up behind a tree, the blue eyes assuming a narrower shape. That tolerant face had gone almost dry of emotion. The lips were thin to the point of being bloodless, the lines running down from either corner lay deep as if slashed by a knife. Lifting his gun and holding the snout of it in his free palm a moment, he stared at the nearing fugitive. "I shall give him the chance he would have given me," he whispered, and stepped from the trees directly in front of Denton.

"Throw up your hands, Will!"

Denton's body seemed to spring up from the saddle, every muscle turning and twisting. The sun flashed in his eyes, the jerk of his head loosened his hat and it fell off to let a mane of sorrel hair shake loosely around his temples. Still in motion, his arm dropped, ripped the holstered gun upward and outward. Henry Linza raised his own weapon, took a cool aim at the chest broadly presented to him and fired once. Denton flinched back, sagged and fell from the saddle. There was no farewell; turning from the momentum of his fall, he stared sightlessly at the sky.

The man at the cabin let out a great cry. Linza wheeled to see him running forward in great stumbling strides and the sheriff's metal words sheared through the space. "Drop your gun right there!"

THE man halted, cast his gun from him and came on, still cursing. Linza walked forward to the dead Will Denton and stared down. The outlaw's face, streaked with dirt and covered with a stubbled beard, looked up with still a measure of that hot passion and that wild lawlessness that had been his at the moment of surprise. Linza's head fell lower and the figure of his one-time friend grew blurred.

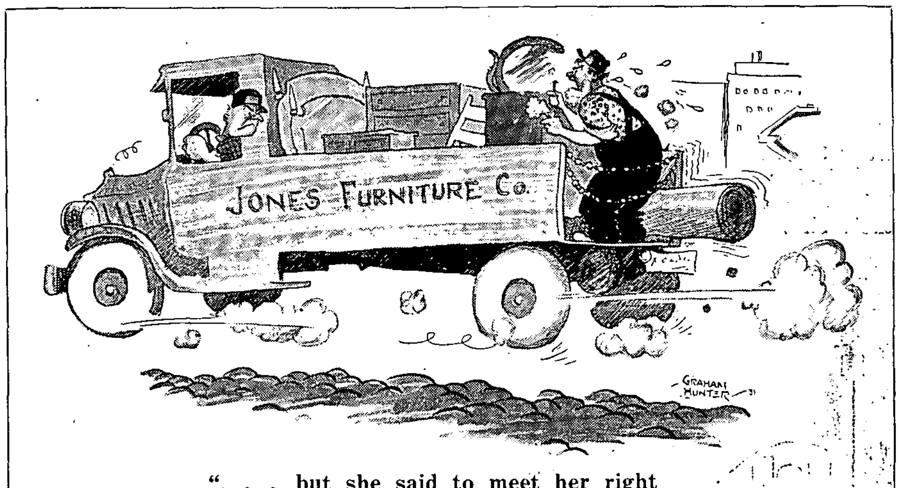
"So there's the difference between his kind and mine," said Linza, trying to keep his voice clear. "He's dead—I'm alive."

The other man ran up, halted there. "He mistook the signal! I meant for him to keep away! I wasn't satisfied at all! I had a hunch something was wrong! But he got the signal twisted and come on in! Damn you, Linza!"

"No matter," grunted Linza. "Now or later—this is the end he was bound to meet. It was in the book. But it's hard to see him lyin' there."

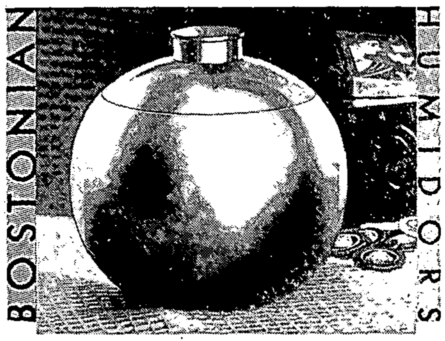
"Yeah?" snarled the man. "Still yuh hounded him across the land and got him. It wasn't too hard to do that!"

Henry Linza's jaw came out to make him again seem as if he were biting into something. "You bet not. I will not lie and I won't dodge. Not for him or any other lawbreaker, even down to my own brother. And that goes as long as I carry this star. Go back there and get your horse. I am takin' him to Bonita for a Christian burial—as he would have done with me had he carried the star."



"... but she said to meet her right after work, Frank—and you know Mame!"

Graham Hunter



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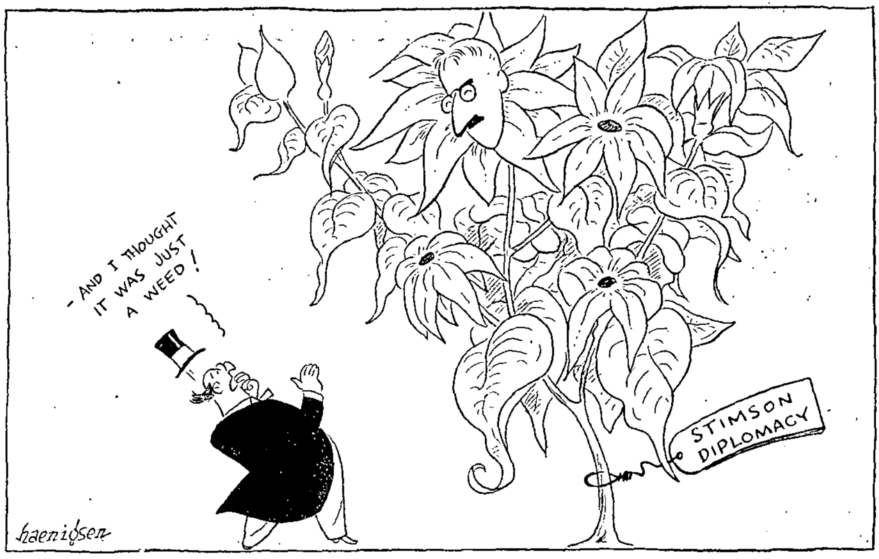

Rough Diamond

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

SECRETARY of State Stimson has grown in reputation since the Manchurian crisis began. Washington has had to revise its opinion of him.

Up to that time he was referred to lightly as "Wrong Horse Harry" because he had acted precipitately on inadequate information in the earlier Manchurian crisis between China and Russia and because, again on inadequate information, he had taken the side of a South American government just as it was about to fall. On the whole he seemed rather slow-witted, somewhat awkward in speech and not by nature a diplomat. He was obviously not a well-oiled, smooth-running human machine. He was nervous and rather easily disconcerted.

But now one sees the good qualities that go along with these imperfections. Along with his lack of facility there go, as often happens, a rugged honesty and a deep sincerity. He has moral earnestness and not the mere appearance of moral earnestness, such as a glibber man might assume.

His excellences are not on the surface. It took some time for Washington to discover them. When he came here people wondered how it happened that Root and Taft and Hughes had all recommended him for Secretary of State. But now it seems probable that they knew the real virtues of the man which were hidden behind an inability to express them.

Frankness Is Disarming

Mr. Stimson is the most intellectually honest man there has been in Washington in many years. He is never under the slightest temptation to do anything slick or smart. That is why, probably, he seems slow and a little clumsy.

The polished young men of the State Department who have schooled themselves in the ways of conventional diplomacy sniff at him. To them he is only another example of what is to be expected from placing our foreign relations in the hands of a man who has not the advantage of belonging to the diplomatic corps. But he has conscience and courage and a realistic view of the interests of the United States in its relations with its neighbors.

Like most men of his kind, Secretary Stimson has a pretty good sense of the power that lies in frank, honest and open dealing with other men.

One story about him is characteristic. In the Paris negotiations which preceded the London conference on German short-term credits, he felt the necessity of establishing frank and friendly relations with the French. So he went alone to see Premier Laval. M. Laval speaks no English. And Mr. Stimson speaks French only to a limited extent. He took with him no interpreter, giving the French Premier the advantage of facility in the language which was to be spoken. That act itself established confidence, for every advantage, of course, was with the man who was speaking his native tongue.

Breaking the Diplomatic Ice

M. Laval called in one of his own interpreters and the conversation moved more swiftly. An interpreter at first would have been a bar between the two men, but Mr. Stimson's willingness to talk to the Frenchman in a language of which the Secretary had not sufficient command to use words to conceal his thought established confidence. The act was instinctive with Mr. Stimson. It is not natural for him to deal with people at arm's length.

His recent approach to the press was similar. For a long time he had felt that relations between himself and the correspondents were not satisfactory. So he called together a selected group of correspondents and began to talk to them with great frankness about pending international problems. No one could listen to him for five minutes without realizing that he was not trying to put something over. He indulges in no propaganda. He merely feels that a reasonable publicity with regard to international relations is necessary in a democratic government.

A vainer and less courageous man would not have followed the course he did when trouble broke out between Japan and China over Manchuria. Not only did precedent point to this country's acting independently of the rest of the world and assuming the lead in calling Japan to account, but also there was personal publicity to be got from pursuing the practice of recent Secretaries of State.

But Mr. Stimson chose a more self-effacing course and one likely, at least, to be more effective while not involving this country directly in the Far Eastern imbroglio. Probably inspired, he chose the League of Nations to take the lead in endeavoring to preserve peace in the Orient. This was a bold thing to do in view of the traditional attitude of the Republican party toward the League.

And he has probably established a new American policy in the Far East which avoids the awkward necessity of always confronting Japan and Russia in Manchuria, that certain breeding ground of the next great war.

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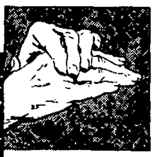

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Ancient Romans of the U.S.A.

Continued from page 17

what the United States prides itself on being—the melting pot of nationalities. People from almost every known land went to seek their fortunes in Rome, as they now come to America, and Roman citizenship had to be widely extended.

Then again, the Romans were the richest people in the world. "With us," said Juvenal, "it is wealth that is worshiped." Millionaires sprang up in Rome's midst just as they do in America—or, rather, just as they did before the nation decided to enjoy a spell of depression; and I may mention in that connection that the great financial crash in Rome in 33 A. D. closed as many banks and businesses and humbled as many rich men as the depression here has done, but there was a speedy recovery.

When Night Clubs Were Bold

Nobody in politics thought himself rich unless he could finance his party out of his own pocket and pay for the votes which supported his cause. It is true that there are millionaires in all countries, and that even impoverished Europe today has a few; but the staggering fortunes of individual Americans are alone able to compare with those of the wealthy Romans.

American millionaires have the habit of erecting public buildings at their own expense, which is a characteristic not shared to any great extent with the millionaires of Europe, but is curiously like that of the Romans. The Pantheon, for instance, was built at the private expense of a gentleman named Agrippa; and the church built by a gentleman named Rockefeller on Riverside Drive, New York, affords a close parallel to it. Pompey the Great built a huge theater for the Roman people with his own money; and in this connection one thinks at once of Mr. Carnegie, as also one does on reading that Julius Cæsar had quite a mania for providing the populace with free libraries.

And how those Roman millionaires collected paintings, statues and antiques! They were not often very cultured men, but they were most anxious to be thought so; and it was considered extremely smart to possess ancient Greek works of art, old books and manuscripts, old tapestries and that sort of thing. They said their wives liked to have them.

They spent fortunes, too, on their town houses and their homes in the country. Everybody of any standing had to have a house at Baiæ on the Bay of Naples, which was the fashionable seaside resort; and the social life there was so exclusive and expensive that every lady in Rome obliged her husband to take her there for the season.

And the parties given by wealthy society people in ancient Rome are to be compared only with those of modern America. Tigellinus, who lived in the first century A. D., gave a party—to mention a single example—at which dinner was served on a purple-carpeted raft floating upon a small lake in a Roman park, and the guests were towed about upon it by rowboats as they feasted. On one side of the lake, booths were erected in which scantily dressed chorus girls gave exhibitions of their dancing; and much scandal was caused by the ladies and gentlemen mingling with them and joining in, so that there was no telling which were society débutantes and which were professionals, especially since the ladies of the time, either on the stage or off, had taken to dyeing their hair golden and were unsparing in their use of rouge and lipstick. Gentlemen, they said, preferred blondes, as Pliny the Elder tells us.

Night clubs were then the fashion, and in the time of the Emperor Augustus many of them were raided by the police and closed. The Romans were very partial to the cabaret idea, that is to say, supper at which the guests were grouped around a clear space wherein professional entertainers danced or sang or did their stuff, whatever it was. Even statesmen and politicians were to be found at these places, quietly drinking themselves silly; and, in fact, Marcus Antonius once had to go straight from a party of this kind to the Forum to make a morning speech before the *comitia*, or congress, and he had hardly got beyond his first sentence when he was overcome with nausea in the sight of the whole assembly.

Things happened in Rome which make one think immediately of Hollywood. Take, for example, the divorces. The gay millionaire Hortensius once asked his friend Cato for the hand of his daughter Porcia, and when Cato pointed out that Porcia was already married to somebody else, Hortensius suggested that she should be freed by divorce. Failing this, he asked Cato to divorce his own new wife, Marcia, so that he, Hortensius, might marry her; and Cato agreed to this, on condition that Hortensius would divorce her again if they did not get on. Cato acted as a sort of best man at the wedding, and later remarried Marcia. That is the kind of thing that was constantly occurring in Rome.

Then again, Roman politics were extraordinarily like those of the United States. Throughout the first century B. C., the two great political parties in Rome were the Republicans and the Democrats. The Republicans were always being attacked for their incompetence; the Democrats were endlessly being accused of corruption. There was a great scandal once because Antony, who was a Democrat, was said to have sold judgeships to dozens of his supporters; and in fact Cicero, the Republican leader, declared that he had, so to speak, pitchforked all sorts of scoundrels onto the bench, some of whom had made an open sale of justice, while one in particular had been obliged to disappear because of the mess he had got into.

From Snow to Ice Cubes

Over and over again men were "put on the spot" by their political or business enemies, and were found dead in the street or mysteriously vanished; and gang fights, not unconnected with politics, were constantly occurring. Racketeering was common; and particularly at the docks a regular tax was imposed by racketeers upon the merchandise landed from the ships.

Romans, like Americans, loved excitement; and when there was not a gang fight to interest them, or a big trial for corruption to draw a crowd, the people swarmed into the stadium or the amphitheater to watch the chariot races or the gladiatorial shows, and a successful chariot-driver or gladiator was the popular idol and, so Juvenal says, could amass a fortune greater than that of a hundred successful lawyers. These sports were highly professionalized, and huge sums were made or lost in the betting.

The Romans were mad about speed. Throughout the empire they constructed magnificent highways, and the posting stations were so well organized that a speed maniac like Julius Cæsar could

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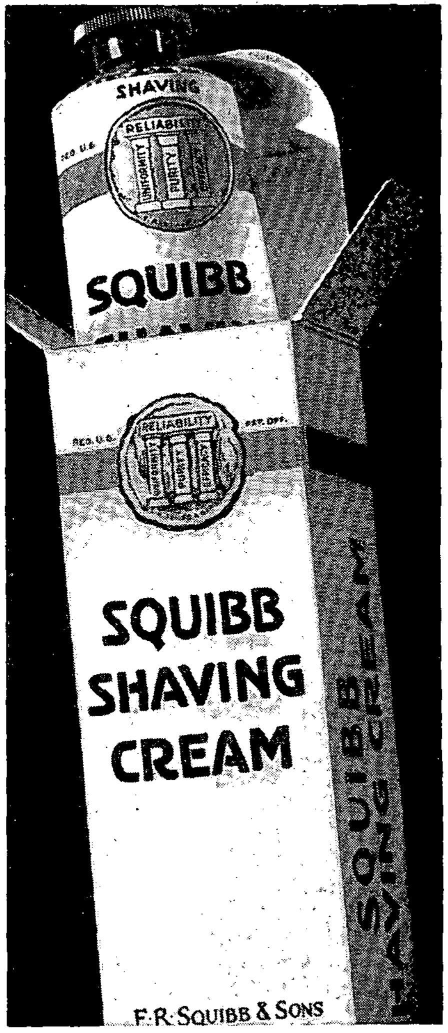

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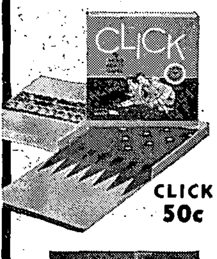

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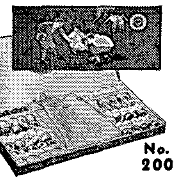

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BOYS and GIRLS—Be sure that one of these Akro Agate Games or Gift Packages is on your Christmas list. They are sold by all good Game and Gift Stores. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent Parcel Post prepaid on receipt of price.

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SHOOT STRAIGHT AKRO AGATES AS A KRO FLIES

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You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.
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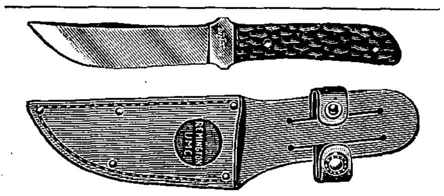

This Remington Sheath Knife

is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼-inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge, Bone Stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

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travel by carriage from one end of Europe to the other at an average rate of a hundred miles a day and could keep his secretaries busy taking down his letters in shorthand as he went along.

To turn to another subject, the Romans were, as the Americans are today, far in advance of other nations in the art of plumbing and house-heating. In regard to the former, they amazed the world by their provision of a proper water supply for the towns, and by their system of piping which brought the water to every building of any size. In all large houses the baths were magnificent, and they took pride in them and featured them, just as all good Americans do. Each house had its central heating arrangements, the heat being derived from a furnace in the cellar and conducted under the floors of the rooms and up the walls through flues. Their public baths and swimming pools for mixed bathing were famous; and their system of town drainage was the wonder of their time. They had, moreover, a truly American taste for iced water to drink; and in every rich man's house there were arrangements for the supply and preservation of loads of snow, rushed down from the mountains, to cool their drinks.

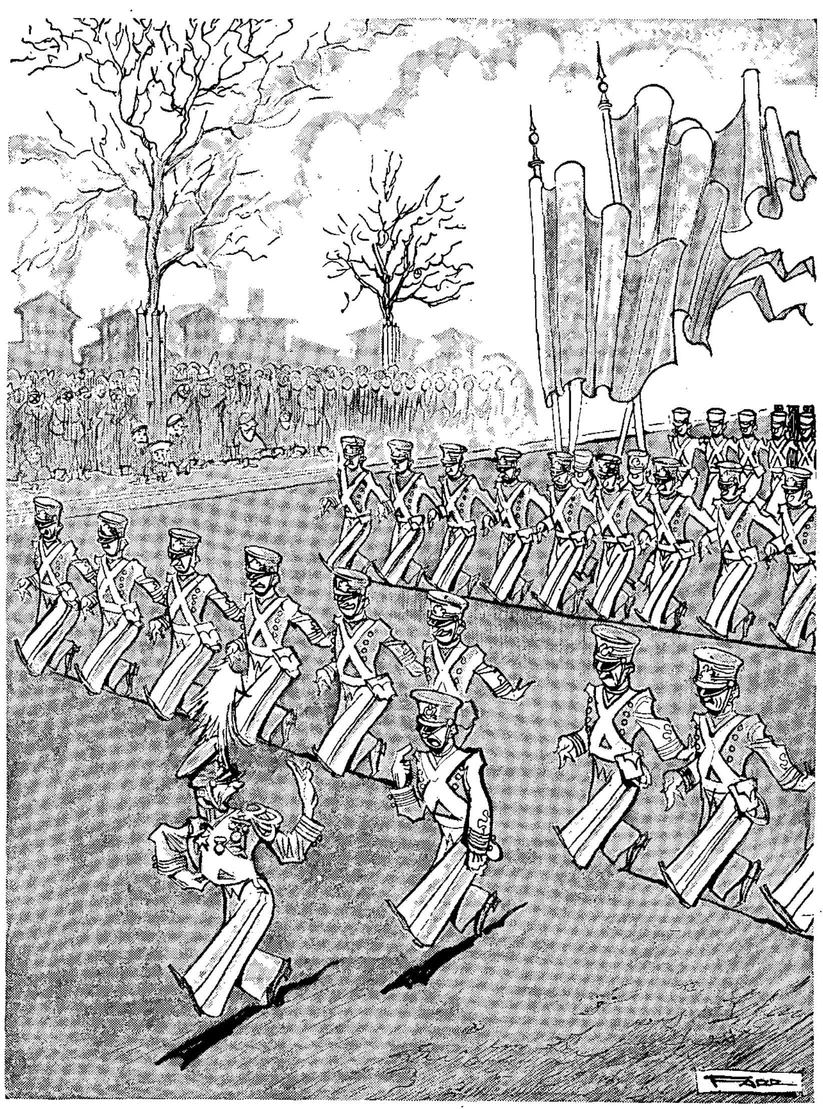
An Antiquarian's Dream

I might instance a hundred other points of resemblance, but it is not in the details so much, perhaps, as in the general spirit of the nation that ancient Rome lives again in modern America. The hustle, the getting rich quick, the love of money and its power, the desire to live in magnificence and comfort, the keenness, the energy, the excitement, the odd mixture of warm sentiment and callous disregard of human life—all these things which are considered to be characteristics of the American people in the mass were features also of life in ancient Rome.

Look at the great cities here, all planned out in blocks, with straight streets bisected at right angles: just so were the cities of the Romans. Look at the entrance halls of important buildings—the marble walls, the mosaics, the sculptured ornamentation, the tesselated floors, all so Roman in character that when I walk into my bank, or call upon my business friends, or go to church, or visit the talkies, or enter a hotel or a railroad terminal, I feel that my clothes are an anachronism and that I ought to be wearing a toga. Look also at the poverty and the squalor so close to the wealth and the magnificence; that, too, is as it was in Rome.

Well, it may be, as I say, that these resemblances provide the unconscious influence which gives me that electric thrill when I look about me sometimes in New York or Chicago or some other great American city. It may be that I recognize the spirit of ancient Rome, and my heart calls out, "Hello!" It may be.

But yet I fancy that the real cause of the thrill is the sheer magic of those architectural immensities here around me, lit up at night, or bathed in sunshine by day, or exquisitely empurpled in the twilight; for these things have no equal in the modern world, and in contemplating them the mind recalls the dreams which compose one's imaginary picture of the grandeur that was Rome. All of us do unconsciously associate the wonders of the past with the visionary splendors of legend, and modern American groups of buildings as seen at their best *are* like the unsubstantial pageant of an antiquarian's dream.



"Hey, you, get back in line; whadda ya trying to do—win the parade?"

Jack Farr

Don't LET LITTLE COUGHS GROW UP!

EVERY TIME you cough, you irritate the membranes and nerve ends of your throat. That irritation in turn makes you cough more. And those "bigger" coughs give more irritation. That's how coughs GROW.

"Check the little cough"—what a simple and wise health rule that is! Smith Brothers' Cough Drops do it quickly, pleasantly *and surely.* They soothe the throat irritation—relieve the dryness—clear up hoarseness. A cough hasn't got a chance!

ALSO USE THEM FOR

THROAT TICKLE—*which is so often the first sign of* "cold coming." *S. B.'s relieve that tickle!*

CANDY—*Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have a pure, delicious "old-fashioned" flavor. Lots of people like them as candy. Children, specially.*

AT THE "TALKIES"—*take a box with you as protection against coughs. You'll enjoy the show more. And your neighbors will thank you!*

CIGARETTE DRYNESS—*when your palate is dry as dust, when your cigarette tastes stale—then an S. B. Drop spreads refreshing coolness.*

—2 KINDS—
S. B. (BLACK) AND MENTHOL

SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK
S.B. COUGH DROPS
5¢

Put BURGESS Black & White Striped BATTERIES

BURGESS
FLASHLIGHTS
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BURGESS
UNI-CEL BATTERIES

in Your Flashlight

WHAT do you want most in a flashlight battery? First of all, you want a battery that will furnish power . . . at any moment . . . regardless of atmospheric conditions.

You want a battery that will last longer. Burgess Flashlight Batteries will last longer, for their power is guarded . . . when not in use . . . by Chrome. Chrome is a preservative, and its use in battery construction is a patented feature of Burgess Batteries.

You want a battery that will make your flashlight a better flashlight. Burgess Flashlight Batteries add more power, more dependability and more uniformity to the lighting powers of your flashlight.

These batteries offer you maximum value, service and economy...in any flashlight case. *Your* flashlight case, for example...for these batteries fit *any* flashlight case. If flashlight batteries could be candled, like eggs, you'd insist upon getting Burgess. Make no mistake about that! Demand these batteries and insist upon getting them. You'll recognize them by their black and white stripes. The Uni-Cel batteries are a dime apiece.

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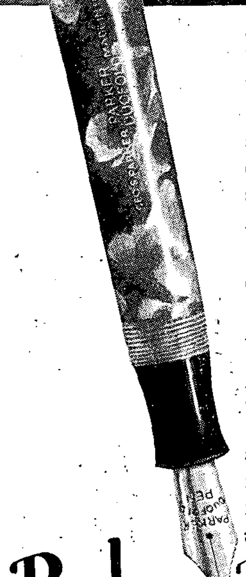
BURGESS
UNI-CEL
NO. 2

BURGESS BATTERIES

His First "Turn-Down"
—but it made him think!



No one before had ever refused him a pen; now he wondered whether many hadn't felt like it

Borrowing others' pens loses people's good-will and all that goes with it—favors, orders, position, welcome, and prestige. For many a person lends with a smile of courtesy, while secretly he knows that strange hands are apt to foul his pen point, or change its action.

Parker Duofold is the one exception. For no hand can distort this miracle point.

Parker's large-scale production now favors you in price more than ever. You'll find pens priced 50% higher with 22% to 69% less ink capacity than our Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold at $5, Guaranteed for Life.

Don't expose yourself by borrowing—or by carrying a pen you can't risk lending. You'll be money and friends ahead the sooner you get this Pressureless writing Duofold. Send your address and sample handwriting, and we'll tell you which point will most improve your penmanship; also where you can try it. Address Dept. C-2, The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker Duofold
PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ▾ $5 ▾ $7 ▾ $10
Other Parker Pens, $2.75 *to* $3.50. *Pencils to match them all,* $2.00 *to* $5.00

The Big Pink

Continued from page 23

haste to advertise the property, clubhouse and cottages for sale.

When, after two years, Dr. Rufus Frisbee visited them they were almost pathetically pleased to see him. Blithely they agreed to proposals involving immediate rental and a bright hope of eventual sale. To all practical purposes when he left the conference, Dr. Frisbee *was* the Narrow Harbor Club.

Other neurologists admitted wistfully that Dr. Frisbee knew his business. He did. It is part of a neurologist's business to understand human nature. Dr. Frisbee understood it. He had read Tom Sawyer.

No patient of Dr. Frisbee's ran any risk of being brutally informed that what ailed him was too much to drink and not enough to do. No patient of Dr. Frisbee's was insulted by the suggestion, in Dr. Frisbee's bill, that he suffered from any cheap, commonplace, fifty-dollar neurosis.

Dr. Frisbee's patients had neuroses that were rare, complex, interesting and expensive, neuroses that required that special treatment, in fact, which Dr. Frisbee himself had invented and which he described as occupational readjustment.

TO VULGAR persons, enjoying the crude health so frequently enjoyed by the uncultured, occupational readjustment might have seemed to resemble those familiar processes vulgarly described as work. In fact, however, it bore no such resemblance. There is all the difference in the world between a kitchen-maid, say, washing dishes for a wage, and a sensitive, delicate gentlewoman, performing the same operation as part of a cure for maladjusted nerves, and paying Dr. Frisbee a fee of twenty dollars an hour for it. There is every difference between a lowly person of foreign birth, coaling a furnace for pay, and a cultured gentleman, broken in health, swinging the same shovel by Dr. Frisbee's prescription, and paying, gladly, three hundred dollars a week for the privilege.

The one, admittedly, is work. The other, in its simplest form, is occupational readjustment.

To provide a summer center for these beneficent labors of his Dr. Frisbee had purchased the Narrow Harbor Club. The clubhouse itself served as his headquarters and sanitarium proper. The outlying cottages he rented, easily, to out-patients. The exclusiveness of the location added to the therapeutic value of Dr. Frisbee's treatments. His patients were more cheerful, more readily susceptible to occupational readjustment because of the fine, aristocratic aloofness which still lingered over Narrow Harbor Point.

This aloofness Dr. Frisbee and his press representative diligently fostered. There was, indeed, a general impression, on the part of that public which believes newspaper dispatches from summer resorts, that Narrow Harbor was, in some respects, more enviably exclusive than any other watering place.

In some respects, indeed, it was.

HAVING halted at the iron gateway to persuade its guardian of his right to pass, Edwin Jewett drove on across the isthmus to the wooded slope beyond, all but surrounded by the blue, bright, placid waters of the Sound. He followed Beechy's directions to a cottage that clung to a steep ledge, flanked by rock gardens.

Beekman Winship's heart turned a kind of somersault as, in one of these rock-gardens, he recognized, under a wide, drooping sun hat, Miss Wilhelmina Borden.

After a brief glance at the car, she waved her hand in greeting and came slowly down the narrow, flower-bordered path.

Winship ceased breathing. If Beechy made haste to get out, he might escape unseen, unrecognized, at least. But Beechy, innocently, lingered on the running-board while her aunt approached.

"Where on earth have you be—"

Abruptly, in the middle of the word, Miss Borden ceased to speak. Her gaze, carelessly wavering to Winship, paused, fixed itself, became a stare, a stare of blank, shocked, stricken disbelief.

"My soul and body!" Miss Borden murmured. "My soul *and* body!"

"Isn't he just swell?" Beechy demanded. Her manner had a touch of showmanship. "Doesn't he look simply gorgeous, Aunt Minnie?"

Miss Borden smiled faintly.

"He looks," she said, "scrumsh—scrumpteeous."

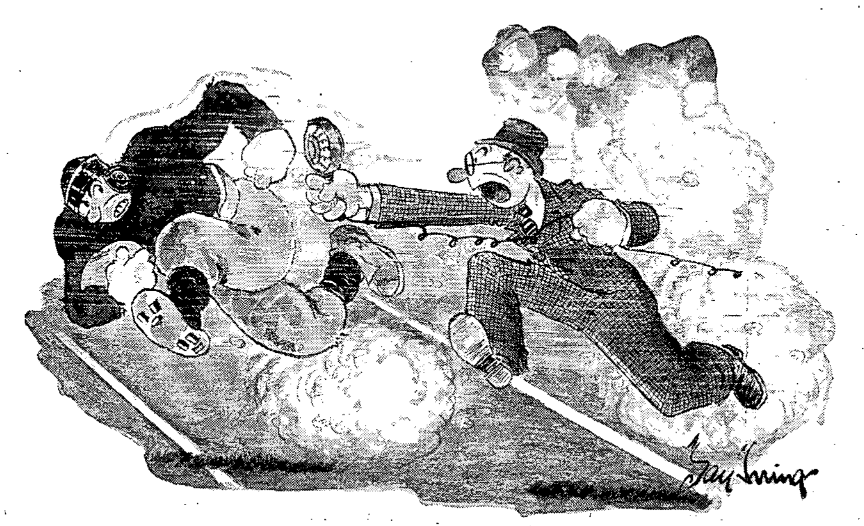
Winship endeavored to untangle his legs.

"I must explain."

The car jerked into motion. Perforce Winship sat down, heavily. He had no time even to gesture in farewell. Beyond the first screening bend in the road Eddie halted.

"Might as well get in front with me, Doc."

Winship clambered out.



"Won't you say a few words to the vast radio audience?"
Jay Irving

"I wanted to explain to Miss Borden—" he began.

"I know. That's why I started so quick." Eddie spoke with a strong hint of displeasure. "Don't you know your women any better than that, Doc? Explaining!"

"But—but—" Winship was bewildered. "Surely it is necessary to explain—"

"It's a waste of breath," Eddie stated. "Women make up their own explanations and believe 'em. It doesn't make any difference what you tell 'em—they think what they want to think. Saves a lot of brainwork to let 'em do it."

The car swerved into a graveled drive before a long gray stone house. There was a patter of eager footsteps and Mrs. Bedloe appeared at the end of a long, welcoming veranda.

"Eddie *dear!* Where *have* you been?"

Eddie, descending, waved amiably at his aunt.

"Oh, different places," he said cheerfully.

HE APPROACHED the open rumble and set about removing from it the garments lately added to Winship's wardrobe. Mrs. Bedloe came down the steps and now obtained an unimpeded view of Beekman Winship's naked face. Winship felt compelled to climb out of the car.

Hopelessly he waited for the astonishment in Julie Bedloe's gaze to make room for repugnance and for anger. Instead, as he watched it, the blankness warmed to softly glowing gladness, to approval; even, he dimly felt, to gratitude. She moved closer to him and whispered:

"How splendid of you!"

Her gaze moved to her nephew. Visibly mystified, she stared at his laden arms. Before Winship had found words, however, in which to explain the many-colored garments, her face brightened again with understanding. Once more she beamed upon Winship.

"Of course! You'd sent your luggage to the steamer and had to buy some clothes. That's why you're so late. How silly of me not to have guessed!" She turned to Eddie. "You'd better carry all those things right up to his room. Ellen will show you which it is."

From the steps, turning his head quickly, Mr. Jewett sent over his shoulder a final admonishing glance. Mrs. Bedloe laid a glad, light, eager hand on the pin-checked sleeve.

"You needn't say a word," she whispered. "Of course, the moment I saw you I knew exactly what had happened, and why, and I can't tell you how perfectly delighted I am."

Winship nodded vaguely. It was clear to him that Mrs. Bedloe had invented explanations that completely satisfied her, and he was so relieved by this discovery that he had, for the moment, no very ardent desire to know what they were.

"I ought to have thought of it myself," Mrs. Bedloe said, "but it never occurred to me that you would have a great deal more influence over Edwin if you looked a little less scholarly." She paused. "Such a sacrifice just for dear Eddie's sake! Why, it will take months and months to get back your beard, won't it?"

Before Winship swam a grim, forbidding legend: "Jiffo . . . takes it out —forever!"

"I keep thinking how—how astonished Wilhelmina Borden will be!" Mrs. Bedloe laughed, a whipped-cream little augh. Winship sighed.

"I think I should like to lie down for a few moments. It has been rather a fatiguing journey."

"Of course! How stupid of me." She motioned, with penitent haste, toward the stairway. Wearily Winship ascended. Guided by Eddie's voice, he came into a wide, gracious bedchamber. The window-hangings, moving in a gentle stir of air, framed a vista of bright water and green lawns, but it was toward the mirror that Winship's eye was compellingly drawn. Here, for the first time, he saw himself as henceforth and forever other eyes must see him.

He groaned aloud.

A stranger glowered at him from the glass, a stranger for whom Winship instantly conceived a hot aversion, a huge, hulking ruffian whose gross, distorted bulk was emphasized by the cut of the pin-checked suit. He saw a face of indolent and witless brutality, a face almost as deeply dished as that of Dan McGurk himself, a face that no imagination could possibly associate with intellect. Winship groaned again.

"Anything the matter, Doc?"

Eddie's voice held a concern that aroused in Winship a curiously comforting sense of friendliness. Here, at last, was one person to whom his changed appearance made no difference.

"Nothing," he said, "except that I am very tired."

"Oh." Eddie sounded relieved. "I'm kind of sleepy myself." He yawned frankly. "See you later, Doc."

The door closed after him. Left to himself, Winship removed the hateful garments. Sleep, presently, gave him refuge from dismal thoughts.

It gave him, however, no refuge against other hostile forces arrayed against him. At the moment, indeed, that Winship's eyelids closed, a dish-faced gentleman, driving a battered, small sedan, engaged in acrimonious debate with the placidly immovable guardian of the gateway at the Neck.

"You ain't got no pass, and you can't gimme no names of nobody you want to see and you don't get past, see? Them's my orders and that's all they is to it."

Mr. McGurk had reluctant recourse to other measures. He fingered, suggestively, a soiled five-dollar bill.

"Brib'ry!" the gatekeeper announced. "I knew you was up to some skullduggery 'r other. I got a first-rate notion to call that there state p'liceman and—"

McGurk glanced anxiously behind. The motorcycle had paused at a discreet distance, but it was easy for McGurk to identify its rider. He spoke fervently under his breath and stayed not upon the order of his going.

Trooper Wilbur Dill, arriving at the gate a few moments after Mr. McGurk's departure, met with no better fortune. The gatekeeper heard, unmoved, ominous remarks as to the peril of impeding an officer in the performance of his duty.

"If you got business in yonder you can go get you a warrant. If you ain't, you can stay out."

TROOPER DILL was on the point of incensed departure when his attention was diverted by the approach, beyond the gateway, of a young woman who wore, with remarkably eye-soothing effect, the costume of a parlor-maid.

Simultaneously two ideas made entry upon Trooper Dill's intelligence. One of these related to Lesson XIX in his correspondence course in Detective Science. Lesson XIX advised the student that domestic employees, skillfully approached, could often supply invaluable information obtainable through no other channel.

The other idea was not professional. It consisted of the thought that this particular domestic servant was notably easy to look at.

Trooper Dill's left hand adjusted his necktie. His right, just as Miss Nellie Vitty reached the gate, rose gallantly and smartly to the visor of his cap.

(To be continued next week)

Sleep Those Nerves Away!

Feel Like A New Person Tomorrow

Now—An Instant Way To Get 8 Hours Sound Sleep Entirely Without Drugs... Brings Clear-Eyed Mornings and Steady Nerves All Day

NOW—you can say "good-bye" to sleepless nights . . . forget those nerves that keep you awake . . . banish those heavy-eyed mornings!

For a way has been found to induce instant sleep—entirely without drugs. A way that quells nervousness so remarkably that it is endorsed by 20,000 physicians.

It is not a medicine in any sense of the word. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink!

It is a delicious food-drink you take at night a few minutes before you go to bed. You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

In the morning you awaken completely refreshed in body and mind. Your whole being seems re-charged with vitality.

It Does These 3 Things

The name of this remarkable product is Ovaltine—discovered in Switzerland by a scientist of international fame. During the World War it was a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Because it does three things no other food-combination in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is due to the fact that it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus lifting a great burden from your digestive organs.

Also, by stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start Tonight

So try Ovaltine tonight. See how quickly your nerves relax—how naturally and normally you fall asleep.

In the morning, you'll feel like a new person. Fresh—alert—clear-eyed.

Your whole appearance will reflect the result of the restful sleep you've had. And a few weeks' use of Ovaltine will show an extremely gratifying health-result. A health-result manifested by steadier nerves—stronger digestion—and buoyant energy that increases day by day.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
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Managing Editor

Long Ago in 1930

THIRTEEN months after the last regular congressional elections, the Seventy-second Congress will first assemble December 7th.

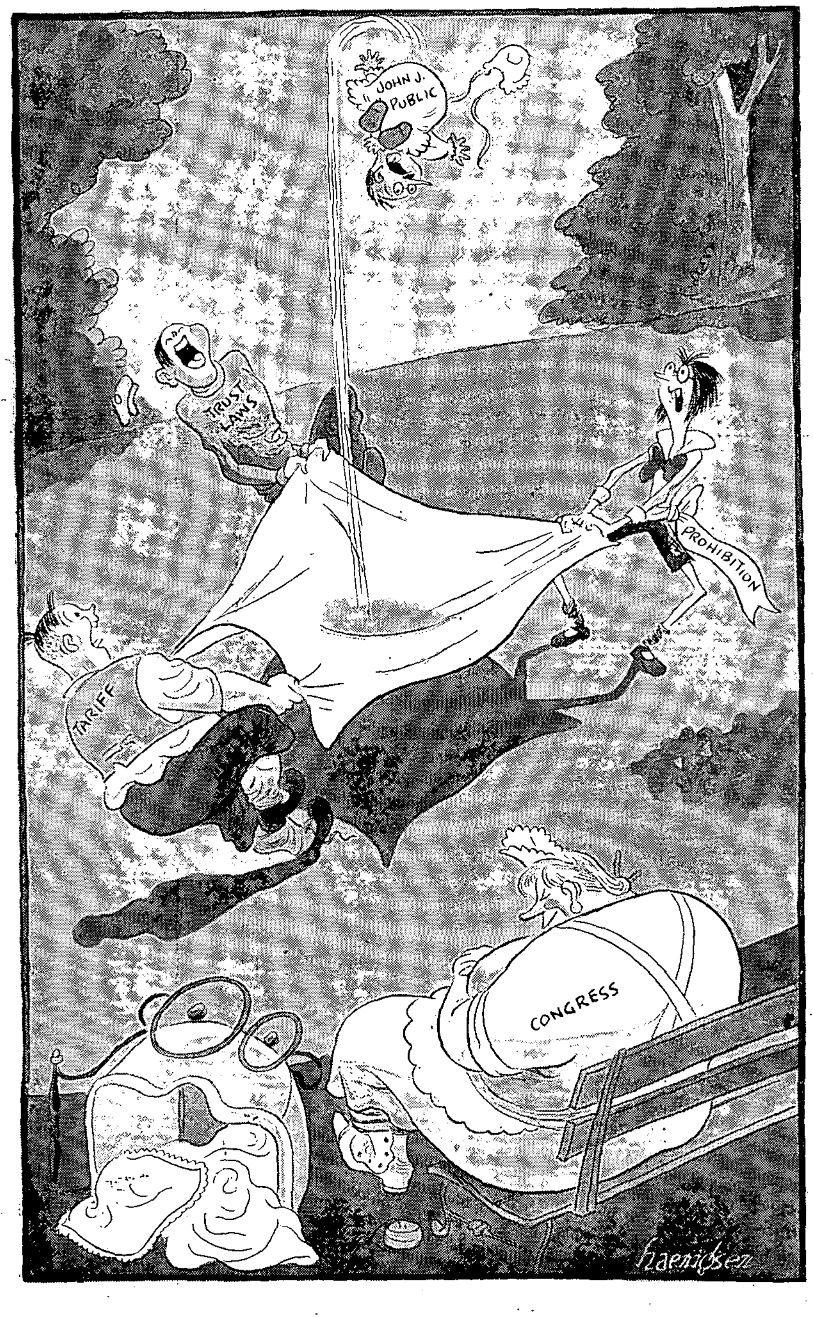
The campaign of 1930 is a long way off today. Vital changes have occurred in this country and in the world.

Seldom has the futility of retaining the ancient lag between election and actual legislation been more glaringly demonstrated. A system which was necessary when men traveled on horses is worse than obsolete in the day of railroads, motor cars, airplanes and instantaneous electrical communication. The Seventy-second Congress will be terribly handicapped by the fact that senators and representatives are so uncertain of what the voters want. Men afraid of losing their jobs are seldom courageous leaders.

Yet never before in our history has the need for courageous leadership been greater. Old laws must be revised, outworn policies must be abandoned, new courses must be boldly explored if we are to go forward toward prosperity.

The changes we need go deep into our system of government. For generations we have cherished anti-trust laws. Today the anti-trust laws have become barriers to progress and to prosperity.

We suffer from surpluses of many products. Supply outruns demand. Supply can be rationally controlled only by a modification of the anti-trust laws. The only possible way of stabilizing prices and employment is through a reasonable organization of various industries.



Even so modest and sensible a plan as that offered by Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, cannot be put into operation until the anti-trust laws are revised. The oil industry and the copper industry wait upon Congress. The anti-trust laws do not fit modern conditions. They must be rewritten. In the new freedom which may be accorded the leaders of industry, provision must of course be made for the protection of the public interest. The vital point is, however, that the anti-trust legislation has ceased to protect the public interest. On the contrary, it blocks the road to a better future.

Other situations not less important cry aloud for action. Today, as never before, our interests are world-wide. American prosperity is tied up with world prosperity. We have great advantages but we cannot enjoy them to the full so long as our neighbors and debtors are in difficulty.

The fundamental fact is that the World War cost more than this generation can pay. Reparations and debts must be reduced to practicable levels. It is silly and dangerous to insist upon the letter of the bond when we know that the debt is greater than the capacity to pay.

If this Congress does its duty it will authorize a further revision of the debts owed us so that without destroying themselves our debtors may pay off their obligations.

More than that, our tariff must be adjusted by treaty and otherwise so that payments can actually be made. The only way a creditor nation can collect its interest and principal is in the long run through importing goods and services from its debtors. If we want our investments abroad to be repaid we must accept imports. This means tariff treaties which Congress must authorize and approve.

In the domestic field prohibition has broken down and the vast illicit traffic in beverage alcohol not only goes untaxed, but actually increases enormously the tax burden borne by honest industry. Public opinion on this subject has shifted rapidly during the last twelve months. The report of the Wickersham Commission wrote the doom of that noble experiment in national prohibition. If this Congress has courage it will revise the law and begin to collect taxes on liquor.

Congress will hesitate, naturally, for Congress is so far from the people. Yet the members of the Seventy-second Congress can be very sure that if they put the national interest above all other considerations they will not suffer.

Surely the recent Parliamentary election in Great Britain was handwriting on the wall so plain and so unmistakable that only fools could misread the message.

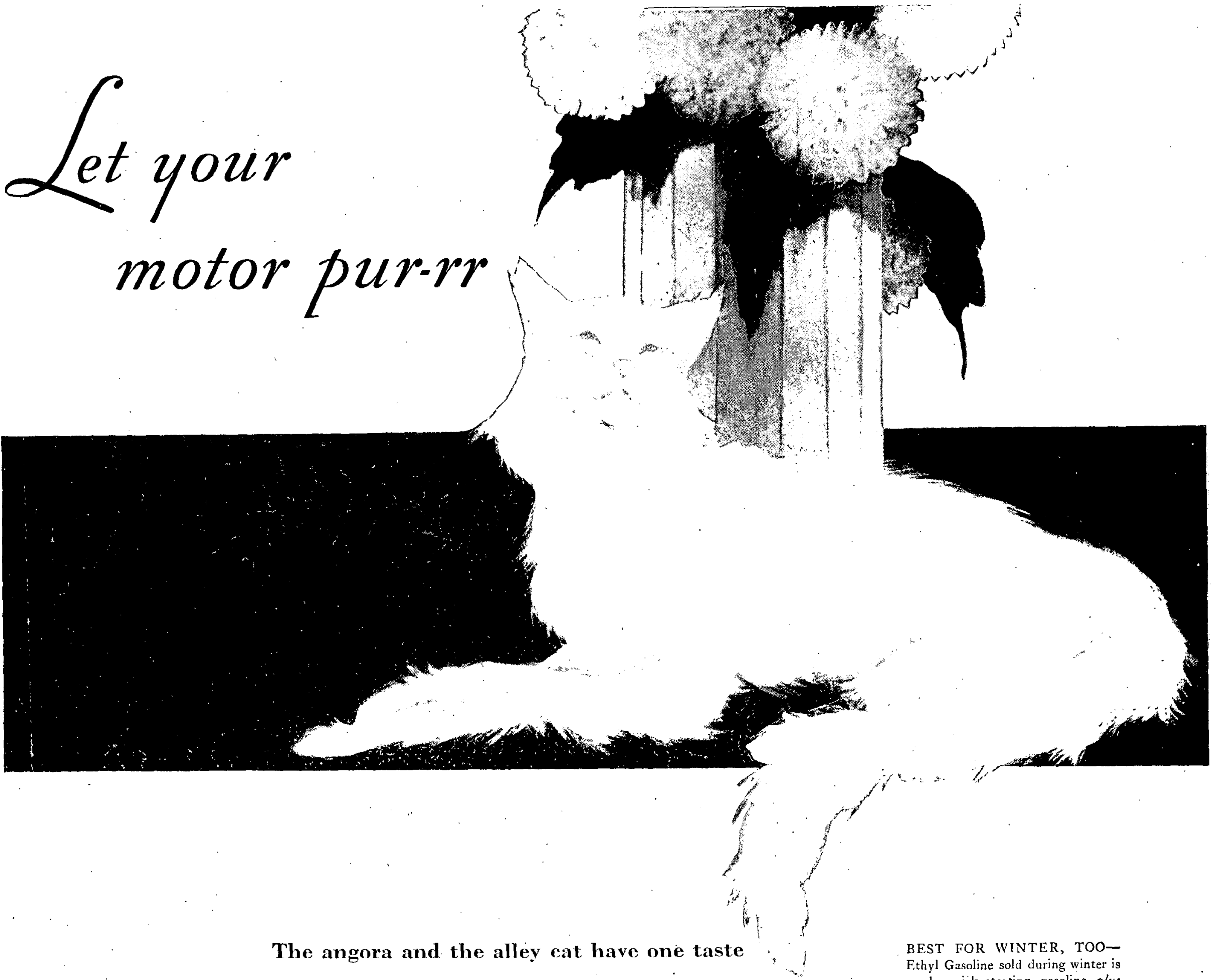
In the hour of unforeseen danger the Labor Party hesitated. The politicians in office failed to make the sacrifices essential to national welfare lest they offend their party constituents. So Ramsay MacDonald, their veteran leader, was abandoned and denounced because he insisted upon putting country above party.

The result was an anti-Labor landslide. The British voter, Laborite, Liberal or Conservative, put his country above all else.

The Seventy-second Congress has difficulties but it also has opportunities.

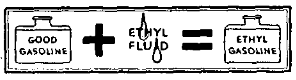
The need for bold, unprejudiced and honorable leadership presents an unprecedented opportunity. However uncertain individual members may be of the precise opinions of their constituents, they may rest certain that to the extent that they place the public interest above all lesser considerations, to that extent they will find approval and support from an aroused and appreciative nation.

Let your motor pur-rr



The angora and the alley cat have one taste in common: milk enriched with cream. And this is also true: the oldest cars and the newest cars run better on gasoline that has been enriched with Ethyl fluid. This fluid prevents uneven explosions that waste power, cause harmful "knock" and overheating. It *controls combustion,* developing power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. That is why Ethyl makes your motor purr. Try it yourself. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

BEST FOR WINTER, TOO—Ethyl Gasoline sold during winter is good, quick-starting gasoline *plus* the greater power Ethyl fluid adds for driving in snow and slush. Like yourself, Ethyl changes coats to suit the season, bringing out your car's best performance every day of the year.



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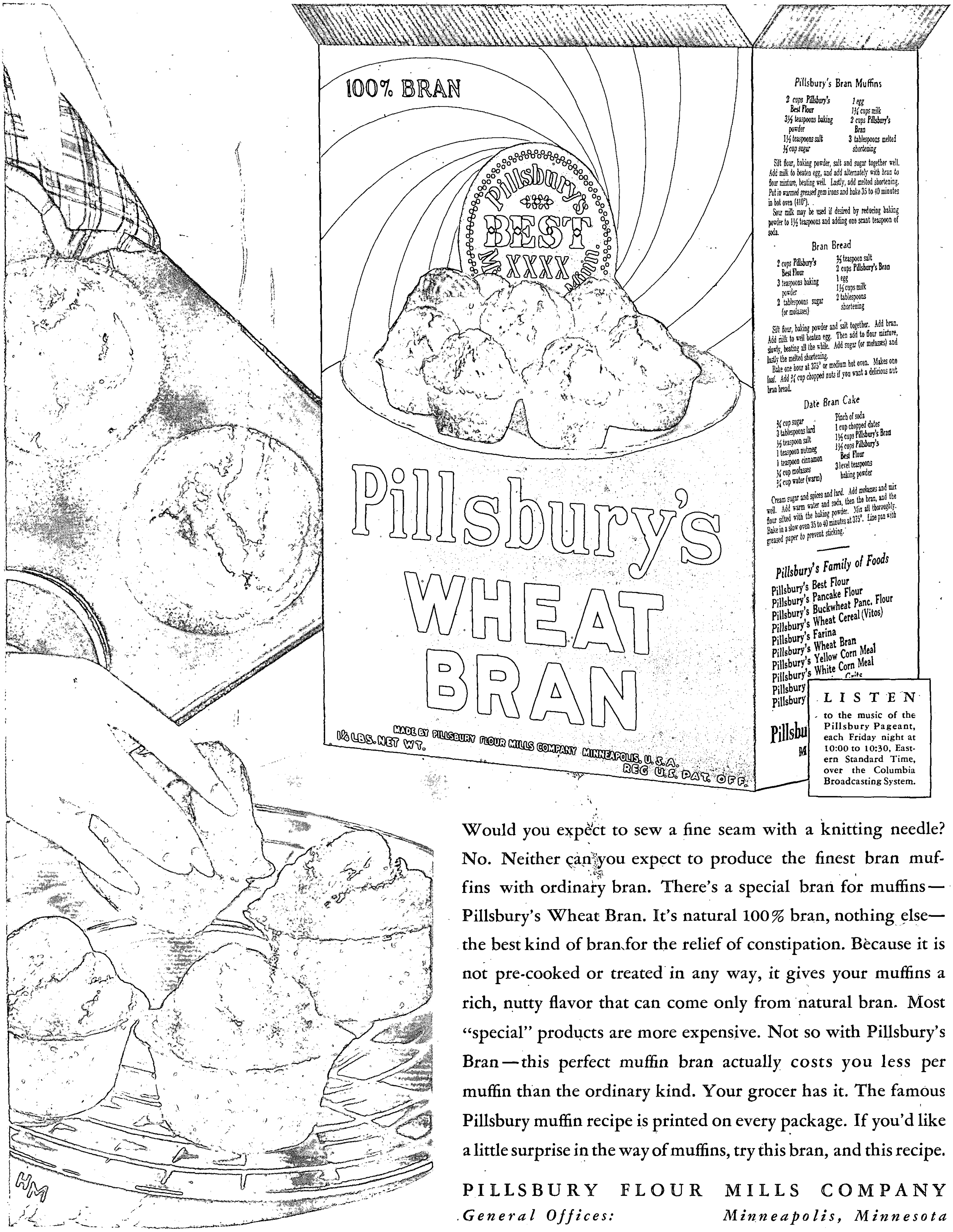
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BRAN
1½ LBS. NET WT.
MADE BY PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.
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Pillsbury's Bran Muffins
2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoons salt
⅓ cup sugar
1 egg
1¼ cups milk
2 cups Pillsbury's Bran
3 tablespoons melted shortening
Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together well. Add milk to beaten egg, and add alternately with bran to flour mixture, beating well. Lastly, add melted shortening. Put in warmed greased gem irons and bake 35 to 40 minutes in hot oven (410°).
Sour milk may be used if desired by reducing baking powder to 1½ teaspoons and adding one scant teaspoon of soda.
Bran Bread
2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar (or molasses)
⅔ teaspoon salt
2 cups Pillsbury's Bran
1 egg
1⅓ cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening
Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add bran. Add milk to well beaten egg. Then add to flour mixture, slowly, beating all the while. Add sugar (or molasses) and lastly the melted shortening.
Bake one hour at 375° or medium hot oven. Makes one loaf. Add ¾ cup chopped nuts if you want a delicious nut bran bread.
Date Bran Cake
¾ cup sugar
3 tablespoons lard
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup molasses
¾ cup water (warm)
Pinch of soda
1 cup chopped dates
1½ cups Pillsbury's Bran
1½ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
3 level teaspoons baking powder
Cream sugar and spices and lard. Add molasses and mix well. Add warm water and soda, then the bran, and the flour sifted with the baking powder. Mix all thoroughly. Bake in a slow oven 35 to 40 minutes at 375°. Line pan with greased paper to prevent sticking.
Pillsbury's Family of Foods
Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Pillsbury's Buckwheat Panc. Flour
Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal (Vitos)
Pillsbury's Farina
Pillsbury's Wheat Bran
Pillsbury's Yellow Corn Meal
Pillsbury's White Corn Meal
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Would you expect to sew a fine seam with a knitting needle? No. Neither can you expect to produce the finest bran muffins with ordinary bran. There's a special bran for muffins—Pillsbury's Wheat Bran. It's natural 100% bran, nothing else—the best kind of bran for the relief of constipation. Because it is not pre-cooked or treated in any way, it gives your muffins a rich, nutty flavor that can come only from natural bran. Most "special" products are more expensive. Not so with Pillsbury's Bran—this perfect muffin bran actually costs you less per muffin than the ordinary kind. Your grocer has it. The famous Pillsbury muffin recipe is printed on every package. If you'd like a little surprise in the way of muffins, try this bran, and this recipe.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

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